June 17, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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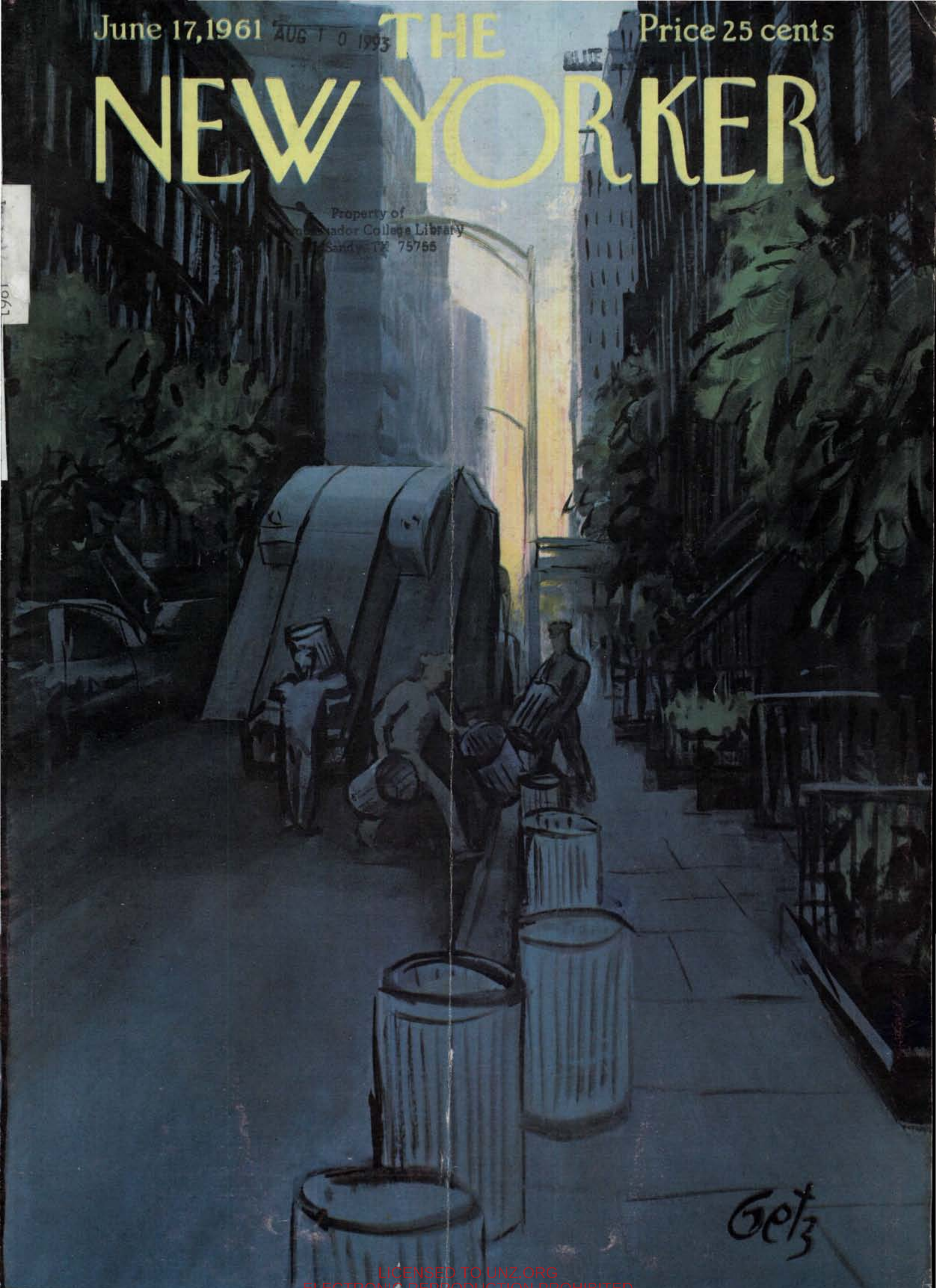

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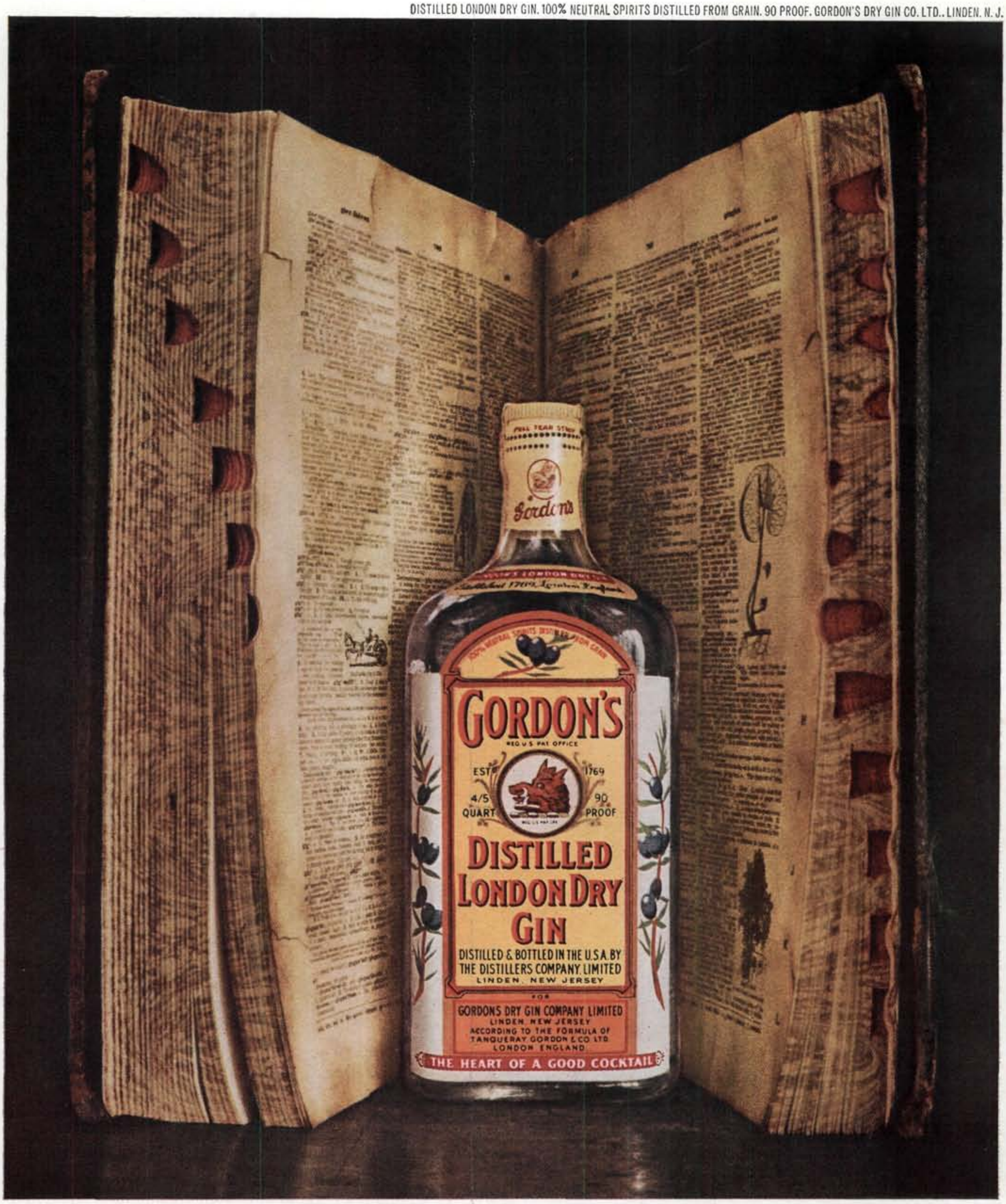
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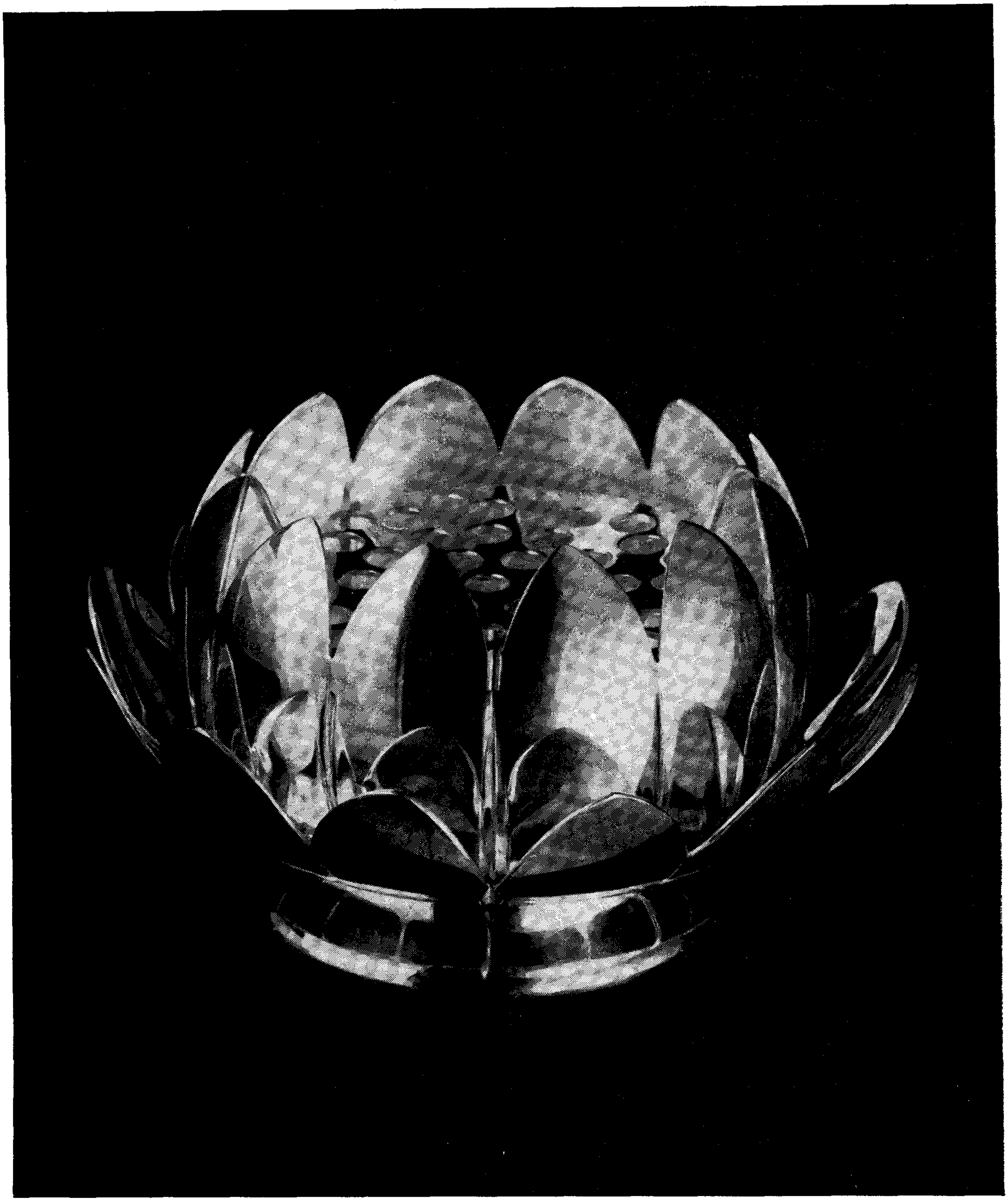

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley figure in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Warren Berlinger are the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A kind of religious mystery drama, adapted by Dore Schary from a novel by Morris L. West, which describes the investigation of a potential saint in southern Italy by a Vatican representative. The play, in which Leo Genn and Sam Levene are conspicuous, sprawls all over the place, and neither its dramatic nor its philosophic content is particularly noteworthy. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. May close Saturday, June 17.)

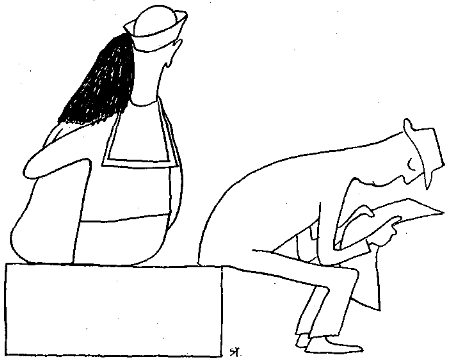
An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that take pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

A Far Country—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. There isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, but the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, who enact the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is comic, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel, Eli Wallach, and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Hermione Baddeley and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Frances Cuka and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Frederick Combs)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal's view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Karen Lee plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Suzanne Pleshette is the teacher who rescues her. The author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—A musical that has to do with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole lively affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Donnybrook!—An amiable gallop through the west of Ireland. While Eddie Foy, Philip Bosco, Susan Johnson, and Clarence Nordstrom are quite successful in portraying some of the local types, Art Lund, as an Irish-American, and Joan Fagan, as an Irish girl he marries, are perhaps not as convincing as they might be. Still, the thing is spirited and, all in all, good fun. Book by Robert E. McEnroe, music and lyrics by Johnny Burke, choreography by Jack Cole. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Several underworldly specimens of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade try to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker do their best to keep things hopping. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—A merry, if simple-minded, musical adaptation of "Lysistrata," in which Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, and Dran Seitz, among others, prance about to good effect. The book was written by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, the lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and the score by the perdurable Jacques Offenbach. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce originally created for French consumption. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Denis Quilley is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but essentially it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is breezy and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **fiorello!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fon-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 18. June 17, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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tanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 18.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Billy Barnes People—Another Barnes revue from California. B. B. did the music and lyrics, the sketches are by Bob Rodgers (who also directed), and the cast includes Joyce Jameson and Ken Berry. Produced by John T. Pool. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Pal Joey," with Carol Bruce and Bob Fosse, is the last in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 2.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the final word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

American Savoyards—An eleven-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18: "The Grand Duke."... ¶ Thursday through Sunday, June 22-25: "Princess Ida." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursdays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and what not, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

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A Fig Leaf in Her Bonnet—Henderson Forsythe and Claudia Morgan in a play by Jesse Torn, directed by Basil Langton. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Moves on Wednesday, June 21, to the Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St., AL 4-5076. Tuesdays, except June 20, through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Special matinée Wednesday, June 21, at 3.)

Noontide—An adaptation, by Howard Hart, of an early Paul Claudel play (1906), which tells practically all there is to know about love, sin, and God. The language is hothouse poetic, the setting is the Orient, and the cast of four—three men and a woman—is suitably inscrutable. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Age cannot wither. In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who will also appear with his Royal Canadians. Opens Thursday, June 22. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every eveing, except as indicated.)

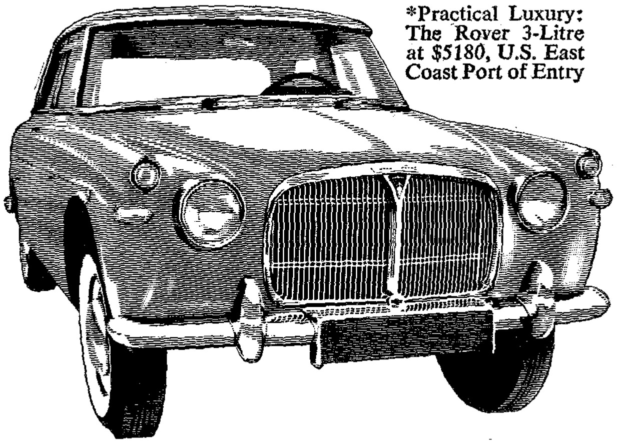
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The last kingdom on earth that hasn't been troubled by the gold-export problem. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion. Renato Rossini's elegant yet ebullient solo guitar, on the other hand, takes Sundays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, in which Ted Straeter and his swarm of musicians alternate with Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers in supplying dance music, arrives at vacation time on Saturday, June 17. Until then, at dinner and supper, a tenor named Enzo Stuarti puts one robust Italianate set piece after another to the torch, and loves every moment of it.... ¶ Through Friday, June 23, Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) will continue to flow gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Charles Holden's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense (and will continue to dispense) both prancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-



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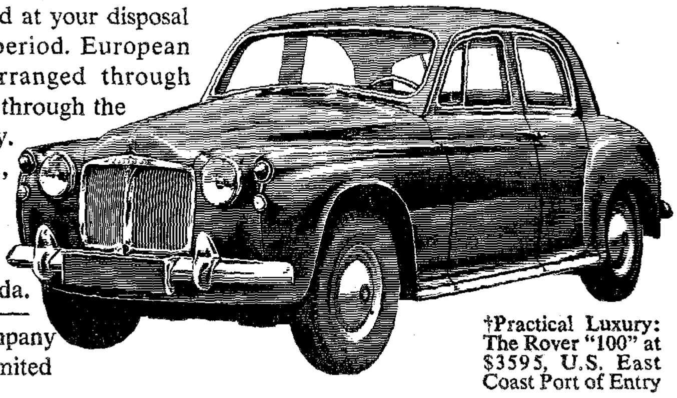

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9200)—Jimmy Palmer's dance band, whispering no louder than the wind in the willows as it executes its simple maneuvers in the Grill, breathes its last on Saturday, June 17. Milton Saunders' orchestra checks in on Monday, June 19. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mount Olympus in an equable state of mind, and full of gods waltzing with fetching young things to the tunes called by Milt Shaw's small band and Walter Kay's trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Saturday, June 17, is season's end for the Columns, the dance band of Gunnar Hansen, and the Latin trio of Marco Rizo. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut,* never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing, from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two) and in the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin, from eight or so on). Closed Sundays.

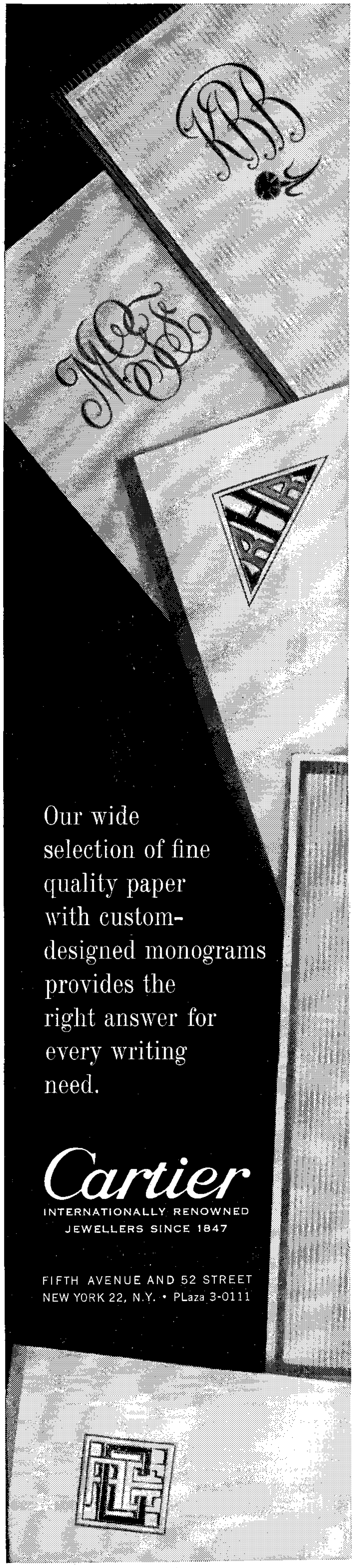
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room is engaged in a vivacious prom-time experiment in child psychology. The principal preceptor is Woody Herman's band, for which Mr. H. plays and sings with glee, to which Steve Condos flings his facile legs to the four winds, and with which the totally enchanting Norma Douglas sings without let or hindrance. Frank Gari, one of those teen-age balladeers, is on hand, too, to prove that he likewise is in good voice. The music begins at seven. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from seven-thirty, music for footwork from eight-thirty until one or two. The Sunday pattern is dance music, and nothing but, from eight to one.

Note—The Rainbow Room, one of the almost topless towers of our own Ilium, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio and a piano from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A real New York cityscape, made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by the piano of Marty Berns. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "Hail, hail, etc." is the national anthem of the holidaymakers, three generations deep, who assemble in this chipper bar-and-grill. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appear thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a Sunday-punch team. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Doing as the Romans do, which involves simultaneous dining, expatiating, and listening with one ear to Herman Honigsberg's wagonload of touring violins and a brace of touring guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A northern-Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a northern-Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his you-were-meant-for-me fiddle from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this example of the good life, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Social whirlwind is the favorite party game in the bar, where George Feyer casually rumples a piano with the back of his hand. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The night people of the Eternal City, keeping up (between seven courses for dinner) with a round of strolling minstrels, who are augmented, after the theatre, by such *con-amore* singers as James Cosenza and Candida Pilla, who go all out. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Johann Strauss countryside under a continuous but gentle bombardment of zimbalon, bull fiddle, piano, heart-of-oak tenor, and wispy soprano. Tibor Rakossy, a true operetta hero, is the tenor. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but is still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men whang away in the main room; George Summers, a jazz man, is on hand every night but Sunday to manipulate the piano in the bar. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): It could be taken for a breezeway in old Segovia, but you'll quickly discover that all the other visitors, including the chef, are from the New World. Conrad Monjoy's piano cajoles the diners with pillow talk during the evening. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music on Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): *Se habla español,* and fluently, mostly with piano, guitar, and soprano conditioned to fairly late hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-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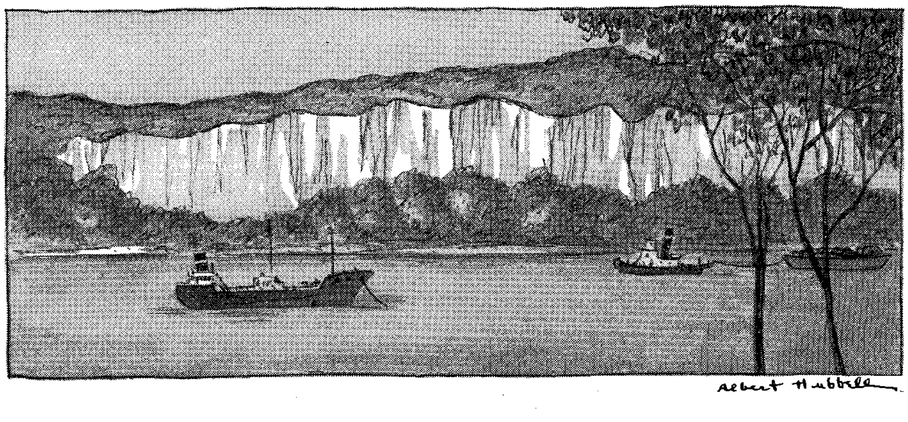

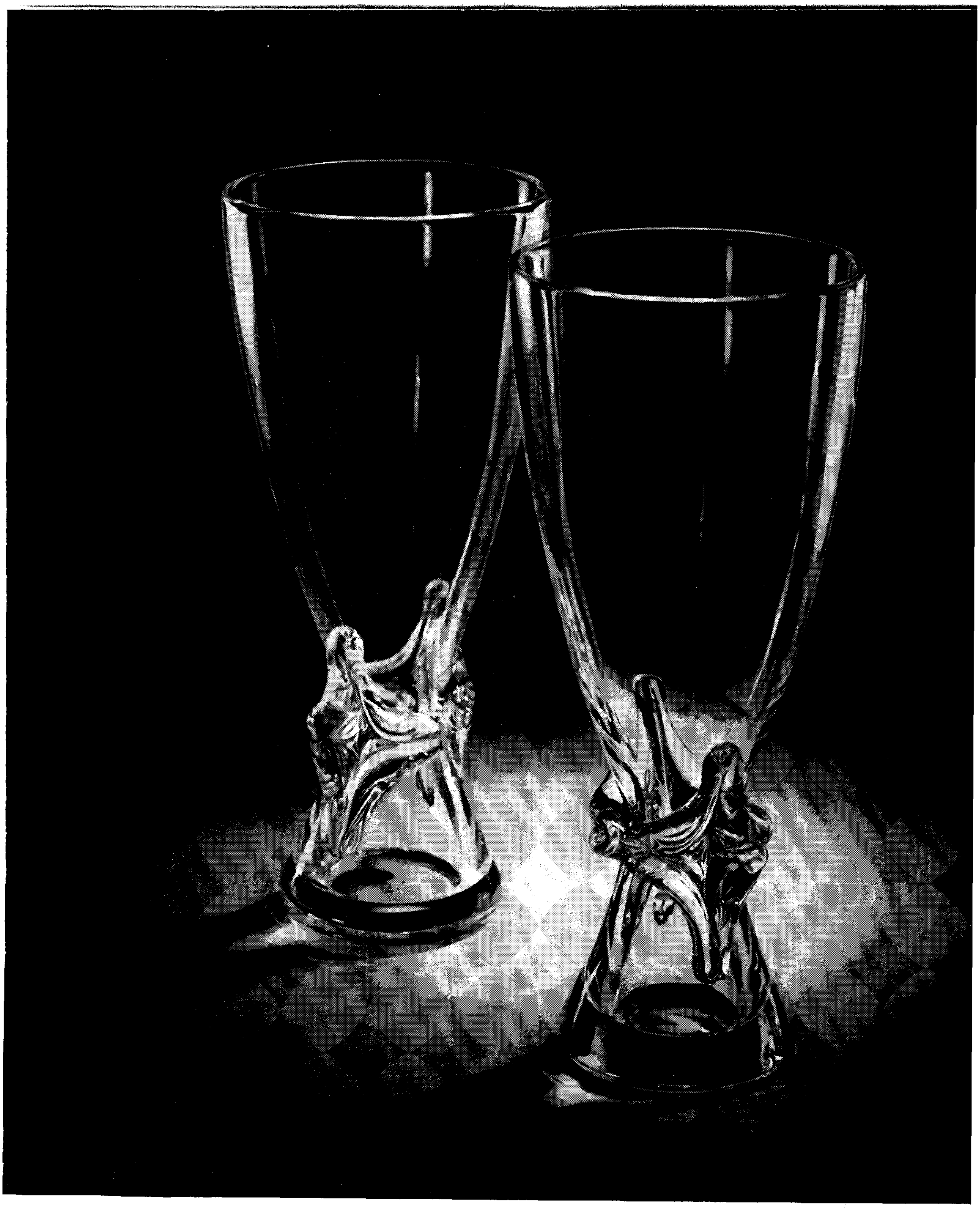

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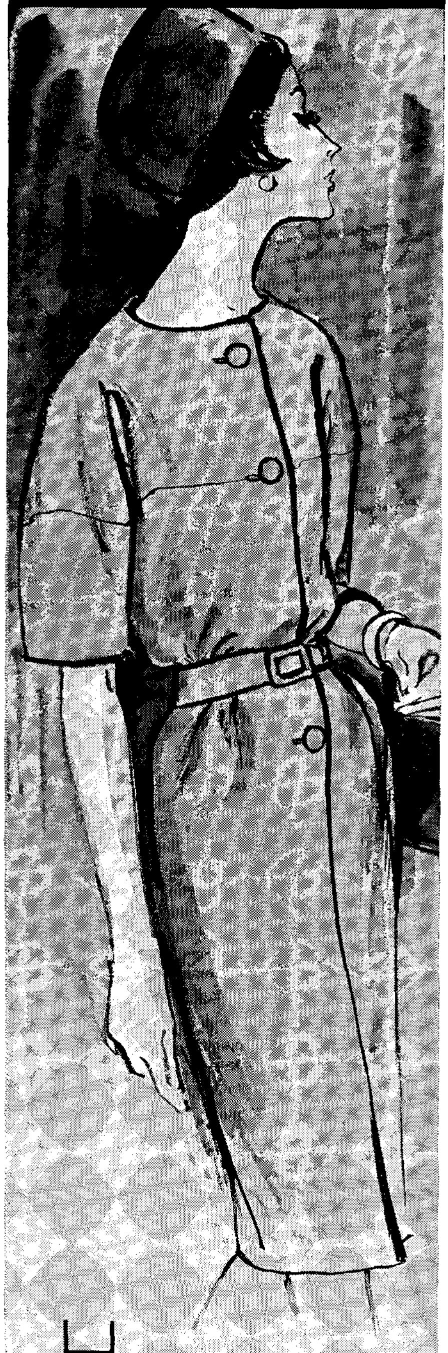

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, an establishment where everything is done on tiptoe, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): An international settlement, despite the name, since the singers, amateur and pro, who show up as the night wears on come from every and any where. The music, though, is assuredly Alt Wien. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The wee bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for guitarists, and there's sure to be one there from nine-thirty to one every evening but Monday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic, an ecstatic jump-tune singer and pianist, stirs up quite a ground swell in this small and comfortable art gallery. The other amusement is all right as instrumentation, rather glum as conversation. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Any quantity of fine, upstanding young ladies who are too lazy to get dressed but never too tired to appear in public. Among them is an imp of Satan named Gloria Le Roy. This carefree world is also visited by Frank Libuse, a gadfly who knows precisely how to make low comedy comic, and Eleanor Powell, who for once has a stage big enough to accommodate all her cart wheels. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jackie Mason, a brusque conversationalist who can dish up quite a caldron of hot borscht, looks after a satisfactory supply of amusement; Paul Anka, boy wonder, looks after a lot of songs that are rarely worth the paper, etc.; a set of shiny blondes and brunettes just about manage to look after themselves during their whoop-de-do ballets. Dancing for the guests, too. On Thursday, June 22, there'll be a reshuffle: Bobby Rydell as singer, Larry Daniels (not often heard from since the Versailles vanished) as wit. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Mort Sahl's reform administration is on glittery display, so that others may practice what he gaily and glibly preaches. Also present: The Limeliters, a triad of songmakers as gay and glib, and the quartet of Peter Nero (veterans of 1960 will know him as Bernie Nierow), who adds his enriched piano to a galaxy of high-test dinner music. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Definite reservations have been made by Ruth Olay, in whose singer's garden of verses grows many a passionflower, and the Lost City Ramblers, a tribe (and not a bad one) intent on folk song. The chances are, too, that Woody Allen, who never keeps the workings of his wonderfully scatterbrained internal economy a secret, is still onstage. Jimmy Lyons' sparkling trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and Otis Clements' piano calk the minute hiatuses in between. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty plays lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and early in the morning there are outpourings of piano and/or trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The bitter truth about practically everything that has to do with us mortals is set forth in "Dressed to the Nines," this season's Julius Monk merry-go-round. The soothsayers, sharp as so many little razors, are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman staff the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The *horas de verdad* are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A new midnight star, Sylvia Copeland, is shedding a special West Indian phosphorescence over the undergraduate dormitory of the Julius Monk *lycée*, not to mention over the chansons she dallies with. There are also, grouped around a piano, the Three Young Men, who work in some bright and original choral effects when Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, a double-piano squad to remember, aren't doing their own bright keyboard effects. The pianoforte twins begin at nine, the chanters at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jorie Remus, bravely facing a world she has never quite unmade, is mordantly explaining what she'd do with it if she could; a squad of young folk—notably Burke McHugh and Del Hanley—are bravely facing a new revue, "Greenwich Village, U.S.A. 1961," a mountain that even their faith cannot quite move. Along with this, the customers get those time-honored early settlers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of brash music; Jimmie Daniels and his boulevardier songs; plus the interlude piano of Loumel Morgan and the exceptional Don Evans. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Matt Dennis, whose cajoling three-octave voice can cut the sugar content of a ballad to suit the most rigid dietitians, is whisking along with his staccato piano and trio. His pink-and-black setting will remind nostalgic venerables of the Volstead Act, Scene 1. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): A night spot probably imagined by Graham Greene. Every night of the week, Sylvia Syms quiets it down for a moment as she comes to her lady-in-love and lady-in-orbit balladry. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Spanish ladies, Spanish gentlemen indulging themselves in their national pastime—footwork accompanied by if-looks-could-kill glances. Pupi Campo's band is, by the way, now the dance master. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of song, winds up her run here on Saturday, June 17. Her eyrie is upstairs inside the Roundtable.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's modest but moving clarinet sounds through this version of Tara's hall, closely followed by a quartet and, now and then, Mr. Condon's pristine guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, whose voices remind us of the wondrous night winds that blew down (and literally) the back streets of Harlem golden years ago, have most of the floor. Bill Evans' trio, which is briskly 1961 or later, does the rest of the work. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The Society for the Preservation of Auld Lang Syne has installed Red Nichols and his Five Pennies on the bandstand, along with the quartet of archetypal and eloquent Tyree Glenn. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de

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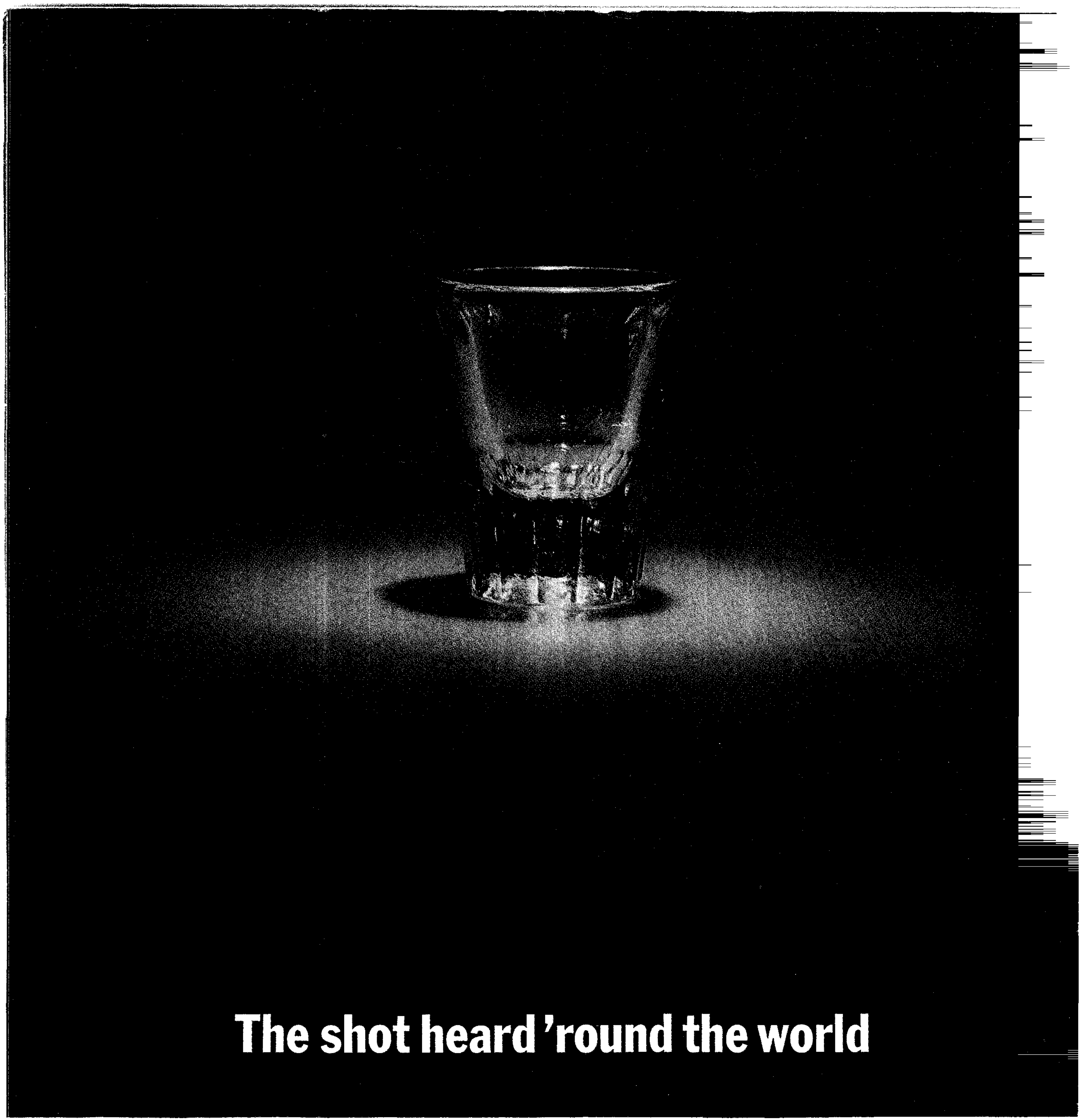

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Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar are Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward rich, beautiful poesy in their instrumentation. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): New notes are being struck by Kenny Davern's Washington Squares, in which Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin are also visible and audible. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening session; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman; the soirées are run by the Bourbon Street Six (off Mondays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays), with the occasional (Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays) assistance of Sol Yaged's fivesome. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A reasonably heartening sight and sound is Jonah Jones, armed with a quartet and putting as much gale into his horn as the management will allow. There's other music, too, and Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. The current ones are the five zealots in the band headed by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, which sounds off every night but Monday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Loud reports from Count Basie, who is back again in the big-band business; a minority report, tumultuous and gleeful nevertheless, by Junior Mance's trio. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the stage of this vasty nether world is Cal Tjader's quintet, an architect of the new music, and (inevitably) a brace of folk singers. The Friday-and-Saturday reinforcement is Art Blakey's fivesome, bold as its own brass. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Part of the Village's forest primeval, at the moment populated by newcomers; to wit, the Jazz Brothers quintet and Barry Harris's trio. The Brothers stay home Tuesdays, the Harrises stay home Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Another part of the forest. Deep thought is provided by the quartet of Thelonious Monk, a pianist who works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, and the Jazz Four, in which Mal Waldron and Teddy Charles are involved. The Jazz Four will give way to the quintet of Philly Joe Jones on Thursday, June 22. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): A *Festspielhaus* in which just about everything eventually comes to pass. Right now, it's a handful of folk musicians, between whom is sandwiched Orson Bean, a storyteller who can parody folk music, life, earth people, Martians, and whatever else comes to hand and tongue. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Charles Camoin—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—An exhibition of European cityscapes with figures that is running simultaneously with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum; through Friday, June 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Stanley William Hayter—His first exhibition of abstract paintings here in ten years; through Friday, June 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Oscar Jespers—Sculptures in bronze and granite, as well as a group of drawings, by a Belgian artist; through June 30. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Stephen Juharos—Oils and water colors; through Saturday, June 17. (Kottler, 3 E. 65th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, June 17. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Frances Pratt—A water-color retrospective dating from 1938; through June 30. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

Omar Rayo—Intaglio engravings; through Friday, June 16. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Welded sculptures as inventive in their use of random materials as ever; through June 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Jean Xceron—Abstract water colors; through June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Adja Yunkers—Venice is the theme of a series of new lithographs and gouaches; through Friday, June 16. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Early Masters of Modern Art—A private New Orleans collection of French and American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings (by, among others, Degas, Renoir, and Cassatt) never before shown here. For the benefit of the Accessions Fund of the Isaac Delgado Museum, of New Orleans. Through June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Drawings and Water Colors—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Saturdays.)

Sculptures—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Pieces by Oliver Andrews, Richard Hunt, William King, and Jack Squier, all lively and inventive; through June 30. . . . **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Sculptures by John Chamberlain and Edward Higgins, reliefs by Lee Bontecou and Salvatore Scarpitta; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: Nudes by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through June 30.

African Art—Statues, masks, stools, and implements (in wood, ivory, and metal) from the Baluba, Warega, and other tribes in the Congo; through June 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BARONE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with items by Tim Deverell, Jason Seley, Ann Arnold, and other gallery artists and friends; through July 15. . . . **DE AENLLE,** 59 W. 53rd St.: Paintings and drawings of the figure by Elaine de Kooning, Richard Diebenkorn, and Larry Rivers (to name a few); through July 4. . . . **DE NAGY,** 149 E. 72nd St.: Oils by artists who have exhibited in the gallery during the past season, including Robert Goodnough, Larry Rivers, and Jane Wilson; through Saturday, June 17. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "From Inness to Today" offers paintings by George Bellows, Robert Henri, Robert Brackman, and others; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Priscilla Roberts, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 1. . . . **GREEN,** 15 W. 57th St.: Works by Claes Oldenberg, Richard Smith, Jean Follet, and others; through June 25. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **JACKSON** and **ANDERSON,** both at 32 E. 69th St.: "Environments-Situations-Spaces," an exhibit devoted to new art movements by six younger artists, including Alan Kaprow and Walter Gaudnek; through Friday, June 23. . . . **JUSTER,** 154 E. 79th St.: Nine painters and three sculptors, among them Riva Helfond, Dorothy Hoyt, and Priscilla Pattison; through July 1. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through June 30. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: The annual season's retrospective of paintings and sculptures by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, and others; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a display of oils and water colors; through July 28. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Water colors and other

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings in a variety of mediums by (for instance) Joseph Stella, Ben Benn, and Milton Avery; through Friday, June 16. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER,** 39 Grove St.: The last prizewinners' show of the season presents the work of Thea Tewi (sculptures), Sylvia Lowen (drawings), and June Falk (graphics); through June 28. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **WHITE,** 42 E. 57th St.: Painters and sculptors, including Audrey Skaling, Gillian Jagger, and Anthony Padovano; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 36 E. 61st St.: Works on paper by George Luks, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, George O. (Pop) Hart, and other earlier twentieth-century artists; through June 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNAPIK,** 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **KOOTZ,** 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: James Brooks, Georges Mathieu, and other painters, plus the sculptors Ibram Lassaw and Phillip Pavia; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Courtin, Martin Barré, and Kurt Sonderberg are among the artists who have works (mainly paintings) on view; through July 29. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through Friday, June 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Such painters as Max Beckmann and Leonardo Cremonini, together with two sculptors—Luciano Minguzzi and Bernard Rosenthal; through June 29.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibition is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sunday, June 18.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers. . . . ¶ "Color in Prints," about ninety examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. A supplementary exhibit of more than a hundred drawings and etchings by Boccioni (1882-1916); through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of thirty paintings from the collection of the late Mrs. Adele R. Levy, notably works of late-nineteenth-century French masters—Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, and others; through July 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening, June 22, until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and winners of this year's awards and honors. Manuscript scores, original manuscripts, and first editions by, among others, Roger Sessions, Leonard Bernstein, Langston Hughes, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Also paintings, sculptures, and architecture by Peter Blume, Ivan Meštrović, William Zorach, I. M. Pei, and others. Through Sunday, June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martin de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"American Painting, 1865-1905," including items by Homer, Whistler, and Sargent; through Sunday, June 18. . . . ¶ Retrospectives of metal sculptures by José de Rivera and paintings by Balcomb Greene; through July 23. A good complement to the Greene showing is his exhibition at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 5—Tuesday, June 20: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Roberta Peters, soprano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 21: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 22: Pierre Monteux conducting, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24: Franz Allers conducting an all-Gershwin concert, with Earl Wild, piano; Dorothy Collins, soprano; Jack Russell, baritone; and the Merrill Staton Singers. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. First concert Wednesday, June 21. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 18.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Bud Freeman's All-Stars, with Pee Wee Russell. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, June 22, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, June 17: Dulio Nunez vs. Denny Moyer, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24: José Gonzales vs. Yama Bahama, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 17; varsity race at 7:15.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 17.)

GOLF—New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.)

HORSE SHOWS—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport. Thursday through Sunday, June 22-25.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30;

through Friday, June 30. The Whitney, Saturday, June 17; the National Stallion (for fillies), Monday, June 19; the Bowling Green Handicap, Wednesday, June 21; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 11:30 and 1:25.)... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)... NEW WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 17.

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds: Dynamo (Rumania) vs. Besiktas (Turkey) and Bangu (Brazil) vs. Kilmarnock (Scotland), Sunday, June 18, at 2:30.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen, N.Y.: Saturday, June 24, at 10.

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. Saturday, June 17, through Sunday, June 25.)... ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 24.)

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Track Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday and Sunday, June 24-25, at 2.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, July 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Play—The Little Golden Theatre presenting "Young Abe Lincoln." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday, June 15, at 11 and 4:30, and Friday, June 16, at 8.)

Children's Zoo—Where the youngsters will find lambs, rabbits, and kittens to pet, a Noah's Ark to investigate, and much, much more. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, daily 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

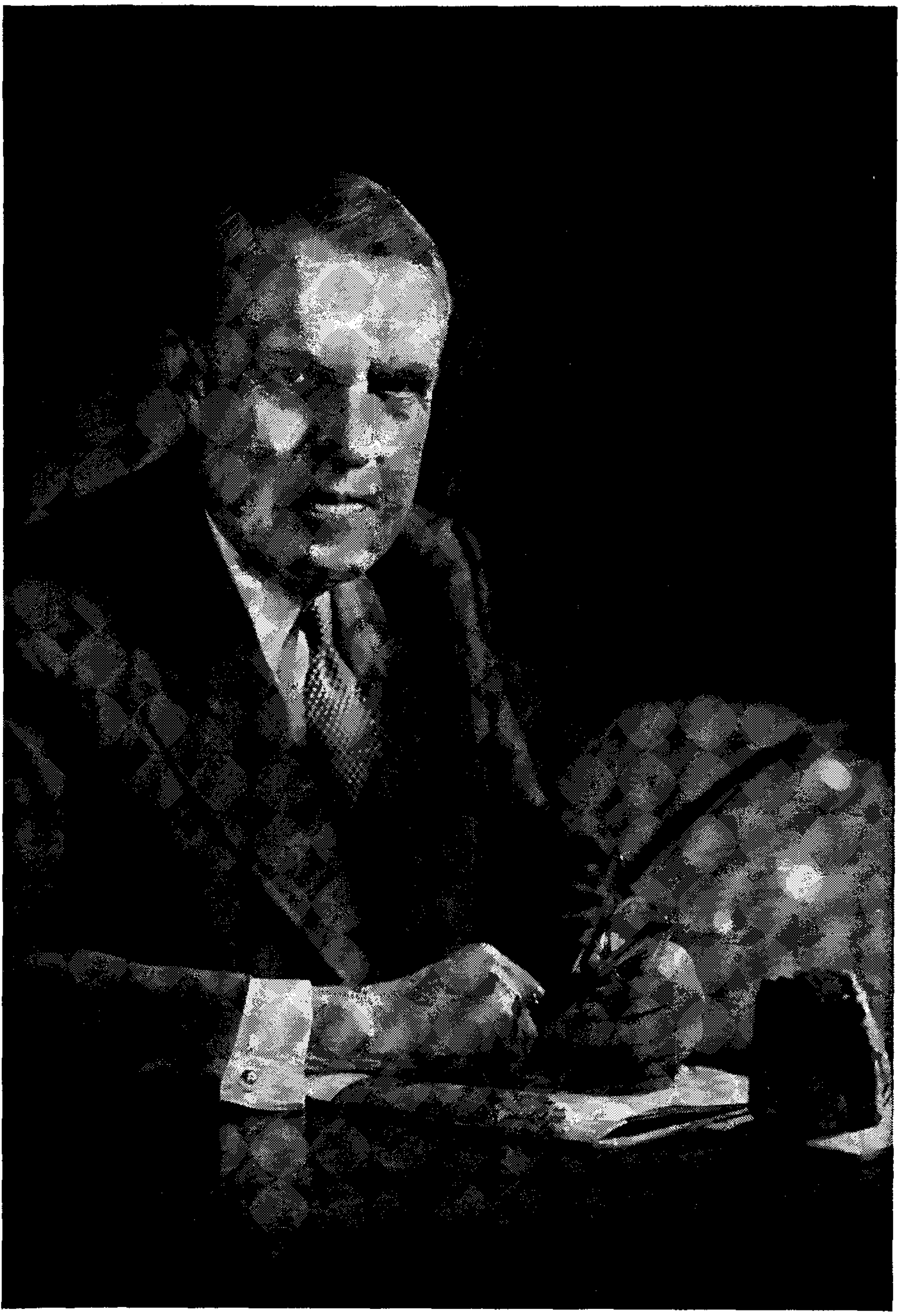
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "On the Shoulders of Giants," concerns great astronomers of the past; through June 26. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"Nanook of the North," Robert Flaherty's documentary of the daily life of an Eskimo family on Hudson Bay. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, June 17, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Bachrach photographs America's top men



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—Fred MacMurray, as a bemused science teacher, is the leading actor in this wild farce in which gravity, in both senses of the word, takes a beating. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 17, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 20, tentative.)

L'Avventura—This Italian movie has won, and may deserve, several foreign citations for its technical prowess. Its ideas and characters, on the other hand, are dim, and its running time is from here to eternity. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Big Deal—Some small-time Roman crooks decide to pull off an ambitious safecracking job, but they have a hard time keeping their minds on their work, and the moment of truth proves to be a moment of pure bedlam. An altogether cheerful, occasionally slapstick spoof of "serious" crime pictures. Imported from Italy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 20. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 21.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturday through Tuesday, June 17-20, at 2:30, and Wednesdays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

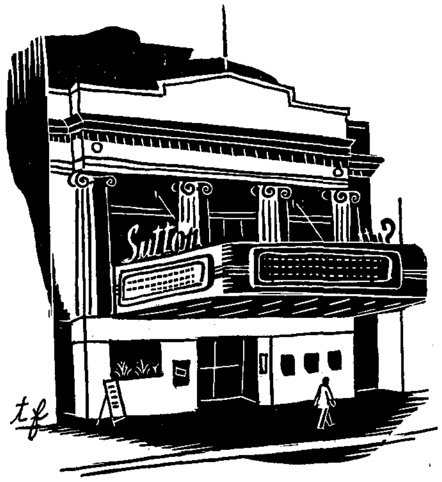
The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier gives a stunning performance as a hard-drinking, lascivious, and thoroughly untalented music-hall singer and dancer. No use pretending the film will make you feel good; still, it would be a shame to miss Olivier at the very top of his bent, ably assisted by Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; through June 17.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head the large cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711.)

One Eyed Jacks—As the director of this movie about revenge in the old West, Marlon Brando has supplied a good many new ideas and twisted a good many standard ones into new shapes. As its star, he turns in a performance as a bandit and killer that is unpredictable and nothing short of brilliant. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through June 16. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through June 17. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through June 18. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 21, tentative.)

On the Double—This nutty story about a G.I. in England who is commanded by British Intelligence to masquerade as a British general allows Danny Kaye to shoot the works, which is just what it is meant to do. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through June 19. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting June 21.)

Picnic on the Grass—The trick here is to sit back and relax, letting the scenery of Provence and the irrational antics of a score of assorted characters sift slowly down over you like sunlight. Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a pretty girl in her skin. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 20.)



A Raisin in the Sun—Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a Negro family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting June 21.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city, Alan Sillitoe has provided the actors with some of the most pungent dialogue to be heard in any movie in years. Albert Finney, in the lead, is a delightful embodiment of the Bronx cheer. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Tunes of Glory—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props behind one of the great performances of the year, in which Sir Alec Guinness brings all his brilliance and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his formidable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 21, tentative.)

Two Women—The director is Vittorio De Sica. The stars are Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. The language is Italian. The story (from a novel by Alberto Moravia) is about a woman who takes her daughter to a mountain village in order to escape the bombing of Rome, and starts back home too soon. The result of the combination is a lovely movie that is also, in an odd sort of way, a heartening one. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 20.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting June 21.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 20-21.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Richard Brooks's interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are the most conspicuous Gospel shouters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 18-19.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 16-19.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting June 16.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting June 16.)

Macbeth (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 19, at 6:45 and 10.)

Mister Roberts (1955)—Life on a Navy cargo ship, based on the Heggen and Logan play. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell are among the diverting tars. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 20.)

Nazi Terror at Night (1959)—Directed by Robert Siodmak, this German film deals with the Hitler regime's suppression of the fact that a mass slayer has been allowed to get away with some fifty murders. With Marie Adorf. Formerly called "The Devil Strikes at Night." (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Private's Progress (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; June 18-19.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; June 18-19.)

The Savage Eye (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 20.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 16-19.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; through June 17.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 16-17. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 18, tentative.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 20-21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Orson Welles"—Through June 17: "Citizen Kane" (1941). . . . ¶ Starting June 18: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), with Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.

Capitol, B'way at 51st (JU 2-5060) Through June 20: "Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor. From June 21: "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970) **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) **NAZI TERROR AT NIGHT** (formerly called "The Devil Strikes at Night"), revival.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) "Wild in the Country," Elvis Presley, Hope Lange.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) Through June 19: **ON THE DOUBLE.** June 20: Theatre closed. From June 21: "Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) **GONE WITH THE WIND,** revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) "The Last Time I Saw Archie," Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) **EXODUS.**

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through June 21 (tentative): **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (YU 2-0990; evening performances only, except on weekends.) Through June 17: **THE ENTERTAINER;** and **LA STRADA** (in Italian), revival. June 18-19: **SABRINA,** revival; and **PRIVATE'S PROGRESS,** revival. June 20-21: "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley; and "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Through June 20: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler; and "20,000 Eyes," Gene Nelson, Merry Anders. From June 21: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN;** and "Stop Me Before I Kill!," Claude Dauphin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through June 20 (tentative): **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.** From June 21 (tentative): **ONE EYED JACKS.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through June 16: **ONE EYED JACKS.** June 17-20: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler. From June 21: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) "The Cow and I" (in French), Fernandel.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) "The Bridge" (in German).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) Through June 17 (tentative): **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.** From June 18 (tentative): **TIGER BAY,** revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Through June 20: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler; and "20,000 Eyes," Gene Nelson, Merry Anders. From June 21: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN;** and "Stop Me Before I Kill!," Claude Dauphin.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through June 18: **ONE EYED JACKS.** June 19-20: "Elephant Walk," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews; and "The Naked Jungle," revival, Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston. From June 21: **ON THE DOUBLE;** and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210) June 15: "Come Back, Africa" and "On the Bowery" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films). From June 16: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and **I AM A CAMERA,** revival. (On Sunday, June 18, showings will begin at 4:35. At 1 and 2:40, there will be showings of "Vampyr," a French film, directed by Carl Dreyer.)

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038) June 15: "Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford; and "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter. June 16-17: **TIGER BAY,** revival; and "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer. June 18-19: **ELMER GANTRY,** revival; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine. June 20-21: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **THE THIRD MAN,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through June 17: **ONE EYED JACKS.** June 18-20: "Elephant Walk," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews; and "The Naked Jungle," revival, Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston. From June 21: **ON THE DOUBLE;** and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through June 20: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian); and "Love by Appointment," revival, Claus Holm. From June 21: "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) "Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) "Eve Wants to Sleep" (in Polish).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) Through June 20: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE,** revival. From June 21: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES,** revival; and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) "Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (LT 1-0450) Through June 18: "White Nights" (in Italian), Maria Schell, Marcello Mastroianni. From June 19: "The Legend of Narayama" (in Japanese).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) "The Cheaters" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Pascale Petit.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through June 17: **ONE EYED JACKS.** June 18-20: "Elephant Walk," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews; and "The Naked Jungle," revival, Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston. From June 21: **ON THE DOUBLE;** and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) June 15: "Rio Grande," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hot Blood," revival, Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde. June 16: "This Angry Age," revival, Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Bonjour Tristesse," revival, Deborah Kerr, David Niven. June 17: "The Golden Coach," revival, Anna Magnani; and "Saint Joan," revival, Jean Seberg, John Gielgud. June 18-19 (last showing at 3): "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," revival, Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall; and "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," revival, John Gavin, Lilo Pulver. June 19, at 6:45 and 10: **MACBETH,** revival; and "Othello," revival, Emil Jannings. June 20: "Rio Bravo," revival, John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Sun Shines Bright," revival, Charles Winninger, Arleen Whelan. June 21: "Johnny Guitar," revival, Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden; and "World for Ransom," revival, Dan Duryea, Gene Lockhart.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through June 20: **MISTER ROBERTS,** revival; and "Battle Cry," revival, Van Heflin, Aldo Ray. *From June 21: To be announced.*

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) June 15: "Things to Come," revival, Raymond Massey; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," revival, Roland Young. June 16-19: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL,** revival; and **THE GHOST GOES WEST,** revival. From June 20: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "My Uncle," revival, Jacques Tati.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) Through June 20: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner, John Gavin. From June 21: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN;** and "Stop Me Before I Kill!," Claude Dauphin.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through June 20: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE,** revival. From June 21: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) Through June 17: **ONE EYED JACKS.** June 18-20: "Elephant Walk," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews; and "The Naked Jungle," revival, Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston. From June 21: **ON THE DOUBLE;** and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210) Through June 20: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler; and "20,000 Eyes," Gene Nelson, Merry Anders. From June 21: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN;** and "Stop Me Before I Kill!," Claude Dauphin.

GOODYEAR
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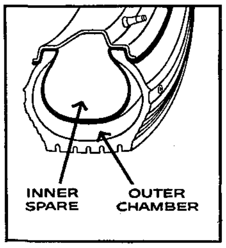

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GOODYEAR

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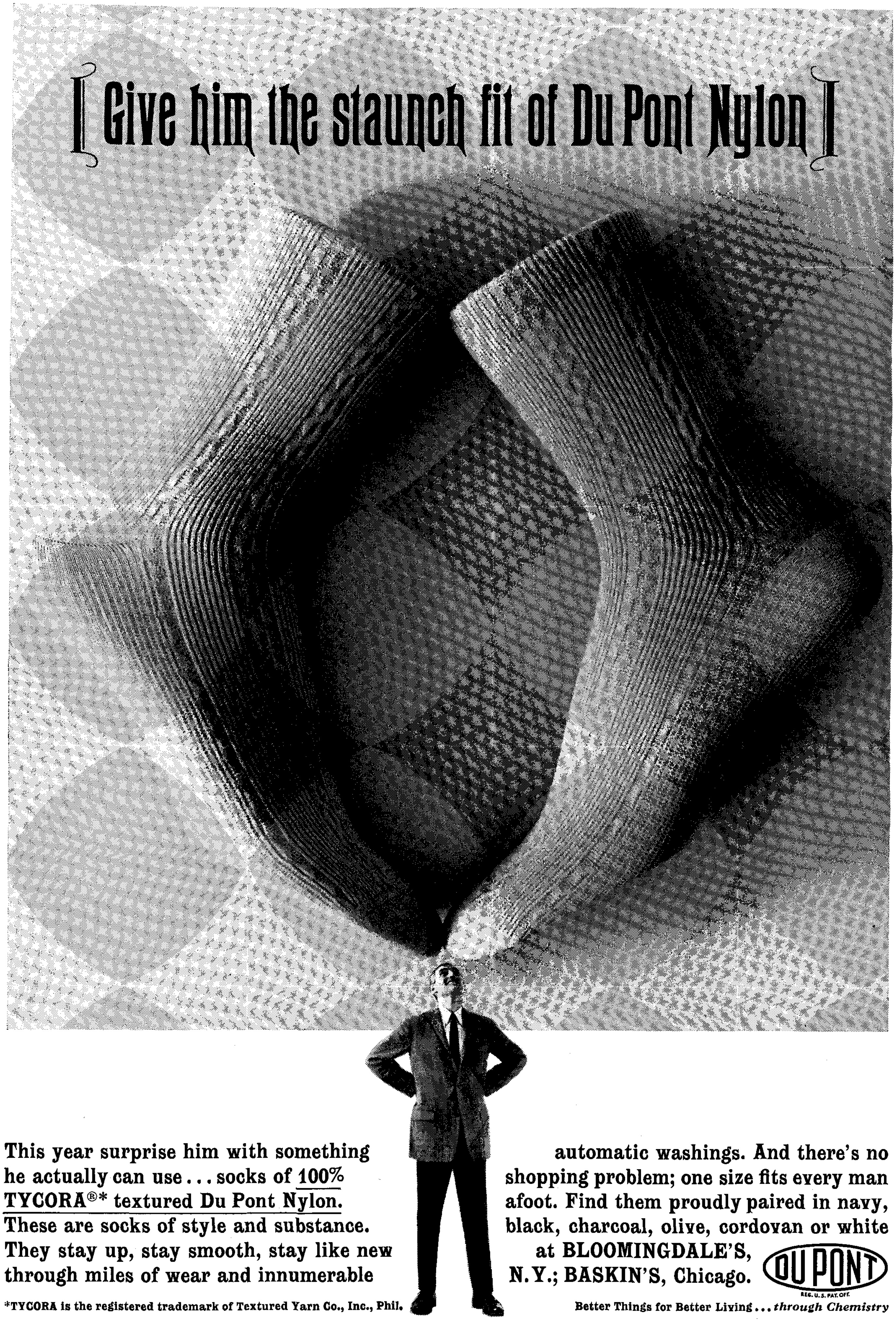

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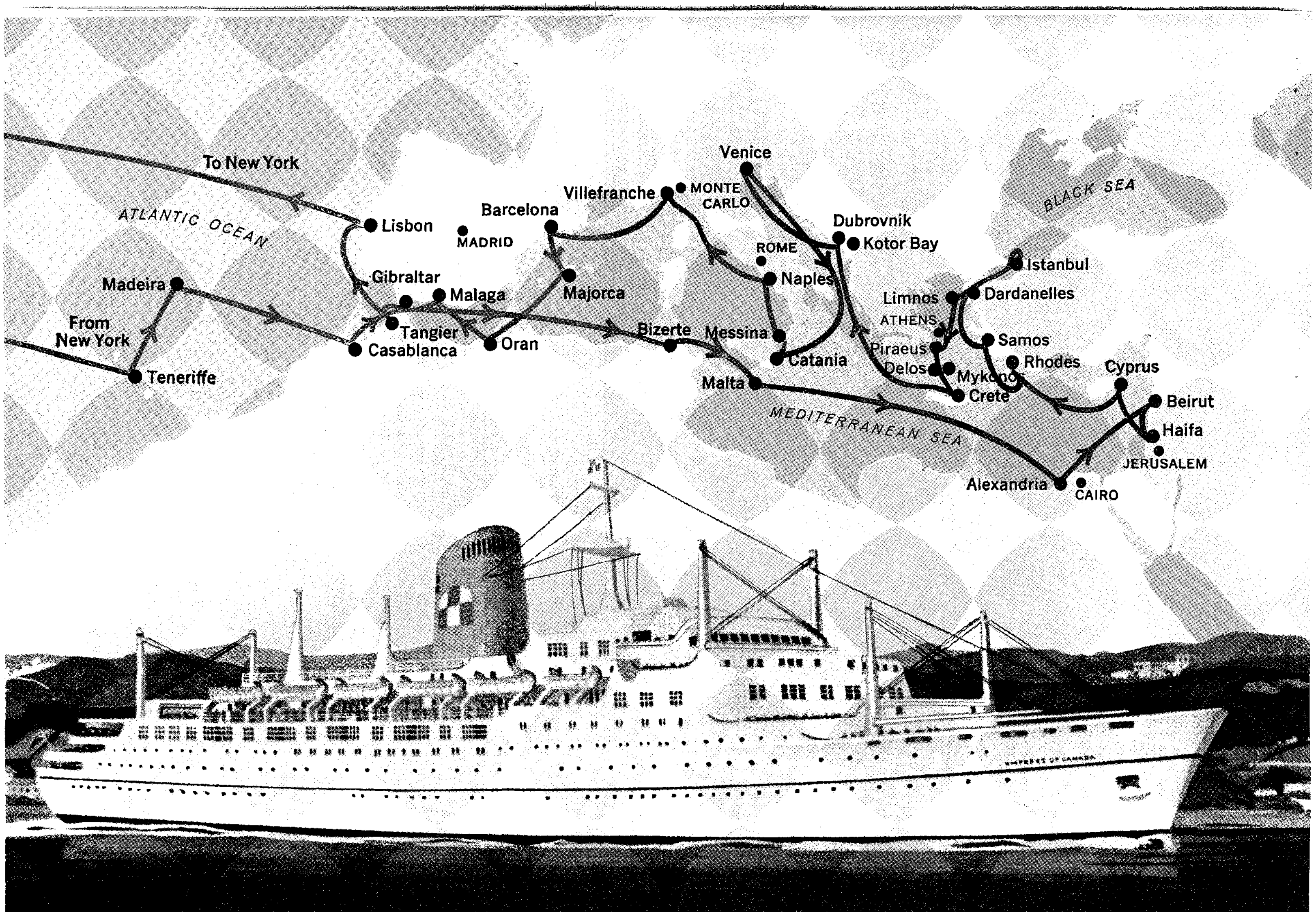
To New York
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Lisbon
MADRID
Barcelona
Villefranche
MONTE CARLO
Venice
Dubrovnik
Kotor Bay
BLACK SEA
Istanbul
Madeira
Gibraltar
Malaga
Majorca
ROME
Naples
Limnos
Dardanelles
From New York
ATHENS
Tangier
Casablanca
Oran
Bizerte
Messina
Piraeus
Samos
Delos
Rhodes
Cyprus
Teneriffe
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Never before a Mediterranean cruise so all-encompassing! 61 days, 30 ports, from New York February 9, 1962.

Plan now to be along on the most exciting, far-roaming Mediterranean cruise ever! Two full months of exploration of the world's most fascinating sea, at its best in sunny Spring!

THE SHIP—the gleaming new 27,300-ton Empress of Canada on her gala maiden Mediterranean voyage. Spacious, air-conditioned, stabilized, designed for every cruising comfort, and stocked with the world's finest epicurean delights.

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FARES—from $1675. This may be the most sought-after cruise of all time, so see your travel agent soon, or any office of Canadian Pacific.

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We make a car that looks like a beetle.

And a station wagon that looks like a bus. (Or so we're told.)

But we think of them a little differently; both Volkswagens look just like what they are.

The VW Sedan is for carrying 4 people. The station wagon is for carrying 8, bag and baggage. (With almost as much headroom and legroom as you get in a real bus.)

The wagon also handles a staggering amount of just stuff. (It has 170 cubic feet of space, compared to about 105 in conventional wagons.)

Both Volkswagens have air-cooled rear engines. No water or anti-freeze needed; terrific traction on ice and snow.

Both park in practically the same space. (The wagon is only 9 inches longer.)

Both defy obsolescence. Nobody knows what year VW you drive. Except you.

Our sedan is a pretty familiar sight; not many people laugh at it any more. But our station wagon is still good for a few chuckles.

To settle things fast...

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Whatever your reason for being in touch with folks in Europe—*telephone.* You can talk things over, settle them fast.

Service is now better than ever because of the transatlantic telephone cables. And it's easy to call. Just pick up the phone, and you're on your way!

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$12 (plus 10% federal excise tax) is the daytime telephone rate for the first three minutes to 30 countries in Europe. In most cases the rate is even lower at night and all day Sunday.

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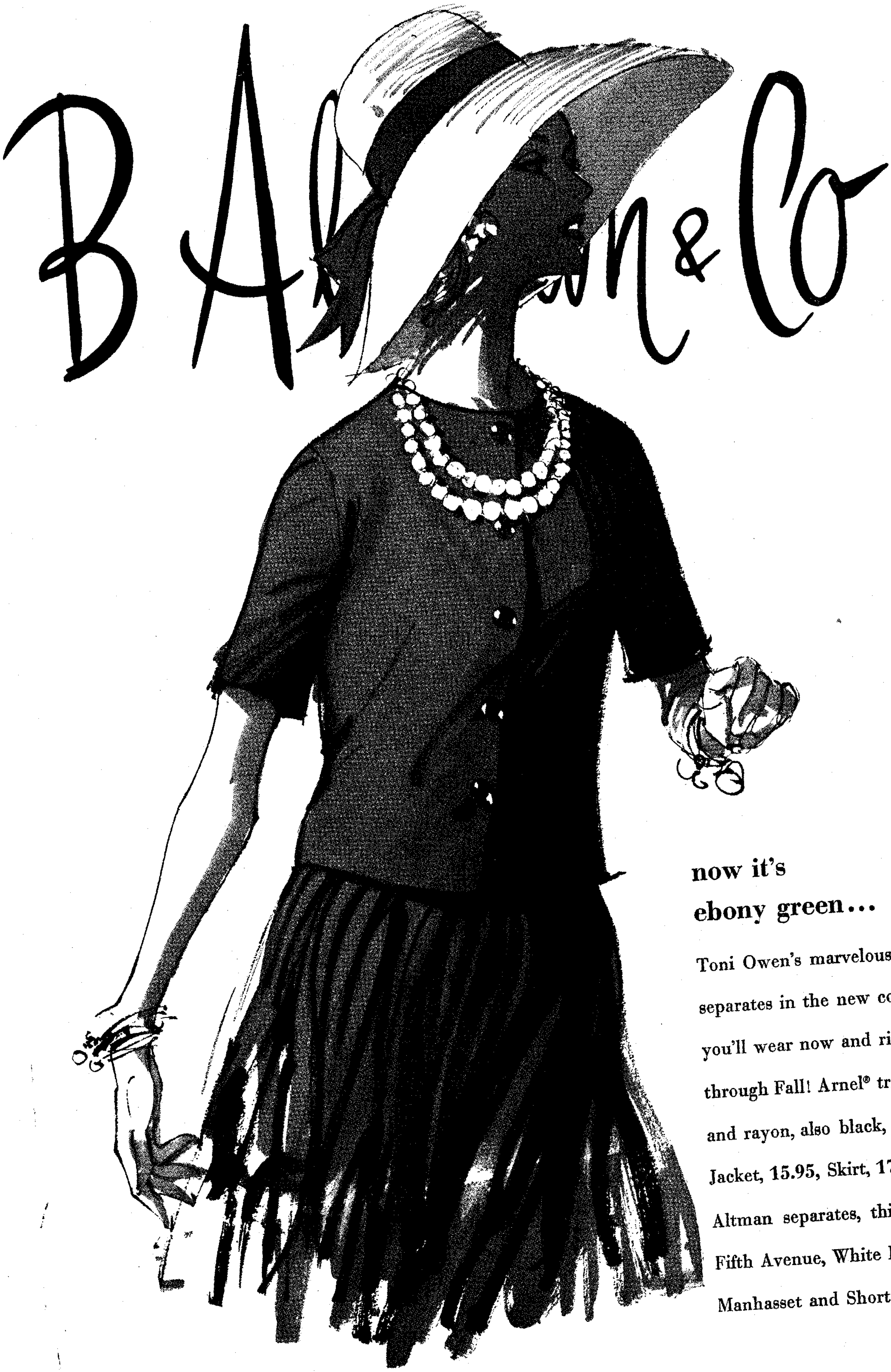


now it's ebony green...

Toni Owen's marvelous crepe separates in the new color you'll wear now and right through Fall! Arnel® triacetate and rayon, also black, 8 to 16. Jacket, 15.95, Skirt, 17.95. Altman separates, third floor, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

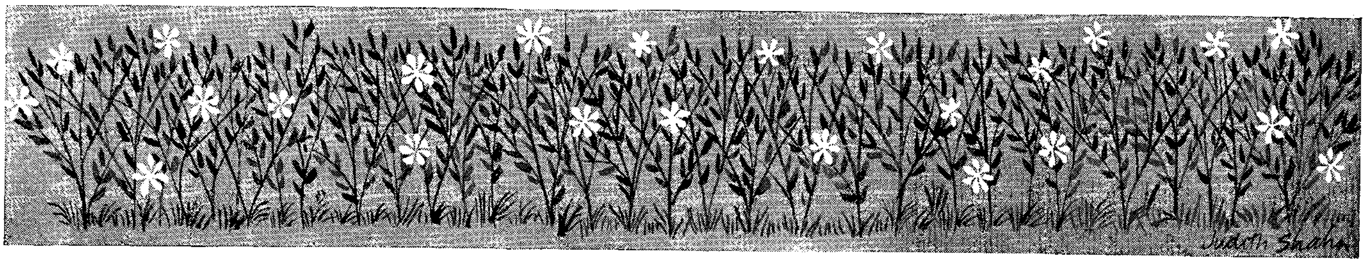
Notes and Comment

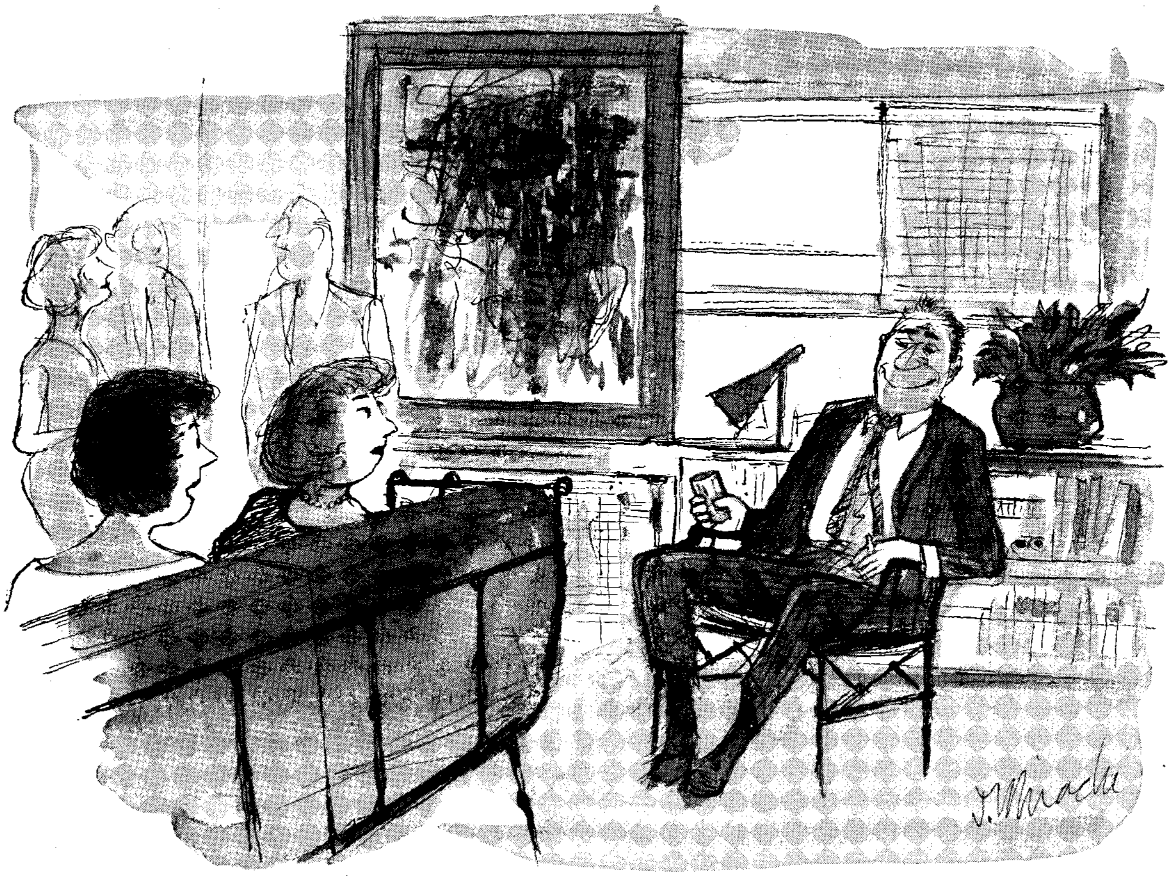
ON the evening of Wednesday, May 17th, at the Agricultural Fair in Rancho Boyeros, south of Havana, Fidel Castro, speaking to an audience of farm hands, made his famous offer to barter twelve hundred and fourteen hapless incarcerated mortals for five hundred efficient, high-powered, made-in-U.S.A. machines. On that occasion, Dr. Castro, who has never been intimidated by the heroes of the past, said, according to the *Times*, "History . . . reported that the Spanish once traded captured soldiers of Napoleon for pigs. We are a little more clever. . . . We will trade them for tractors." No doubt the Cuban tillers of the soil, remembering the small value of a hog in Napoleon's time and the price tag of forty thousand dollars on a tractor today, were cheered by Dr. Castro's boldly setting the wergild at circa sixteen thousand dollars. Delving into historical precedents, Dr. Castro might have gone on, "How miraculously has each age improved upon the one before it, men becoming always a little more clever! In the time of Aristotle, a slave was purchased for ten dollars; in the time of Seneca the Younger, the value of a bought hand had jumped up to four hundred dollars, and if he was well educated, a *servus litteratus* [like us], he fetched as much as five thousand dollars. And my progenitors Richard the Lion-hearted of England, King John of France, and King David of Scotland required so much money for their bail that entire nations had to be taxed to supply it. Ah, those were the splendid days of chivalry and heraldry, when lords and kings, towns and villages turned their pocketbooks inside out to free this—or own that—man. Those were romantic, gallant, good old days. Well, my farmers, in Cuba, at least, those great days have not yet passed." There might then have been a deafening hosanna from the crowd. "It will be seen, my farmers, that we value life," the leader of power dynamics might have pressed on. "We honor the right of each man to weigh himself in gold. We understand the price of freedom, and therefore in Cuba the sky is the limit. When it comes to the value of human life, I say the more inflation the better." And even if it were Dr. Castro who argued that unlimited inflation in the price of man was a good thing, we would have to agree.

Timeless Tower

THE *Times* has at last sold the old Times Tower Building, which has dominated Times Square since the start of the century. The newspaper itself, except for its want-ad department, hasn't been around the original digs since 1913, when it grew too big for its Tower britches, a scant nine years after moving in. Times Square was originally known as Longacre Square, and was rechristened in 1904, as part of a deal whereby the *Times*' publisher, Adolph S. Ochs, obtained the land, a portion of it from the city itself and the rest from a local florist and Tammany Hall potentate named Charles Thorley. When Thorley sold out, he insisted that his name be preserved for posterity on the building Ochs was about to put up, and preserved it is—carved in ornate letters on the southeastern wall, barely visible below the electric news sign that girdles the Tower between its third and fourth stories. The Tower, twenty-five stories high, was Ochs's personal inspiration, and he envisioned it as the citadel of an editorial empire. If it never became precisely that, it was nevertheless an edifice of consequence, and has remained one.

The construction of the Tower began in 1903, on the site of the old Pabst Hotel, and the excavation was referred to as "the deepest hole in town." It was a big hole, all right, and peculiarly shaped. What Ochs had bought was a kind of trapezoidal island, which prompted the Tower's architects, Cyrus L. W. Eidlitz and Andrew C. Mackenzie, to abandon any notion of formal architecture in favor of a Gothic style of what they described as "picturesque irregularity"—a kind of cross between Giotto's Campanile, in Florence, and the Flatiron Building, down at Twenty-third and Fifth, with which the Tower is still sometimes confused. As it happens, the builders and original owners of the Flatiron Building, the George A. Fuller Construction Company, were hired to erect the Tower, which outclassed their own creation in most respects. When the cornerstone was laid, on January 18, 1904, the building had cost two and a half million dollars—quite a sum in those days—and the sponsoring *Times* was brought to the brink of financial difficulties. Needless to say, it backed away from the brink in a hurry. The Tower was completed the following December and quickly gained international renown,





"No, he's a vegetarian. It's his brother who's a teetotaller."

• •

with British, French, German, and Scandinavian newspapers making a great to-do about it as one of the architectural wonders of the age. It could be seen for twelve miles in every direction, and nothing in town matched it in height except the Park Row Building, which rose to three hundred and ninety-two feet from street level—some seventeen feet more than the Tower. On the other hand, the Tower went down farther, having three levels below ground. Naturally, there were vociferous champions of each building as the tallest in the city, but the argument became academic in 1908, when the Singer Building, on lower Broadway, soared up to six hundred and twelve feet.

Maybe the Tower never was the tallest building around, but it was certainly the city's most solid skyscraper. More steel was used in its construction than in any comparable structure of the time, and its foundations were bedded deep in the Great Gneiss Ledge of Manhattan. In the opinion of early observers, it had a beauty to match its strength. One New York artist, in a fervor of appreciation, begged the *Times* to refrain from employing the Tower for commercial illumination or other "lurid nocturnal demonstrations," lest the "monumental effect due to form and color be thereby compromised." But the *Times* paid the artist no heed, and on New Year's Eve of 1904 the newspaper launched a volley of fireworks from the top of the Tower, and started the tradition of the Great Ball. The fireworks were standard practice only until 1908, but the Great Ball has been in use ever since. It is six feet in diameter and inlaid with a hundred and eighty twenty-watt bulbs, and until recently it was constructed of strap iron and weighed a quarter of a ton. Now it is made of aluminum. Every New Year's Eve, at thirty seconds before midnight, the Great Ball is lowered down the Tower's seventy-foot flagpole. When it reaches the base, at exactly midnight, it goes out, and numerals six feet high proclaim the New Year. Many people have asked but few have received permission to stand on the twenty-fifth-floor turret when the Great Ball makes its descent. However, during the Second World War an occasional G.I. and his girl were admitted to the turret to become engaged. As the Great Ball dropped, the G.I. would slip a ring on his sweetheart's finger and kiss her. Only once in fifty-four years of descents has the Great Ball fouled up. The failure happened at the start of 1956, when its electrical connections stalled until twelve-fifteen. Ironically, that was the year that Walter F. Palmer, the Great Ball's inventor, died, at the age of eighty-eight. Although the Great Ball is the Tower's most venerable attraction, the belt of electric news bulletins has had a more constant following. The mechanism, originated and installed in the Tower by Frank C. Reilly and Francis E. J. Wilde in 1928, has flashed everything from the election of Herbert Hoover to the election of John F. Kennedy. The belt of lights is five feet high and three hundred and seventy-four feet around, and contains thirteen thousand three hundred and twenty bulbs of twenty watts each.

Among the veteran occupants of the Tower, all of them thirty-year men or better, are Hotaling's News Agency, which specializes in foreign periodicals and old and out-of-town newspapers; the ancient stenographic firm of Z. & L. Rosenfield; *Editor & Publisher*, which occupies the *Times*' former newsroom, on the seventeenth floor; and assorted inventors, dentists, and entrepreneurs. The Tower is regarded by its tenants as a cozy, staid, and comfortable place, but there was a time when a speakeasy was going full blast in one of the basements; when Jack Pfefer, a wrestling promoter, was arranging bouts out of an office in the Tower; and when the F.B.I.—this was during the Second World War—was holding pistol practice in a basement and using a seventh-floor office to trap German spies. The Tower has been purchased from the *Times* by Douglas Leigh, the spectacular-outdoor-advertising man, and he has great plans for its future. The artist who begged the *Times* not to indulge in lurid nocturnal demonstrations should be living at this hour.

•

OVERHEARD at the height of the Paris-Vienna-London to-do over Jackie Kennedy, a matron to her husband as they paused at an upper East Side newsstand to glance at a front-page newspaper photograph of the Kennedys being entertained at a dinner party:

"Well, thank heaven she's wearing the French hairdo instead of looking like a beatnik!"

Osterland Revisited

SHOULD old, or auld, acquaintance be forgot? Possibly. Five years have gone by since we were a guest of the John Oster Manufacturing Company, of Milwaukee, at a lunch at the Plaza and there partook of a repast Osterized from start (cocktails) to finish (a hamburger made of chicken and veal). It was with a lively sense of things remembered that we turned up last week for another Oster-hosted lunch—this one in the Colonnades Room of Essex House—to which we had been cordially invited by "the Oster family to enjoy . . . classic dishes of the era of Toulouse-Lautrec and Escoffier . . . created through the fine art of blending by Countess Mapie de Toulouse-Lautrec, head [of] Maxim's School of Cooking [in] Paris, Robert Audelan, chef [of] Essex House, [and] Marcel Grangé, chef [of] Quo Vadis Restaurant."

We were greeted in these stately surroundings by our friend of yesteryear Mr. John Oster, Jr., as youthful at forty-seven as he had been at forty-two.

"Any changes?" we asked.

"We've merged with the Sunbeam Corporation, of Chicago, becoming an independent subsidiary," he said. "We've added a steam-dry iron, an electric frying pan, and an electric can opener. Our liquefier-blender Osterizer now comes in models that have up to six speeds; for a fine paste, you'd use a high speed."

Mr. Oster introduced us to the Countess, who is the wife of Admiral Guy de Toulouse-Lautrec, a first cousin of the painter, and she said she was introducing the Osterizer to France at Maxim's School of Cooking. "Our students are mostly American," she said. "We take only twenty at a time."

The Countess introduced us to M. Edouard Morot-Sir, Cultural Counsellor to the French Embassy, who said that he was representing his country.

Lunch found us next to Miss Myra Waldo, the distinguished author of eighteen books on food and travel. "They were all published in seven years," Miss Waldo said. "Two of them—'The Complete Book of Gourmet Cooking for the American Kitchen' and 'Cooking for the Freezer'—were published on successive days. I've also started a novel, called 'Destinée,' after its heroine's name, but I've been too busy writing low-calorie recipes for the American Viscose Company to finish it."

No lunch appeared, but speeches began.

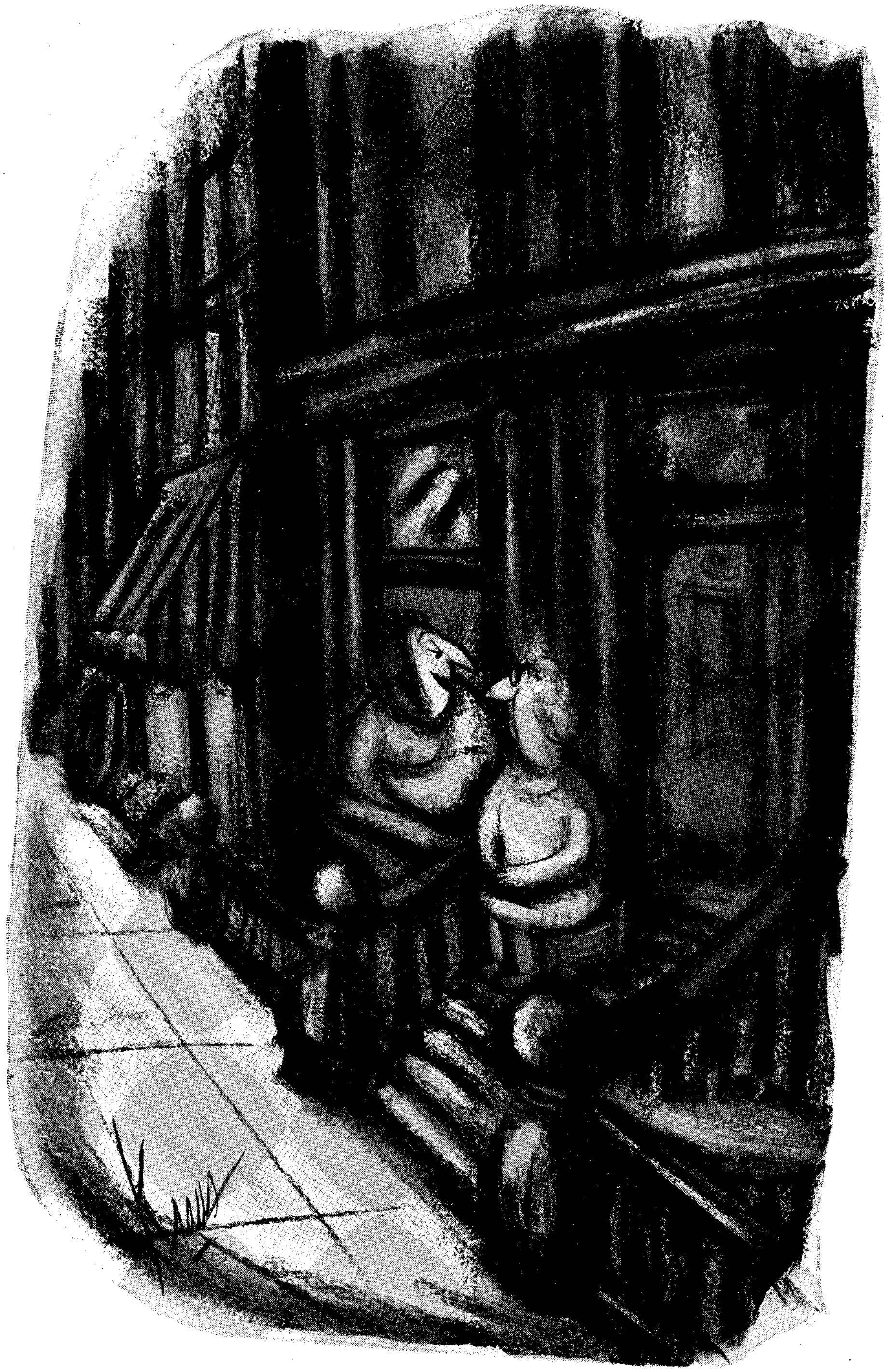
First, Mr. Bernard Gittelson, of Oster's public-relations firm, introduced M. Morot-Sir, who paid tribute to the Countess, to the Osterizer, and to Brillat-Savarin, and said that gastronomy was recognized as one of the fine arts.

Next, Mr. Gittelson introduced Mr. Bill Orr, Oster's vice-president in charge of sales, who said "Thank you, Bernie," paid tribute to the Countess and to the Osterizer ("Food operation with the Osterizer makes cooking doubly attractive"), and introduced Mr. Oster.

Next, Mr. Oster said "Thank you, Bill," and paid tribute to Milwaukee ("We now have a French restaurant there; at least, it's only fifteen miles out of town"), to the Countess ("We think it's just wonderful having her here"), and to Maxim's ("It *is* on the Diners' Club").

Next, the Countess, introduced by Mr. Oster, read a little speech in praise of the blender.

"I'm having a terrible time with my Indian myna bird, Yogi; it's beginning to show its age," Miss Waldo said to



"Mrs. Miller, third floor rear, has a lover."

us as, next, Mr. Orr rose again to say, "I think every food editor in this room will agree that French cooking is the best." He introduced the lunch's two chefs, who were flanking him at Osterizer-laden tables, and said, "They will now prepare quentelles."

"Quenelles," one of them said, and proceeded to Osterize them.

Next, Mr. Orr introduced M. Grangé to the Countess, and the visitor from Quo Vadis presented her with two of his creations—an Osterized Turban of Sole-Salmon and an Osterized Lobster Mousse. She sampled these with every facial and vocal expression of delight while two photographers took pictures of her and their concocter.

Next, Mr. Orr similarly presented M. Audelan, who handed the Countess one of *his* creations—an Oster-blended Chicken Mousse Princesse, which she sampled w. e. f. a. v. e. o. d. w. t. p. t. p. o. h. a. its c.

Next, Mr. Orr introduced Miss Nancy Vaughan, director of Oster's home-economics department, who, at one of the chef's tables, prepared several Osterized dishes—some baby food of puréed vegetables, a cheese ball, some strawberry butter, and some mocha-cream frosting.

"And now, Countess, we'd like to present you with a cake with mocha frosting," Mr. Orr said, and did so.

The headmistress of Maxim's School gazed at her present with every evidence of pleasure as, once more, the scene was recorded by the cameramen.

Next, Mr. Oster thanked one and all and wished us "*bon appétit.*"

An hour had passed, and consommé was served.

"When I run my blender, Yogi says 'Quiet!' " Miss Waldo told us.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (RICH AIR DIVISION): Neiman-Marcus is now offering oxygen in its own attaché case—seventy-five dollars for fifty-six litres and container.

Books Across the Sea

"ROGER W. STRAUS, JR., president of Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Inc., and Noonday Press, has been appointed chairman of the Book Committee by the Executive Committee of the People-to-People Program," a recent bulletin in our incoming basket announced, and went on:

> The Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Mark Bortman, complimented Mr. Straus on the Book Committee's goal to distribute up to half a million copies of American books overseas. . . . In accepting the post, Mr. Straus said, "The people of Africa and Asia hunger for the printed word, and this hunger is satisfied by the propaganda machines of Soviet Russia and Red China. I believe the opportunities and challenges are unlimited. Though not always as dramatic as radio, television, and the press, books can effectively carry a message of lasting influence."

We went down to Union Square the other noonday to see this sanguine man (for who but an optimist would take up the puzzling challenge of an already satisfied hunger?), and found him not outside on a propaganda soapbox but indoors, in the well-appointed office of his publishing firm, which serves also to house his committee. The People-to-People Program, he told us, was set up by President Eisenhower in 1956 in order to reach the citizens of foreign nations on a non-governmental basis, through books, magazines, radio, television, education, industrial channels, and so on. "Its Book Committee has been rather inactive, but I'm trying to revivify it," Mr. Straus said. "I've arranged, through Ambassador John K. Galbraith, to send two thousand books, selected by him, to his embassy's library in New Delhi, and we may furnish five hundred more—scholarly works, classics, books on history and politics—to the India International Center, now under construction. This is a residential, study, and meeting place in New Delhi, largely financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, that will be used by Indian and foreign intellectuals. I hope that the Indian Embassy book project will be followed by similar ones in other key embassies. Most of our embassy libraries are small and cater to staff needs only. We operate under the People-to-People Program's Foreign Relations Committee, which is broken down into four regional councils—those on Inter-American Affairs, Islamic Affairs, African Affairs, and Far Eastern Affairs. Our liaison with the United States Information Agency, with which we work closely, is Dr. Joseph Privitera, chief program executive of its Office of Private Coöperation, whom I'd like you to meet."

He picked up the telephone, and scarcely had we had time to reflect on Dr. Privitera's marvellously appropriate surname when in he came.

"My job is to interest people like Roger in the program," he said. "In just four months in office, he has come up with a type of thinking that has pleased us no end. Private people can operate more easily than the government in this field, since they have a broader franchise. For example, the U.S.I.A. sends books around, but it isn't empowered to buy titles of foreign origin unless by special dispensation. The People-to-People's Book Committee can cover the full range of the spectrum."

"If we want to send out five thousand copies of Pasternak, we can," Mr. Straus said. "We supply reading groups all over—there are hundreds of them in the Far East—and we help stock the hundred and eighty-five U.S.I.A. libraries in foreign countries. As a rule, we buy from publishers at a price, but they sometimes give us overruns, and we also buy sheets at cost and have them bound. The H. Wolff printing people have bound many of these free, as a contribution. Senator Benton has given us hundreds of sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The Chinese and the Russians are grinding out books for foreign consumption like crazy, and selling them for as little as five cents apiece. We have to meet this competition. Each of our thirty-three People-to-People committees is a tax-free non-profit organization."

Mr. Straus added that his committee planned to send treatises on nursing and agriculture to Africa, and that he was in correspondence with the Soviet Writers Group in Moscow, through which he hoped to get books requested by it into the Moscow Public Library. "The Navy has been most coöperative," said Mr. S., who is an alumnus of this armed service. "On one occasion, it delivered our books by destroyer."

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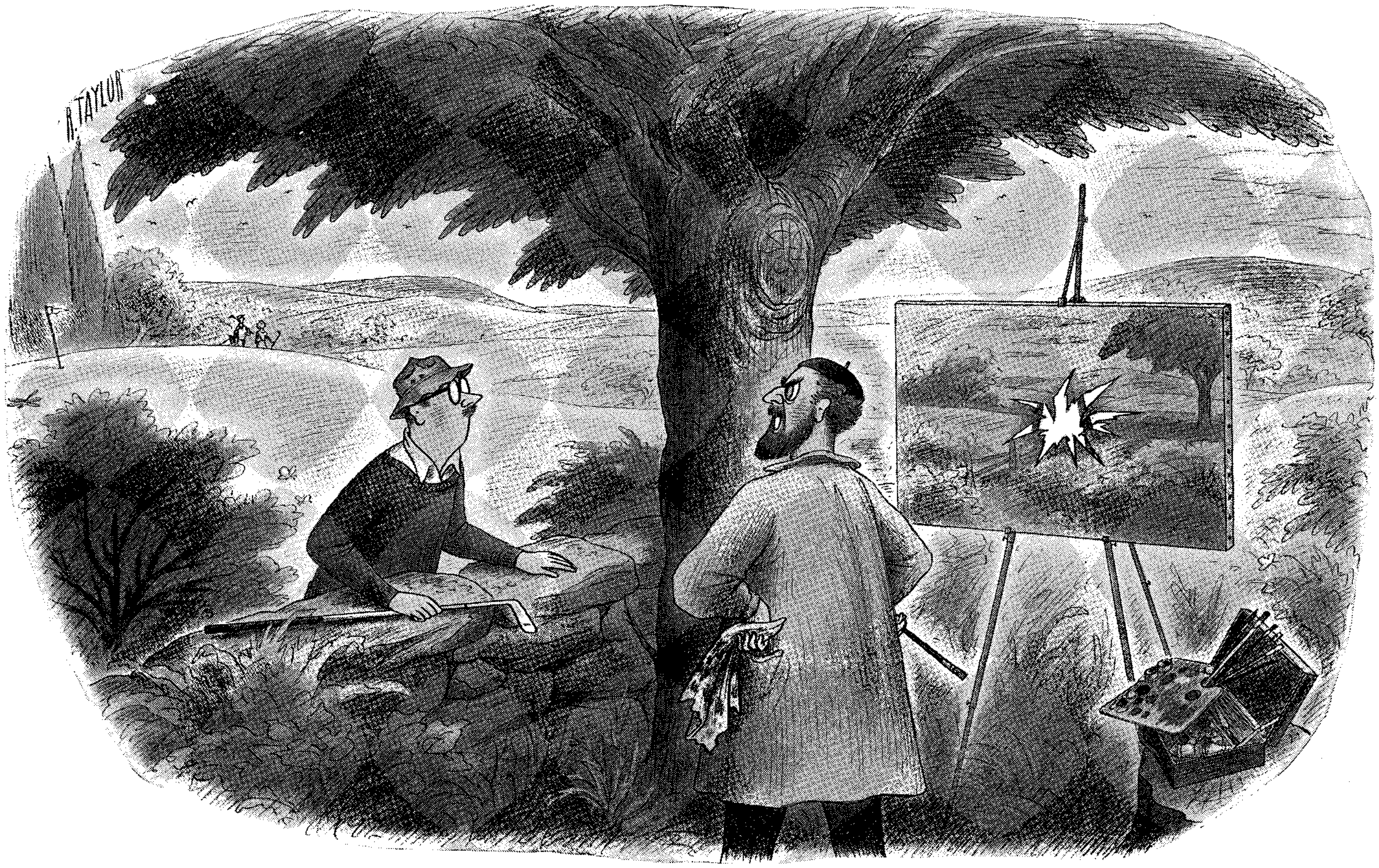
DISCOURAGING news for the credit-card set: There is a sign on a popcorn stand at Long Beach that reads, "Only Cash Accepted."

Yale Club Leopard

"WE are having a small reception on Thursday . . . at four-thirty at the Yale Club on the occasion of Mrs. Frank Delano's giving us a record African leopard," Dr. S. Dillon Ripley II, director of the Peabody Museum of Natural History of Yale Uni-



"Yes, I have seen your ball."

• •

versity, wrote us the other week. "The ceremony will be of the simplest, but it might amuse you to attend and see the leopard and meet Mr. and Mrs. Delano (the former a partner in Foote, Cone & Belding), who are apparently eager big-game hunters."

To the Yale Club we sped on the appointed afternoon, and there, in a small reception room on the eighteenth floor, we found the leopard, a striking tribute to both Mrs. Delano's and the taxidermist's skill, flanked by her and Dr. Ripley. As photographs were being taken of the distinguished trio, we fell into conversation with a large, beaming man, who turned out to be Mr. Delano.

"Rosalie shot it last October at an elevation of twelve thousand feet in the Aberdare Mountains, in Kenya, in a hailstorm," Mr. Delano said, with husbandly pride. "It's seven feet eight and five-eighths inches long—the biggest one ever shot by an American. The leopard weighed a hundred and ninety-two pounds with an empty stomach. Rosalie got it after a two-week hunt. She and her professional hunter, Tony Dyer, found its tracks, set out bait, and, after visiting its haunts every morning and night for two weeks, finally found it on the bait."

We asked what the bait was.

"A section of a zebra," Mr. Delano said, and continued, "I have no connection with Yale—I went to Lehigh—but I was familiar with the Peabody Museum, and I knew it needed a leopard, so we offered it this one. Los Angeles and San Antonio were anxious to get it, but we live in Rye, and I thought it would be nice to have it where we could visit it easily. I shot a giant forest hog in the northern part of the Aberdare range myself—in the bamboo, below where Rosalie shot the leopard. It's one of four specimens in the world. I gave it to the San Antonio Museum. Not so easy to visit, and I rather miss it. I'm going to Alaska next spring to hunt polar bear."

We gained the side of Dr. Ripley, who introduced us to several ladies in fancy hats—among them his wife and Mrs. Albert Stickney, Jr., president of the Peabody Museum Associates. "Mrs. Delano's leopard is the biggest taken since 1927," he said. "We're delighted to have it; it fits in beautifully with our plans. It will go in our History of the Cats section of our new Mammal Hall."

Dr. Ripley proceeded to introduce Mrs. Delano to an assembled group of thirty or forty leopard fanciers, many of them Yale men and their wives, and she made a brief speech. During this, who should amble up to us but an old friend—Mr. Philip Liebmann, president of the Liebmann Breweries!

"You interested in leopards?" we asked.

"Frank Delano handles our advertising," he said.

"Abercrombie & Fitch asked me if it could borrow the leopard for a week next fall," Mr. Delano was saying to Dr. Ripley as we made for the door, "but, of course, I said it was up to you."

Dr. R. smiled a museum director's smile, and we departed.

Sensitive Plants

AT a science fair held by a junior high school in New Canaan, a couple of plants were exhibited in the midst of an array of dissected frogs, electronic circuits, and model engines. The explanatory poster read, "Does being nice to plants help them grow? Plant A has been spoken to harshly and unpleasantly throughout its growth. Plant B was spoken to gently and nicely." The man who told us about this reported that Plant B was in much better shape than Plant A, and looked so smug that he growled at it a couple of times.

LIFEGUARD

BEYOND doubt, I am a splendid fellow. In the autumn, winter, and spring, I execute the duties of a student of divinity; in the summer I disguise myself in my skin and become a lifeguard. My slightly narrow and gingerly hirsute but not necessarily unmanly chest becomes brown. My smooth back turns the color of caramel, which, in conjunction with the whipped cream of my white pith helmet, gives me, some of my teen-age satellites assure me, a delightfully edible appearance. My legs, which I myself can study, cocked as they are before me while I repose on my elevated wooden throne, are dyed a lustreless maple walnut that accentuates their articulate strength. Correspondingly, the hairs of my body are bleached blond, so that my legs have the pointed elegance of, within the flower, umber anthers dusted with pollen.

For nine months of the year, I pace my pale hands and burning eyes through immense pages of Biblical text barnacled with fudging commentary; through multivolumed apologetics couched in a falsely friendly Victorian voice and bound in subtly abrasive boards of finely ridged, prefaded red; through handbooks of liturgy and histories of dogma; through the bewildering duplicities of Tillich's divine politicking; through the suave table talk of Father D'Arcy, Étienne Gilson, Jacques Maritain, and other such moderns mistakenly put at their ease by the exquisite antique furniture and overstuffed larder of the hospitable St. Thomas; through the terrifying attempts of Kierkegaard, Berdyaev, and Barth to scourge God into being. I sway appalled on the ladder of minus signs by which theologians would surmount the void. I tiptoe like a burglar into the house of naturalism to steal the silver. An acrobat, I swing from wisp to wisp. Newman's iridescent cobwebs crush in my hands. Pascal's blackboard mathematics are erased by a passing shoulder. The cave drawings, astoundingly vital by candlelight, of those aboriginal magicians, Paul and Augustine, in daylight fade into anthropology. And the diverting productions of literary flirts like Chesterton, Eliot, Auden, and Greene—whether they regard Christianity as a pastel forest designed for a fairyland romp or a deliciously miasmic pit from which chiaroscuro can be mined with mechanical buckets—in the end all infallibly strike, despite the comic variety of gongs and mallets, the note of the rich young man who on the coasts of Judaea refused in dismay to sell all that he had.

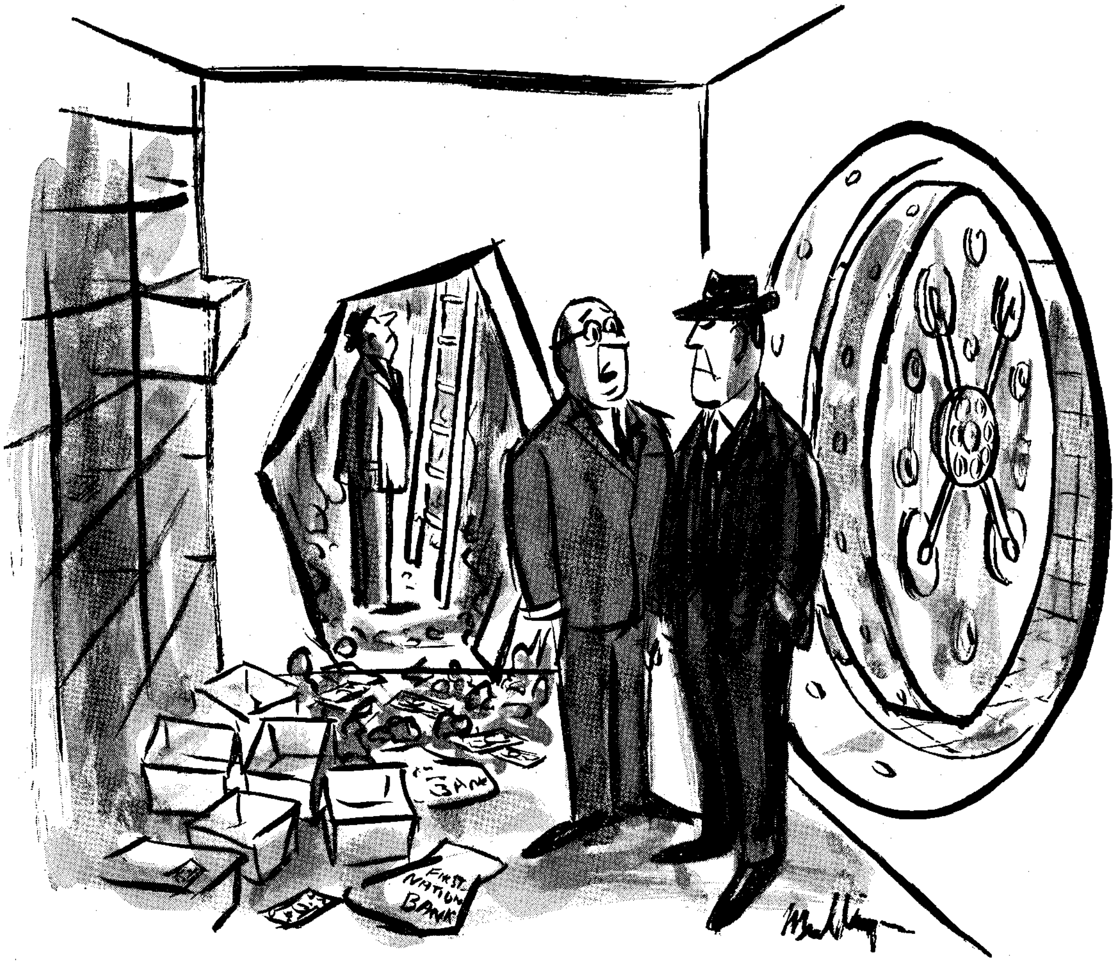
Handelsman

"That's my father. He's an Angry Young Man."

Then, for the remaining quarter of the solar revolution, I rest my eyes on a sheet of brilliant sand printed with the runes of naked human bodies. That there is no discrepancy between my studies, that the texts of the flesh complement those of the mind, is the easy burden of my sermon.

On the back rest of my lifeguard's chair is painted a cross—true, a red cross, signifying bandages, splints, spirits of ammonia, and sunburn unguents. Nevertheless, it comforts me. Each morning, mounting into my chair, my athletic and youthfully fuzzy toes expertly gripping the slats that make a ladder, it is as if I am climbing into an immense, rigid, loosely fitting vestment.

Again, in each of my roles I sit attentively perched on the edge of an immensity. That the sea, with its multiform and mysterious hosts, its savage and senseless rages, no longer comfortably serves as a divine metaphor indicates how severely humanism has corrupted the apples of our creed. We seek God now in flowers and good deeds, and the immensities of blue that surround the little scabs of land upon which we draw our lives to their unsatisfactory conclusions are suffused by science with vacuous horror. I myself can hardly bear the thought of stars, or begin to count the mortalities of coral. But from my chair the sea, slightly distended by my higher perspective, seems a misty old gentleman stretched at his ease in an immense armchair which has for arms the arms of this bay and for an antimacassar the freshly laundered sky. Sailboats float on his surface like idle and unrelated but benevolent thoughts. The soughing of the surf is the rhythmic lifting of his ripple-stitched vest as he breathes. Consider. We en-



"We assumed from the 'Dig We Must' signs that they were Con Edison."

ter the sea with a shock; our skin and blood shout in protest. But, that instant, that leap, past, what do we find? Ecstasy and buoyance. Swimming offers a parable. We struggle and thrash, and drown; we succumb, even in despair, and float, and are saved.

With what timidity, with what a sense of trespass, do I set forward even this obliquely a thought so official! Forgive me. I am not yet ordained; I am too disordered to deal with the main text. My competence is marginal, and I will confine myself to the gloss of flesh with which this particular margin, this one beach, is annotated each day.

Here the cinema of life is run backwards. The old are the first to arrive. They are idle, and have lost the gift of sleep. Each of our bodies is a clock that loses time. Young as I am, I can hear in myself the protein acids ticking; I wake at odd hours and in the shuddering darkness and silence feel my death rushing toward me like an express train. The older we get, and the fewer the mornings left to us, the more deeply dawn stabs us awake. The old ladies wear wide straw hats and, in their hats' shadows, smiles as wide, which they bestow upon each other, upon salty shells they discover in the morning-smooth sand, and even upon me, downy-eyed from my night of dissipation. The gentlemen are often incongruous; withered white legs support brazen barrel chests, absurdly potent, bustling with white froth. How these old roosters preen on their "condition"! With what fatuous expertness they swim in the icy water—always, however, prudently parallel to the shore, at a depth no greater than their height.

Then come the middle-aged, burdened with children and aluminum chairs. The men are scarred with the marks of their vocation—the red forearms of the gasoline-station attendant, the pale X on the back of the overall-wearing mason or carpenter, the clammer's nicked ankles. The hair on their bodies has as many patterns as matted grass. The women are wrinkled but fertile, like the Iraqi rivers that cradled the seeds of our civilization. Their children are odious. From their gaunt faces leer all the vices, the greeds, the grating urgencies of the adult, unsoftened by maturity's reticence and fatigue. Except that here and there a girl, the eldest daughter, wearing a knit suit striped horizontally with green, purple, and brown, walks slowly, carefully, puzzled by the dawn enveloping her thick smooth body, her waist not yet nipped but her throat elongated.

Finally come the young. The young matrons bring fat and fussing infants who gobble the sand like sugar, who toddle blissfully into the surf and bring me bolt upright on my throne. My whistle tweets. The mothers rouse. Many of these women are pregnant again, and sluggishly lie in their loose suits like cows tranced in a meadow. They gossip politics, and smoke incessantly, and lift their troubled eyes in wonder as a trio of flat-stomached nymphs parades past. These maidens take all our eyes. The vivacious redhead, freckled and white-footed, pushing against her boy and begging to be ducked; the solemn brunette, transporting the vase of herself with held breath; the dimpled blonde in the bib and diapers of her Bikini, the lambent fuzz of her midriff shimmering like a cat's belly. Lust stuns me like the sun.

YOU are offended that a divinity student lusts? What prigs the unchurched are! Are not our assaults on the supernatural lascivious, a kind of indecency? If only you knew what de Sadian degradations, what frightful psychological spelunking, our gentle transcendentalist professors set us to, as preparation for our work, which is to shine in the darkness.

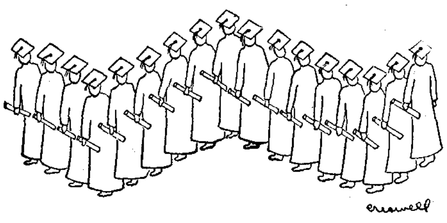
I feel that my lust makes me glow; I grow cold in my chair, like a torch of ice, as I study beauty. I have studied much of it, wearing all styles of bathing suit and facial expression, and have come to this conclusion: a woman's beauty lies, not in any exaggeration of the specialized zones, nor in any general harmony that could be worked out by means of the *sectio aurea* or a similar aesthetic superstition; but in the arabesque of the spine. The curve by which the back modulates into the buttocks. It is here that grace sits and rides a woman's body.

I watch from my white throne and pity women, deplore the demented judgment that drives them toward the braggart muscularity of the mesomorph and the prosperous complacence of the endomorph when it is we ectomorphs who pack in our scrawny sinews and exacerbated nerves the most intense gift, the most generous shelter, of love. To desire a woman is to desire to save her. Anyone who has endured intercourse that was neither predatory nor hurried knows how through it we descend, with a partner, into the grotesque and delicate shadows that until then have remained locked in the most guarded recess of our soul: into this harbor we bring her. A vague and twisted terrain becomes inhabited; each shadow, touched by the exploration, blooms into a flower of act. As if we are an island upon which a woman, tossed by her laboring vanity and blind self-seeking, is blown, and there finds security, until, an instant before the anticlimax, Nature with a smile thumps down her trump, and the island sinks beneath the sea.

There is great truth in those motion pictures which are slandered as true neither to the Bible nor to life. They are—written though they are by demons and drunks—true to both. We are all Solomons lusting for Sheba's salvation. The God-filled man is filled with a wilderness that cries to be populated. The stony chambers need jewels, furs, tints of cloth and flesh, even though, as in Samson's case, the temple comes tumbling. Women are an alien race of pagans set down among us. Every seduction is a conversion.

Who has loved and not experienced that sense of rescue? It is not true that our biological impulses are tricked out with ribands of chivalry; rather, our chivalric impulses go clanking in encumbering biological armor. Eunuchs love. Children love. I would love.

My chief exercise, as I sit above the crowds, is to lift the whole mass into immortality. It is not a light task; the throng is so huge, and its members so individually unworthy. No *memento mori* is so clinching as a photograph of a vanished crowd. Cheering Roosevelt, celebrating the Armistice, there it is, wearing its ten thousand straw hats and stiff collars, a fearless and wooden-faced bustle of life: it is gone. A bygone crowd dies in the street like a derelict; it leaves no heir, no trace, no name. My own persistence beyond the last rim of time is easy to imagine; indeed, the effort of imagination lies the other way—to conceive of my ceasing. But when I study the vast tangle of humanity that blackens the beach as far as the sand stretches, absurdities crowd in on me. Is it as maiden, matron, or crone that the females will be eternalized? What will they do without children to watch and gossip to exchange? What of the thousand deaths of memory and bodily change we endure—can each be redeemed at a final Adjustments Counter? The sheer numbers involved make the mind scream. The race is no longer a tiny clan of simian aristocrats lording it over an ocean of grass; mankind is a plague racing like fire across the exhausted continents. This immense clot gathered on the beach, a fraction of a fraction—can we not say that this breeding swarm is its own immortality and end the suspense? The beehive in a sense survives; and is each of us not proved to be a hive, a galaxy of cells each of whom is doubtless praying, from its pew in our thumbnail or esophagus, for personal resurrection? Indeed, to the cells themselves cancer may seem a revival of faith. No, in relation to other people oblivion is sensible and sanitary.



This sea of others exasperates and fatigues me most on Sunday mornings. I don't know why people no longer go to church—whether they have lost the ability to sing or the willingness to listen. From eight-thirty onward they crowd in from the parking lot, ants each carrying its crumb of baggage, until by noon, when the remote churches are releasing their gallant and gaily dressed minority, the sea itself is jammed with hollow heads and thrashing arms like a great bobbing backwash of rubbish. A transistor radio somewhere in the sand releases in a thin, apologetic gust the closing peal

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC EXCEPT THE LETTER "G"

The table talk in Washington,
I hear by special messenger,
Is brightened by the presence there
Of Kiplinger and Kissinger.

The anecdotes are wittier,
The chitterchat flows ripplinger,
As of the moment on the bus
When Kissinger met Kiplinger.

"My name is Mr. Kiplinger,"
Said Kiplinger to Kissinger.
"And I'm Professor Kissinger,"
Replied his fellow-passenger.

"You'll kindly note my 'g' is hard,"
Said Kiplinger to Kissinger.
"Some people call me Kiplinjer,
And nothing is depressinjer."

"Hard 'g,' to me," said Kissinger,
"Is sentimental goo.
Kissing-er means more osculant.
More osculant than who?"

"One dowager," said Kiplinger,
"Goes far beyond Kiplinjery.
She dragged me to the opera
To add Iseult to injury."

Kiplinger grew progressively pressinger:
"Do you know my good friend Arthur Schlesinger?"
Kissinger answered his fellow-passenger,
"No, but I know an Arthur Schlesinger.
In a city named for George or Martha,
How odd that we each should know an Arthur!
Let's have a foursome at Burning Tree,
Your Arthur and you against mine and me."

—Ogden Nash

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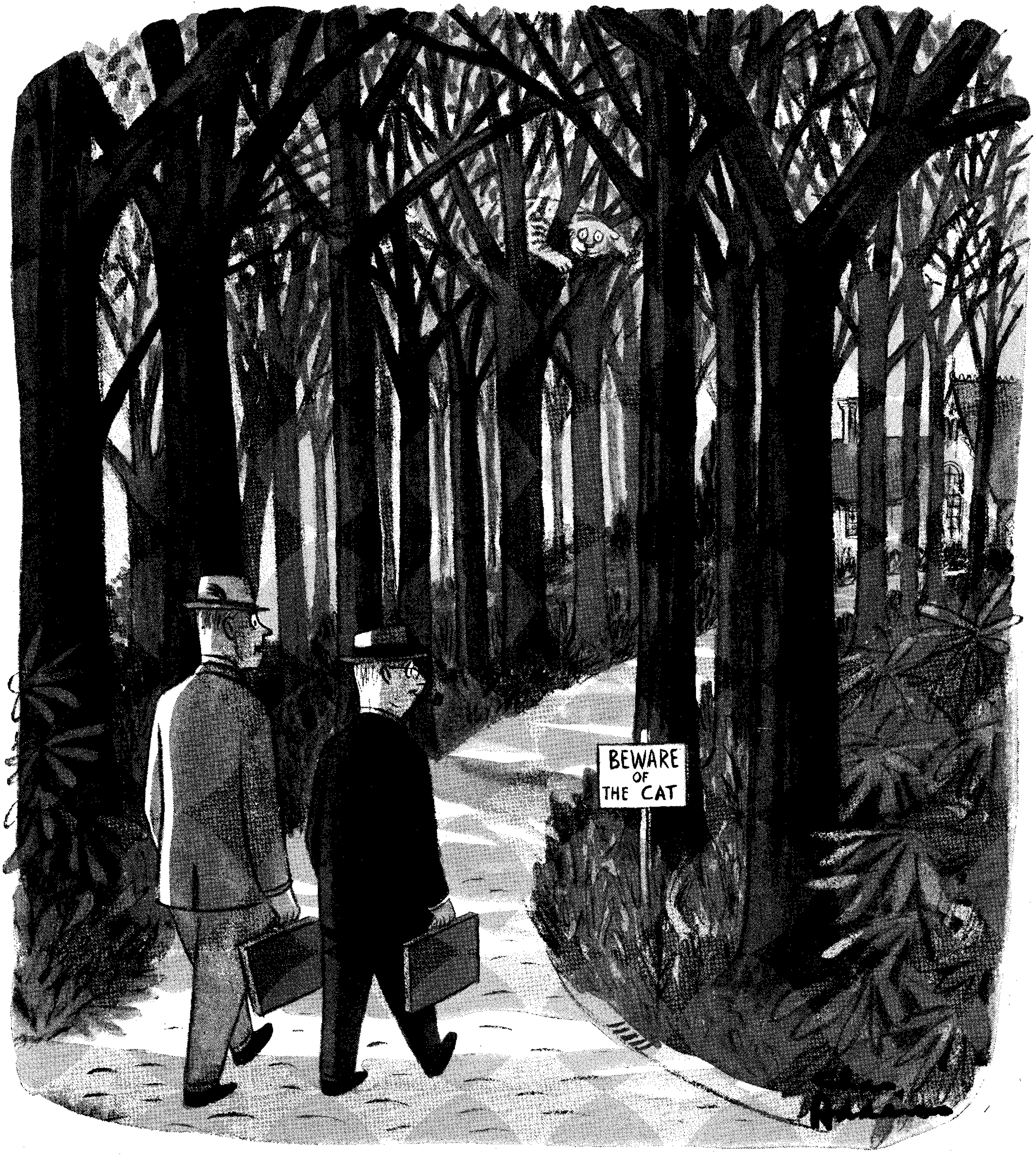

"There's a silly sign if I ever saw one."

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of a transcribed service. And right here, here at the very height of torpor and confusion, I slump, my eyes slit, and the blurred forms of Protestantism's errant herd seem gathered by the water's edge in impassioned poses of devotion. I seem to be lying dreaming in the infinite rock of space before Creation, and the actual scene I see is a vision of impossibility: a Paradise. For had we existed before the gesture that split the firmament, could we have conceived of our most obvious possession, our most platitudinous blessing, the moment, the single ever-present moment that we perpetually bring to our lips brim-full?

So: be joyful. Be Joyful is my commandment. It is the message I read in your jiggle. Stretch your skins like pegged hides curing in the miracle of the sun's moment. Exult in your legs' scissoring, your waist's swivel. Romp; *eat the froth; be children.* I am here above you; I have given my youth that you may do this. I wait. The tides of time have treacherous undercurrents. You are borne continually toward the horizon. I have prepared myself; my muscles are instilled with everything that must be done. Someday my alertness will bear fruit; from near the horizon there will arise, delicious, translucent, like a green bell above the water, the call for help, the call, a call, it saddens me to confess, that I have yet to hear.

—JOHN UPDIKE

VITTORIO

VITTORIO stopped at Nannini's on his way home, and bought a cake. It was almost four o'clock, and the town was coming to life again after the siesta. The shop was already full of people; it was divided into a café and a confectioner's, and as he pondered the display of cakes Vittorio could hear behind him the clatter of cups and glasses at the bar, and the exchange of refreshed voices.

Leaning on the glass counter and waiting to be served, he began to feel foolish about the whole thing. He did not want a strange couple in his house. The idea would never have occurred to him had it not been for Francesco, his lawyer. It seemed to Vittorio that Francesco was interfering too much in his financial affairs. It was Francesco's suggestion that he should let rooms for the summer, and it was Francesco who had found the English couple who might at this moment, Vittorio thought anxiously, be arriving at his house to be interviewed. He rapped on the counter, and when the girl came selected a green cake with a pattern of crystallized fruits. As he waited for it to be wrapped, he pulled out of his pocket for the third time the piece of paper Francesco had given him, and stared at the name: Jonathan Murray.

Holding the red-and-gold cakebox by its loop of string, he made his way out of the shop. The girl at the counter and the girl at the *cassa* smiled at him; so did the policeman, as he crossed the main street: "*Buona sera, Professore.*" The cake, he knew, had been observed and its purpose noted. The town, which had known what to expect of him for almost sixty years, could with a little application account for his slightest deviation from habit.

The house stood nearby, at the end of a narrow street, and he never approached it without being conscious of its charm. It had once belonged to his family and was now converted into apartments. Built in the twilight of Siena's glory and not truly medieval, it was not listed with the splendid little palaces that are among the town's attractions. Still, it was an elegant building of weathered white stone, with four narrow rows of arched windows along a curved façade. The entrance, as he stepped in from the June sunshine of the street, felt cool and dim and smelled like a church. The elevator was out of commission again, according to a notice dangling on the bars of its little cage, and he set off slowly up the shallow steps.

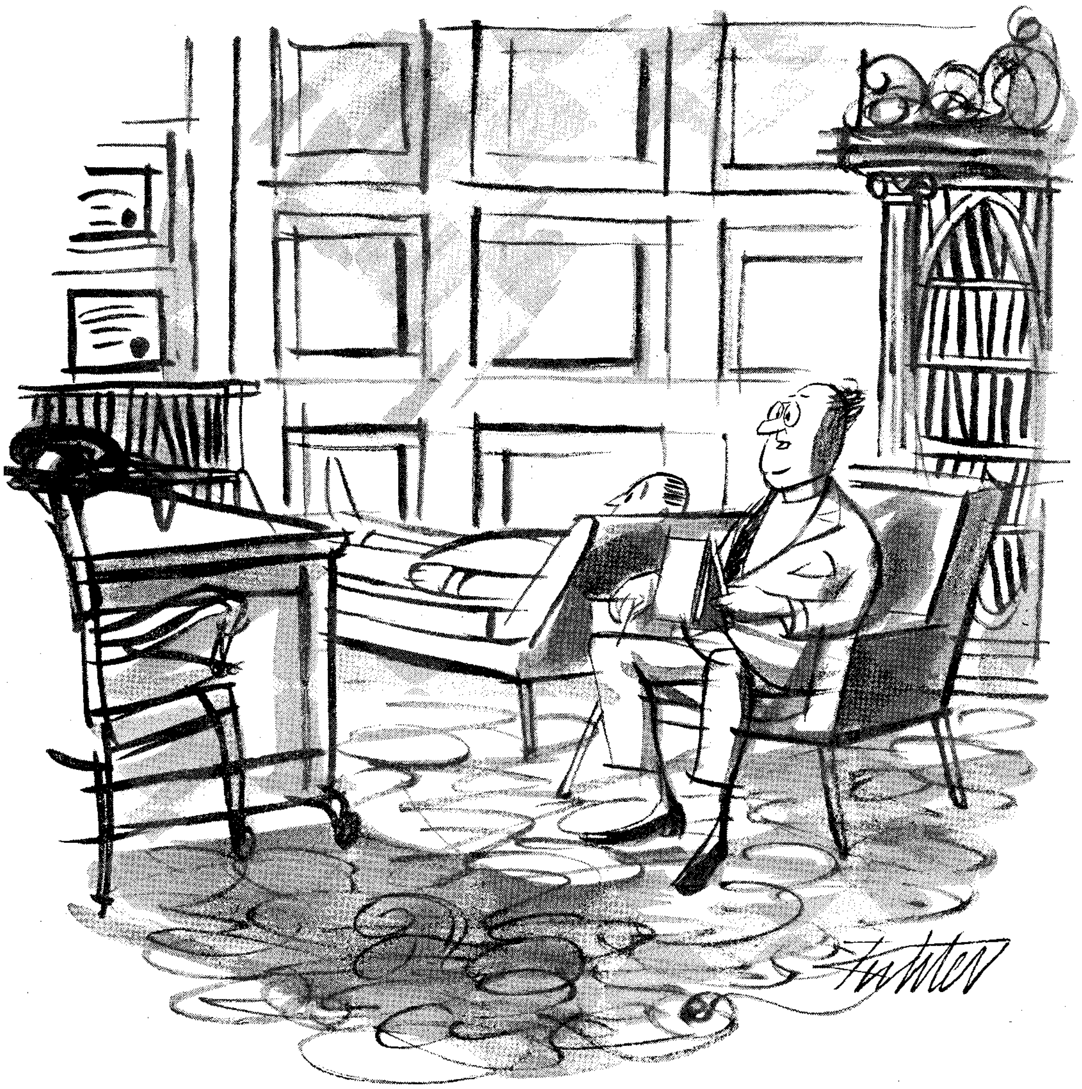
Giuseppina was at the door before he could ring. She was wearing, he saw, her best black dress and a starched apron, and her gray hair had been carefully strained back into its bun. How ridiculous we are, he thought, handing her the cakebox. I shall tell them that I've reconsidered, that there are no rooms. He began to smile at his own panic, while Giuseppina, in a lowered voice, reproached him for his lateness. "*E già venuta, la signora,*" she whispered, letting him pass.

He stopped at the hall mirror to straighten his tie. "*Ah, sì? E com'è?*"

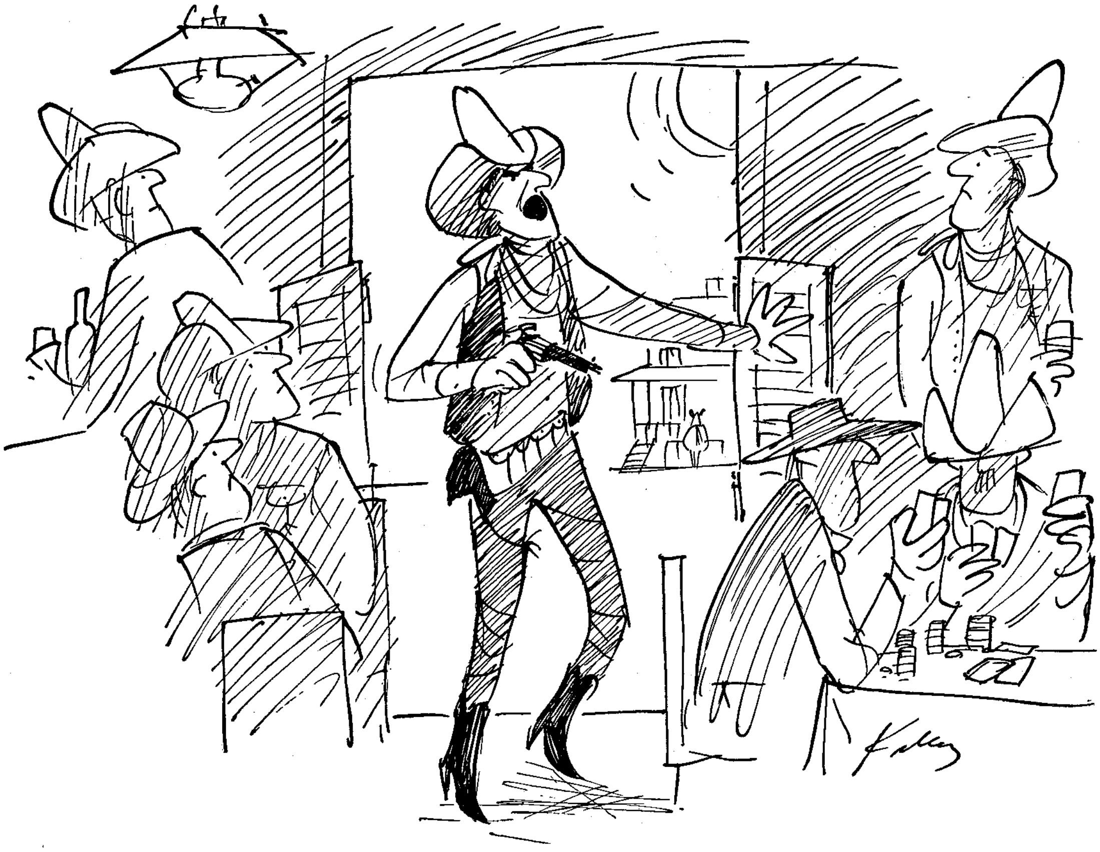
She hovered beside him, the cakebox in both plump hands. "*Carina. Carina e gentile. Sta nello studio.*"

He ordered tea and went along the corridor to his study. The door was not quite closed, and as he pushed it open the afternoon light reached from the windows and made him pause. The woman who sat by his desk looked round and started to rise. He crossed the room quickly, murmuring in English, "Do sit down, how do you do," and she, taking his hand, replied, "I am Isabel Murray."

When she was reseated, Vittorio turned to adjust one of the shutters, deflecting the light from their faces. His first thought, as he drew up another chair, was that the room was shabby and hopelessly cluttered. His Persian rug, which he had always considered beautiful, was, he now saw, almost worn through; the leather arms of the chairs were white with use. Books had overflowed from the shelves onto the table and the



"*Ask yourself this: If, as you say, you are a total failure, how could you possibly afford* ***me****?*"



"All right! Which one of you sidewinders let the air out of my tires?"

desk, were even stacked on the floor. Among the ornaments on the piano, the photograph of his wife, Teresa, was warped and faded in its plush frame. The piano itself, which had scarcely been used since Teresa's death, was an antiquated upright of no distinction whatever, decorated with brass fittings for candles. He stared vaguely about as though he, rather than his visitor, were the prospective tenant.

His second thought, also accompanied by a sense of irritation, was that Mrs. Murray, as Giuseppina had suggested, was quite beautiful. Her face was almost a countenance—a pensive sunburned oval elaborated with brown eyes, a short nose, and a defenseless smile. Her fair hair, streaked by the sun, was coiled around her head and drawn to one side, in the style that was being worn in Italy that year—it was 1957. Her cotton dress was printed with blue flowers. About twenty-five or six, he supposed, looking at her almost with indignation, as though she had brought some disturbance into his house. She answered his look with her unsuspecting smile.

"My husband sends his apologies," she was saying. "He had to go to Florence for the day, on business."

"He is writing a guidebook?" asked Vittorio, wondering whether Francesco had got it right.

Apparently not, for Mrs. Murray hesitated, wrinkled her brow, and then said, "Well, a sort of guidebook. A description of the paintings, actually, in Siena. He went to Florence to see about reproductions. We expect to be here about two months, but it depends how long it all takes." She paused, and when he said nothing went on, "I believe you lived in England?"

"For nine years," he replied, thinking how remote his exile seemed to him. "I went there in 1937, after my wife's death, and came back in '46."

"I hope they were nice to you."

He smiled. "To be there at all, an Italian during the war, meant that I suffered. They realized that, and allowed me the stature of my condition. I have never known people so polite. And in my profession—I am a classicist—I could find immediately those who shared my interests."

"Well, I'm glad," she said, as though the responsibility had been her own.

"In England, life is a long process of composing oneself," he continued. "For us, the English are as strange as Orientals, with their formalities, their conventions, their silences. I should never have known, had I not lived there, how vulnerable they can be, and how sentimental."

On a tinkle of plates and silver, Giuseppina entered, bearing the tea tray. Vittorio, who took his tea each afternoon from a chipped ceramic mug, hastily cleared a space. The cake, ostentatiously intact, had been placed on a silver platter.

He began to spread the cups and saucers. "Or would you prefer a glass of something—*vin santo* . . .?"

"No," she said, "this is lovely. Shall I cut the cake?"

When they were established across the cups and plates, he asked, "Your husband—is he an artist himself?"

"No. He's doing a series of these books—last year we went to Perugia. It's just that he's interested in it. As a matter of fact, at Oxford he read classics," she added, not urging this bond. A little wedge of cake, crumbling between her fingers, fell to the floor, and she bent to pick up the pieces. "Your lovely rug," she said.

"Do you work, too?" he asked.

"Not very much, I'm afraid. I keep card indexes, and that sort of thing, and I go round with Jonathan, though sometimes he prefers to be alone. We've hired a Seicento, and we usually drive somewhere in the mornings—the book is on Siena and the surroundings. Yesterday we went to Rosia; the church there has a painting by . . ." She paused.

"Matteo di Giovanni," he supplied, pleased by her ignorance. In England, he had taught Latin at a girls' school for a short time, and he sketched to himself her education—a little implausible history, some disproportionate geography, and a muddled, lasting familiarity with the poets. The Latin, he knew through his own defeat, he could discount completely. He saw again rows of pale, virtuous faces inclined over blotched books.

There was a short silence. Vittorio put down his cup. "I should tell you about the house," he said, "or, rather, show it to you. You would have the bedroom and the *salotto*. The bathroom is next to the bedroom. I would, you see, move in here, into this room, so you wouldn't be disturbed. No, really,"

he said as her look deepened to protest, "I'd be much happier. I often sleep in here, when my brother comes from Rome. Unfortunately, being immediately under the roof, the apartment is quite warm in summer, but my father—the whole house was once his own—kept the top floor because of the view. What else? Well, there is hot water, but in the mornings only, I'm afraid." He hesitated again, and then mentioned uncertainly the price he had proposed to ask.

"It seems so little," she said.

"I thought it was too much," he answered, matching her ineptitude.

JONATHAN MURRAY was so tall that he stooped to enter Vittorio's apartment, and so thin that sinews and veins were plainly seen on his taut, bare arm, which was weighted with a suitcase. He was in his middle thirties, a handsome, deliberate man with sombre eyes and straight brown hair. Depositing the suitcase in the entrance hall, he turned to shake hands with Vittorio. His look, as far as courtesy would allow, held all things in abeyance, and it was Isabel, coming in behind him with a rug and a portable typewriter, who spoke first.

"The hotel wanted our room before lunch—I hope we're not too early. . . ." She let Vittorio take the typewriter. "Thank you. This is Jonathan."

Vittorio, silent and shy, led them along the corridor to where Giuseppina was making final adjustments to the bedroom. It was a large, lofty room, with walls of a spent green. The domed ceiling was white, and in one or two places flaking. The furniture, so heavily rooted as to appear a natural outcropping of the floor, was of dark wood, and the bed was so wide it was almost square. The coverlet was the same faded gold as the central square of carpet, which lay on a floor of worn red tiles. On one wall, over a bookcase, were two framed photographs of Greek heads, and above the bed hung a worn reproduction on wood of a painting by Ambrogio Lorenzetti. The dark-green shutters were half closed against the morning sun; in the opening between them, at each of the two windows, was suspended a strip of Tuscan countryside.

The four of them stood in the middle of the room, like early guests at a party, trying to gauge affinities. Jonathan took the typewriter from Vittorio and put it on the floor by the bed.

"I hope you'll be comfortable," Vittorio said. "If you need anything, you will let me know?"

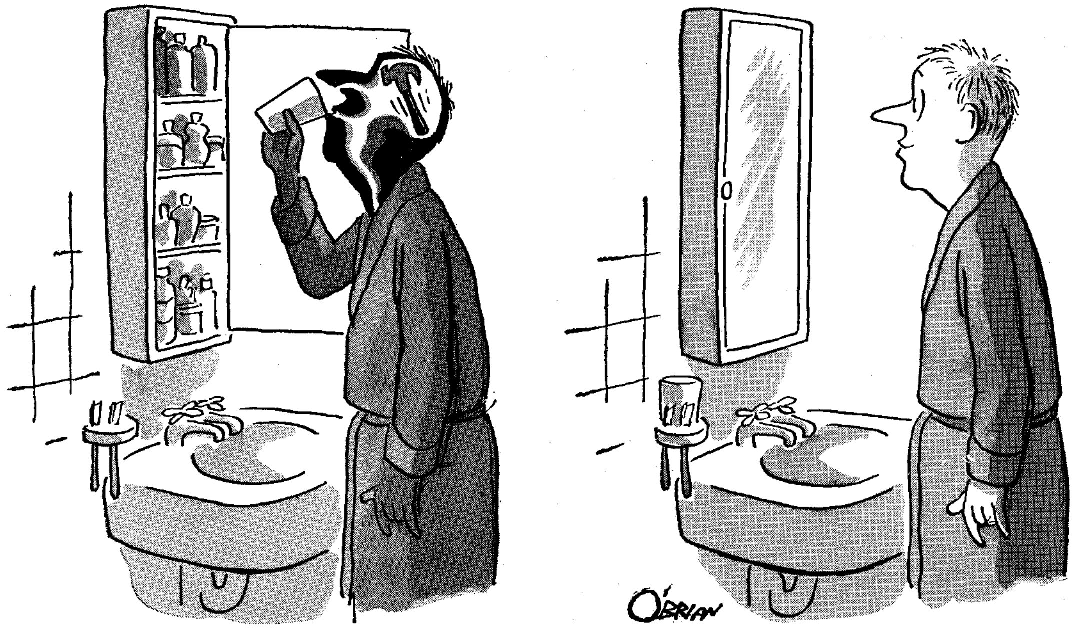
There was a murmur of thanks. Giuseppina, excused by the incomprehensible language, preceded him from the room.

Vittorio returned to his study and closed the door. He sat down at the desk, clasping his hands idly on the papers fanned out over the blotter, and waited for a feeling of imposition to overtake him. Apart from the occasional visits of his elder brother, Giacomo, who came from Rome on business connected with family property near Siena, he had not shared his house since Teresa's death. In England, the privacy of his lodgings in the house of a retired Indian Army major had been scrupulously respected; the major, indeed, had relaxed this principle on only one occasion, when he crossed Vittorio's threshold to press upon him a jar of hoarded chutney in celebration of the victory at El Alamein. Upon his return to Siena, Vittorio had entered the ordered seclusion of a celibate scholar. The greater part of each day was spent on his work—a third volume on aspects of classical Greek—and in the evenings he read. His social life was conducted almost exclusively in the café, where he could in the course of an hour or two meet everyone in the town whom he might wish to see. His friends were of his own condition—men of cultivated minds, distinguished manners, and diminished circumstances. The possibility of worldly success had never, by them, been entertained; they conjectured only as to the form their failure would take.

Three years earlier, Vittorio had bought a second-hand Topolino, and this extended his activities. From time to time, he drove into the hills to the south of Siena to inspect his family's villa, the house where he had spent his childhood and youth; closed and empty since the war, it was now the property of his brother Giacomo.

Vittorio was fifty-nine. He had considered and spoken of himself as an old man for so many years that his sixtieth birthday seemed long past, and he found it strange that he had yet to attain it. He dated his old age from the death of his wife twenty years before. Had it not been disloyal to Teresa, he would have admitted to himself that the date might be set even earlier; he could scarcely recall ever having felt sensations that might pass for youth. A childhood burden of family disturbances had, by his early marriage, been exchanged for the sorrow of Teresa's long illness, and subsequently for the lonely anxiety of his exile. His manner of living since his return to Siena represented the first true peace he had experienced; he could not willingly envisage any conclusion to it other than decrepitude and death.

Because he recognized these things in himself, it surprised him to find that the arrival of the Murrays caused him, as yet, no pain. Distantly, through the closed door, he could hear sounds of luggage pushed along tiled floors, and the raised voice of Giuseppina; and once, into a silence, flickered Mrs. Murray's laugh. He took up his pen and lowered his hand to the page, but still did not write, so greatly was he surprised by his



own pleasure and by an agreeable echo of what he presumed must be excitement.

THE spring that year was cool and wet, terminating in a week of blinding heat that announced the summer. Tourists wandered in the city's curving, shadowed streets and climbed its narrow towers, and ultimately slumped into chairs in the piazza, demanding iced drinks. Jonathan Murray complained that his work in the museum was interrupted by the monologues of German students and the reluctant tramp of busloads of visitors. Isabel smiled and, walking about the town, grew browner and seemed at ease.

In the mornings, as she had told Vittorio, she and Jonathan usually drove out of the city to visit some nearby church or museum. Giuseppina took coffee to their room at an early hour, and before long Isabel would return the tray and its emptied dishes to the kitchen. Sometimes Vittorio was there discussing the day's housekeeping when she came in, dressed in her white robe, and stately because of the burden of the tray, her hair hanging down her back in a heavy plait that was frayed and flat from sleep. Leaning with both hands on the kitchen table and laughing at her own halting Italian, she would chat with Giuseppina, and Vittorio, watching her, wondered why all women didn't wear long hair.

When they returned after lunch, Jonathan went to the museum and Isabel rested through the early afternoon. At four o'clock, she took tea with Vittorio, although the ceremony of the cake was never repeated. He had thought his long, solitary afternoon essential and immutable, and was almost shocked to discover that a new habit could be so quickly, faithlessly formed. He found himself preparing for her with little imagined conversations that never came to birth, and afterward he wondered what they had talked about. Her presence seemed an immoderate, contrasting luxury in his room. As on the first day, she sat across from him, the shuttered light striping her hair and her burnished arm and distorting the colored pattern of her dress.

If Jonathan returned from the museum in time, he walked with Isabel to the piazza in the evening, but more often she went alone and waited for him in the café. Like other tourists, they read foreign papers in the fading light, and watched the crowd, and lived vicariously the pleasant life of the town. Jonathan inclined his head to Isabel's talk with a detached, indulgent smile, and sometimes Isabel, too, fell silent. Every evening, they dined out in Siena, and when they left the piazza in search of a *trattoria* they walked away with slow, grave purpose, like members of a procession.

If they were still in the café when Vittorio arrived before dinner for his ritual Campari, he sat with them until it was dark, or when he was with friends stopped at their table to exchange greetings. He found Jonathan rather solemn for an Englishman, and almost defensively earnest about his work. His knowledge, which was considerable, seemed sheltered within reticence, as though it were too precious to be made a source of general pleasure. Vittorio wondered whether life were ever difficult for Isabel. He understood that they had been married for four years.

One evening, he did not find them when he arrived at the café, although a mild, beautiful day had brought him there earlier than usual. The café was on a slight elevation commanding the paved shell of the piazza, and he looked about with a tender, habitual pleasure at the ripe rose and gold of the buildings and the soaring rocket of the campanile. The open space fluttered with bright dresses and blue shirts and indolent pigeons. One or two passersby raised their hands to him in greeting, and the waiter, approaching the table with a tray under his arm, made him a little bow and wished him good evening.

"*Buona sera, Sergio*," returned Vittorio. "*Come va?*"

"*Eh, Professore, si tira avanti; si tira avanti.*"

They contemplated the view for a moment together before Sergio disappeared to fetch Vittorio's Campari. Vittorio put on his reading glasses and took up his newspaper. As he did so, he thought he saw Isabel coming toward him across the square, and he paused, the folded paper in one hand. He could not be sure that it was she, and as she drew near he removed his glasses, crinkling his eyes into the late sunshine. When she was still some paces away, he stared at her and said, quite loudly, "You've cut your hair!"

She sat down beside him and laid her parcels on the table. Her hair, which exuded a singed, scented smell, framed her face in two Ionic curves just above her shoulders. She balanced one foot on the rod beneath the table.

Vittorio placed his paper and glasses on the cloth before him. "But why?"

She made a small, incompetent gesture. "Well, you know. It gets hot in summer, and when you wash it, it takes so long to dry. And then—Jonathan complained that there were long hairs over everything. . . ." She touched her head curiously. "I expect it will grow again."

"How long did it take to grow before?"

"Six years." She looked grave for a moment, and then began to laugh, partly at his agitation.

The waiter came up with Vittorio's Campari and looked at her mournfully. "*Si è tagliata i capelli, la signora.*"

Vittorio, glancing at her lowered, reddened face, gave Sergio a commiserating nod and, taking up his paper once more, ordered for her.

"I didn't think there would be such a fuss," she said.

He smiled. "The whole town will know by tomorrow."

"Hello," said Jonathan, making his way among the tables. He sat down on the other side of Isabel. "I got the *Observer*—I thought you might have bought the *Times* already. Have you ordered yet?" He looked around for Sergio. "You've had your hair cut."

"What do you think?" she asked, again raising her hand to her head.

"I suppose it's more practical." He leaned back in his chair, surveying the square.

Vittorio, absorbed in his own newspaper, avoided Sergio's eyes.

JONATHAN spent the following morning at Asciano. Isabel stayed behind, promising to complete his card index, but she soon left the unsorted cards on the *salotto* table and went out shopping. She had lunch in the town, and Jonathan, returning earlier than expected, missed her and went to lunch alone. In the afternoon, he went back to the house on his way from the cathedral to the museum, and was told by Giuseppina that Isabel had come in some time ago and was having tea with Vittorio.

That evening, he left the museum before it closed and went straight home. He entered their room quietly, and closed the door behind him.

She was sitting at the mirror, painting her nails. She smiled into his reflection, but when he bent to kiss her she cried out, "Oh, be careful—my nails!"

He turned away impatiently and sat down on the bed, his hands on his knees.

She got up and came to him. He moved his feet apart to let her come between his knees, not lifting his hands. She rested her wrists on his shoulders, the fingers stiffly extended to dry.

"For God's sake, stop thinking about your nails. I've been looking for you all day." He looked up at her crossly. "Do you love me? An absurd question, as you're hardly likely to say no, even if you wanted to."

"It could be important that I went on *pretending*, couldn't it?" she asked. "That might be a kind of love." She frowned. "I don't much care for this conversation, though; couldn't we have a shot at something else?"

"The thing is," he went on, "that I need you. You know that, I suppose?"

"And you resent it."

"Yes," he said, "of course. But it could be worse, couldn't it? I mean, I don't shout at you or anything."

"You have no reason to."

"There wouldn't have to be a reason," he explained, reasonably. "What would you do if I did?"

"Cut my throat, perhaps?" she suggested.

He lowered his head against her arm. "That would ruin my whole life."

"And mine, too, presumably." She leaned against him. "Jonathan."

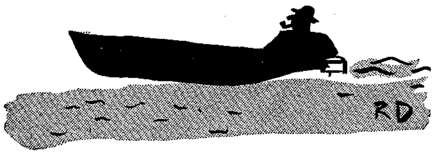
"Yes."

"Did anyone ever call you Jon?"

He thought. "In the Army they called me Jon. I rather liked that. It made the whole thing seem more unreal than ever."

"It's funny to think of you in the war. Being brave and everything."

"It helps," he responded dryly, "if you remember how much younger I was."



She half smiled. "You know what I mean. Explosions and death, and so on. It all seems too . . . immediate, for you."

"You should have married someone—immediate, as you say." He was silent for a moment. "I was thinking that yesterday, in the piazza. You know, when I showed up and everyone was dying for me to make a scene about your hair?"

"I understood about that," she said.

"Well, perhaps that's your trouble; you understand too readily. It makes it so easy for me. Anyway, I thought, Yes, that's what she needs. Someone who *would* make a scene. Someone who would make her his life's work. Someone like old Vittorio."

"What do you mean?" she said, not moving.

"What I mean, darling, is that the poor old chap's head over heels in love with you—in his quaint, Old World way, I hasten to add." He raised his head. "Did you realize that?"

"Well, yes, I did," she replied, "of course."

He shut his eyes. "That's what I

THE LIZARD

He too has eaten well—
I can see that by the distended pulsing middle;
And his world and mine are the same,
The Mediterranean sun shining on us equally,
His head, stiff as a scarab, turned to one side,
His right eye staring straight at me,
One leaflike foot hung laxly
Over the worn curb of the terrace,
The tail straight as an awl,
Then suddenly flung up and over,
Ending curled around and over again,
A threadlike firmness.

Would a cigarette disturb him?

At the first scratch of the match
He turns his head slightly,
Retiring to nudge his neck halfway under
A dried strawberry leaf,
His tail gray with the ground now,
One round eye still toward me.
A white cabbage butterfly drifts in,
Bumbling up and around the bamboo windbreak;
But the eye of the tiny lizard stays with me.
One greenish lid lifts a bit higher,
Then slides down over the eye's surface,
Rising again slowly,
Opening, closing.

To whom does this terrace belong,
With its limestone crumbling into fine grayish dust,
Its bevy of bees, and its wind-beaten rickety sun chairs?
Not to me but this lizard,
Older than I, or the cockroach.

—THEODORE ROETHKE

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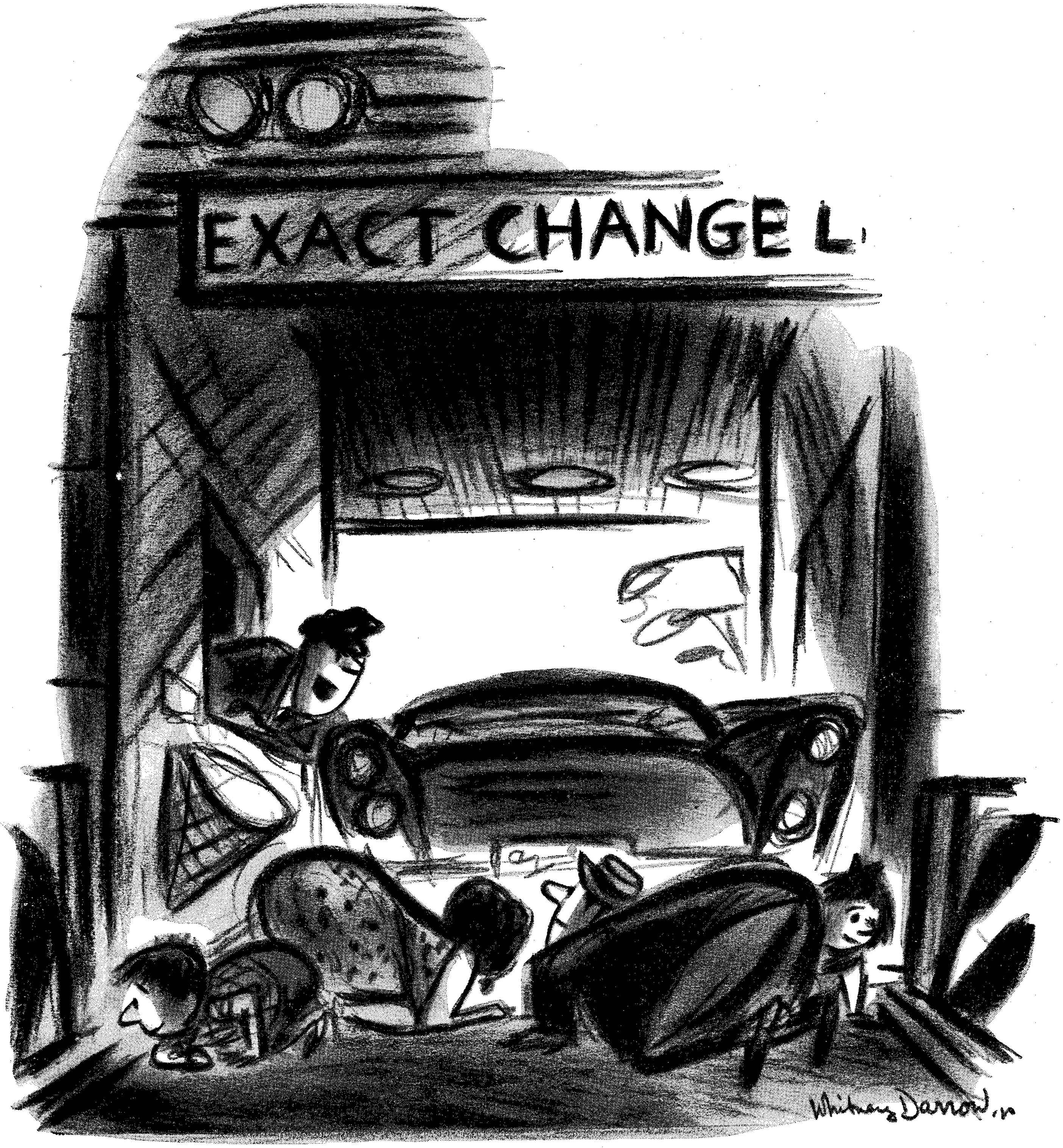


"Ten seconds more to find it or you drop in another quarter!"

• •

can't bear about women. They always know everything first. They behave as though men were—Americans in Europe." He looked at her again. "Well, don't look like that. I'm not suggesting it's reciprocated. Hardly. It's just that he'd really be so much better for you, *mutatis mutandis*."

She drew away from him, clasping her hands vaguely against her breast, her nails forgotten. "What did you do today?" she asked.

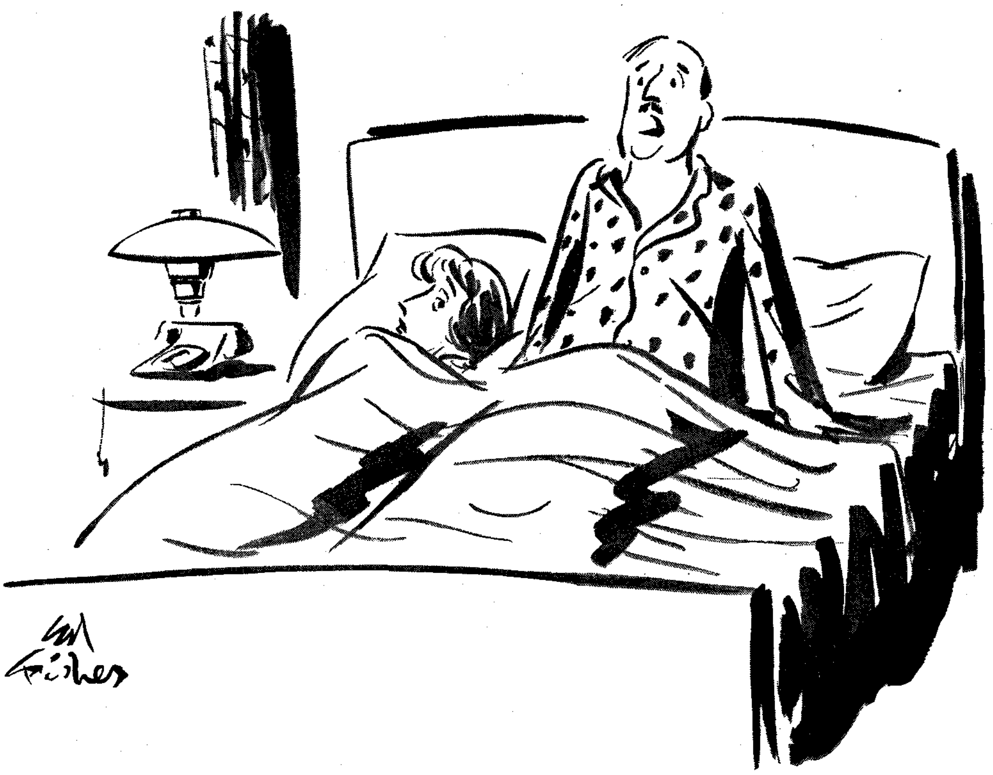
"I went to Asciano, to see the museum at the church," he said. "And I saw a Sassetta in a private collection."

"Was it nice?" she inquired politely.

He smiled. "Well . . . it was a Sassetta."

She went back to her chair and took up the little bottle of lacquer. Jonathan watched in the mirror the uneven strokes of her hand and the sealed calm of her brow. With an uncharacteristic intentness, he raised his head to speak again, but did not, although Isabel's hand paused at the abrupt intake of his breath. Presently he lay back across the bed and closed his eyes.

ONE hot afternoon at the end of July, Vittorio was returning from his brother's empty villa. He usually inspected the house every three or four weeks, sending Giacomo a note about anything that had to be done. The responsibility was something of a burden



"Oh, it was ghastly! I dreamed that the I.B.M. machines all over the world had suddenly stopped."

• •

to him, for his visits left him dispirited, less by the nostalgia they evoked than by its insufficiency. He had always been resigned to the course of his life.

Driving into the city, he was obliged to circle the large piazza at the post office, and as he slowed at its central plot of garden he saw Isabel at a café table, reading in a patch of shade.

He drew the car up under a red-and-blue umbrella marked "Punt e Mes." "Mrs. Murray!" he called. "Mrs. Murray!" She did not hear him. He turned off the engine and, getting out of the car, went up to her table.

She was so startled that she splashed coffee into the saucer as she set down her cup. She looked up, shading her eyes and pointing with her other hand to the chair beside her.

He shook his head. "I've left the car over there, in the street. I've been to my brother's house. I wondered if you'd like a lift home."

"It would be nice," she said, as if she meant to refuse. But she rose and took up her handbag and book. Vittorio called the waiter.

Opening the car door, he cleared away a week-old copy of *La Stampa* and helped her in. They left the shadow provided by "Punt e Mes" and moved patiently into the main street, which was choked with its afternoon tide of cars and scooters and incautious pedestrians.

"Was it a long drive to your brother's house?" she asked.

"It only takes about twenty minutes by the Grosseto road," he told her. "When I was a boy, of course, we were much more isolated. It was considered a real journey to Siena. People didn't drop in—if they came at all, they stayed. And then, my father, as he got older, was more and more withdrawn from the world."

"What did he do?"

"He was a classical scholar—a good one." He smiled, not quite painlessly. "My name is the same as his, and I am always asked if I wrote his books. Giacomo—there were only the two of us—became an archeologist, but it was understood that I should be a classicist; just as some families put one son into the Church. Though, as it happened, it was what I would have chosen." How boring this must be, he thought, especially to the English, who don't discuss themselves in this way. They had come to a standstill in the traffic, and, turning to confirm his dullness in her expression, he found her watching him, instead, with gentle concern. He smiled at her and added, "So you see, it didn't matter after all." He scarcely knew himself what he intended by the remark, except that all the obscure concessions of his life seemed with a deliberate, perverse extravagance to have brought him into her company.

They moved forward and were halted again, a little farther on, by a traffic light. "You will be leaving soon," he said, with the air of making an announcement.

"Early next month," she replied.

"That is sad."

After a moment, she said, "Perhaps we'll come to Italy again next year."

"I meant, for me." She doesn't know, he decided.

"Yes, I know," she said.

He thought, because at that moment he felt he could bear it, of how they would go away in a week or two; they would write him, together, one nice letter and perhaps a few postcards. The light changed to green, and he turned the corner into his own short street.

When he had parked the car, Isabel closed her window. Vittorio turned off the engine and, waiting for her to gather her things together, pulled his glasses out of his pocket and took up her book to examine its title. It was one of his own works.

He could not have been more embarrassed had he found her praying. "*Accidenti!*" he said. "How dull for you. But do you—?"

"Understand anything? Well, no, not much, naturally."

"Then why ever do you bother?"

Isabel took the book back and started to get out of the car. She looked oppressed and, he thought at first, offended. He opened his own door and went round to hers, astonishment still in his face.

And it was with astonishment, more than anything else, that he saw her eyes enlarge with tears before she turned from him toward the house—an unbearable astonishment that called upon all his capacities for comprehension. He followed her in silence. They entered the house together and began to climb the stairs. He was profoundly aware of her, moving slowly and sadly at his side, but it did not occur to him to speak. He felt that he must be alone to think about it, that there must be some rational, disappointing explanation. He could scarcely breathe, from the stairs and from astonishment. He had never been so astonished in his life.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

•

Mr. Meriwether testified that he had never been a member of the Klan and was not in sympathy with its concepts of public service.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Still, a man should keep an open mind.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GOMILLION VERSUS LIGHTFOOT

II—AN EMINENTLY REALISTIC BODY OF MEN

THE architrave above the porticoed entrance to the United States Supreme Court Building bears the inscription "EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW." While one ascends the broad expanse of marble steps, as I found myself doing one afternoon a few months ago, he has time to ponder this motto—to consider the importance given to the concept of equality; to note the subtlety with which "justice" is given precedence over "law" and yet is inextricably interwoven with it. Well before I had reached the top of the steps, I had concluded that those were good words up there, beautifully put together.

I was about to attend the court's deliberations on a case called Gomillion v. Lightfoot, which would be the first involving the question of a racial gerrymander that the Supreme Court had ever considered. It had had its origins three years before in Tuskegee, Alabama, a Southern county seat that has a population of about 6,700 and is best known as the home of the famous Negro college, Tuskegee Institute. In Tuskegee, where whites are in a minority but have traditionally assumed political affairs to be a white monopoly, the Negroes, by persistent efforts, had, in the decade or so after the Second World War, succeeded in getting themselves registered as voters in such numbers as to raise the possibility that they might before long be able to play a significant part in municipal elections; the Negro plaintiffs alleged that in order to forestall this the Alabama legislature had decided to gerrymander the Negroes out of town. In any event, in 1957 the legislature had passed a law (Alabama Act 140), purporting to be a routine redistricting measure, that altered the shape of Tuskegee from a square to a peculiar twenty-eight-sided figure resembling the outline of a sea horse, and that, though race was nowhere mentioned in the text of the law, had the effect of eliminating from the city all but four or five of approximately four hundred Negro voters, while leaving within it all of the approximately six hundred white voters. The primary point at issue before the Supreme Court, then, was the constitutionality of such legislation.

Just before the Supreme Court hearing, I had spent a week in the pretty little city of Tuskegee, deep in Alabama's rural Black Belt region, getting to know the people, white and Negro, who were principally involved in the case. Tuskegee had made a strong impression on me. I had gone directly from there to Washington, just the evening before the case was to be called, and throughout the court sessions I experienced a curious sensation, as if I were in two places at once. The Tuskegee landscape seemed present in the courtroom, and I saw constantly in my mind those named in the litigation: the Negro leader Charles G. Gomillion, with his austere mouth and bleak, determined eyes, who had been born in poverty, the son of an illiterate farm laborer, and had become chairman of the Division of Social Sciences at Tuskegee Institute; Philip M. Lightfoot, the gentlemanly white Mayor of Tuskegee, whom I had visited in his elegant antebellum mansion a few days before, when I had heard him musing wistfully over his recent defeat for reelection; and many of the others named in the action, who were classified under the "et al."s in its full

"Admit it! Doesn't this beat eating in some crummy diner?"

title—C. G. Gomillion, et al., Petitioners, v. Phil M. Lightfoot, as Mayor of the City of Tuskegee, et al. The names of these people were on the lawsuit symbolically, but, having once met them, I found myself forever barred from being able to think of them symbolically; the strong flavor of their individual humanity kept obtruding itself on me, as I think it would have on anyone—except, perhaps, a born lawyer.

I had previously obtained a card admitting me to a section of the court galleries reserved for visiting journalists, and one of the guards now led me down a narrow corridor along which several doors were set close together. The guard opened one of these for me, and I found myself in one of a number of narrow stalls—rather like the boxes in Paris theatres—ranged along one side of the courtroom. A case was in progress. It dealt with the question of whether the United States government had the right to deport an alien who, long after his naturalization, had been discovered to have made a false denial of his membership in the Communist Party during naturalization proceedings. This was the first case that week. I had already glanced over the court's schedule, and had marvelled at the number and diversity of the problems with which the justices were expected to cope. After this would come the Tuskegee case, to be followed by the case labelled United States v. Mississippi Valley Generating Company, which involved the matter of conflict of interest in the negotiation of a contract under which electric power was to be delivered to a project of the Atomic Energy Commission, and which was better known as the Dixon-Yates case; then there was a case in which a film corporation was contesting the right of the city of Chicago to censor moving pictures, and a case in which a seaman named Thomas Michalic was contesting the refusal of lower courts to award him damages against Cleveland Tankers, Inc., after he had suffered personal injuries when a wrench fell on the "big toe of his left foot"—and so on, to the extent of perhaps a hundred and fifty such widely varying cases on which the court would hear oral argument during its nine-month term, as well as fourteen hundred or so cases that it would consider in more cursory fashion.

Although I had long been interested in the Supreme Court—this institution that Professor Charles L. Black, Jr., of the Yale Law School, has called "the chief curiosity and pride and exasperation of the American system of government"—I had never before had occasion to attend a court session. I looked about me now, taking stock: there was the spacious, high-ceilinged chamber, walled with marble, trimmed with mahogany, and hung with curtains of dark-red velours; the impressive row of black-robed justices on the raised dais; the attorney standing below them, arguing his case; the other attorneys seated in several rows behind him; and then, beyond a low rail, the seats occupied by the public. All was much as I had imagined it would be, with one exception—the spectators. The entire time I was present, there was a constant wash in and out of the courtroom of tourists, most of them in sports clothes and with cameras slung from their shoul-

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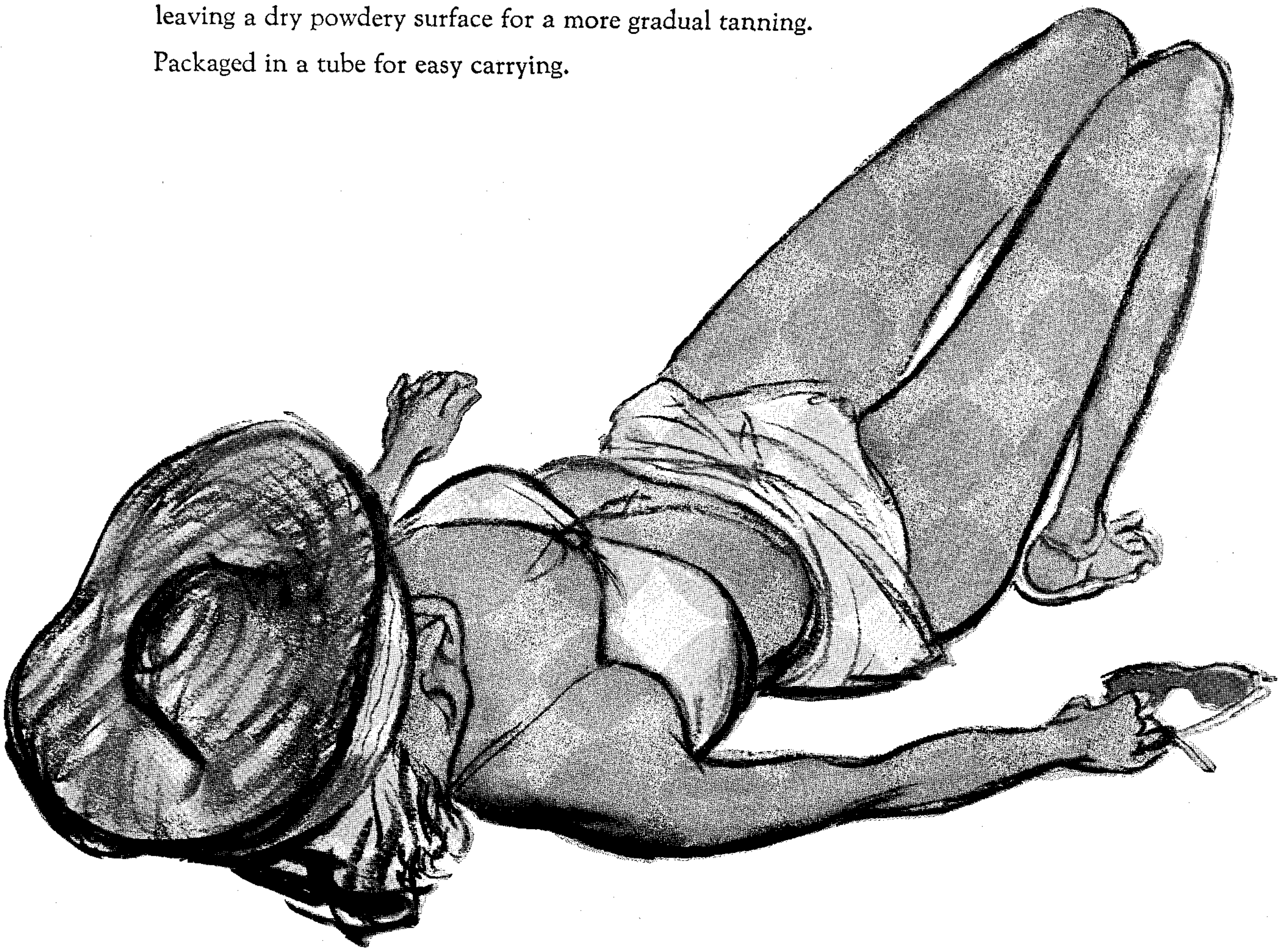

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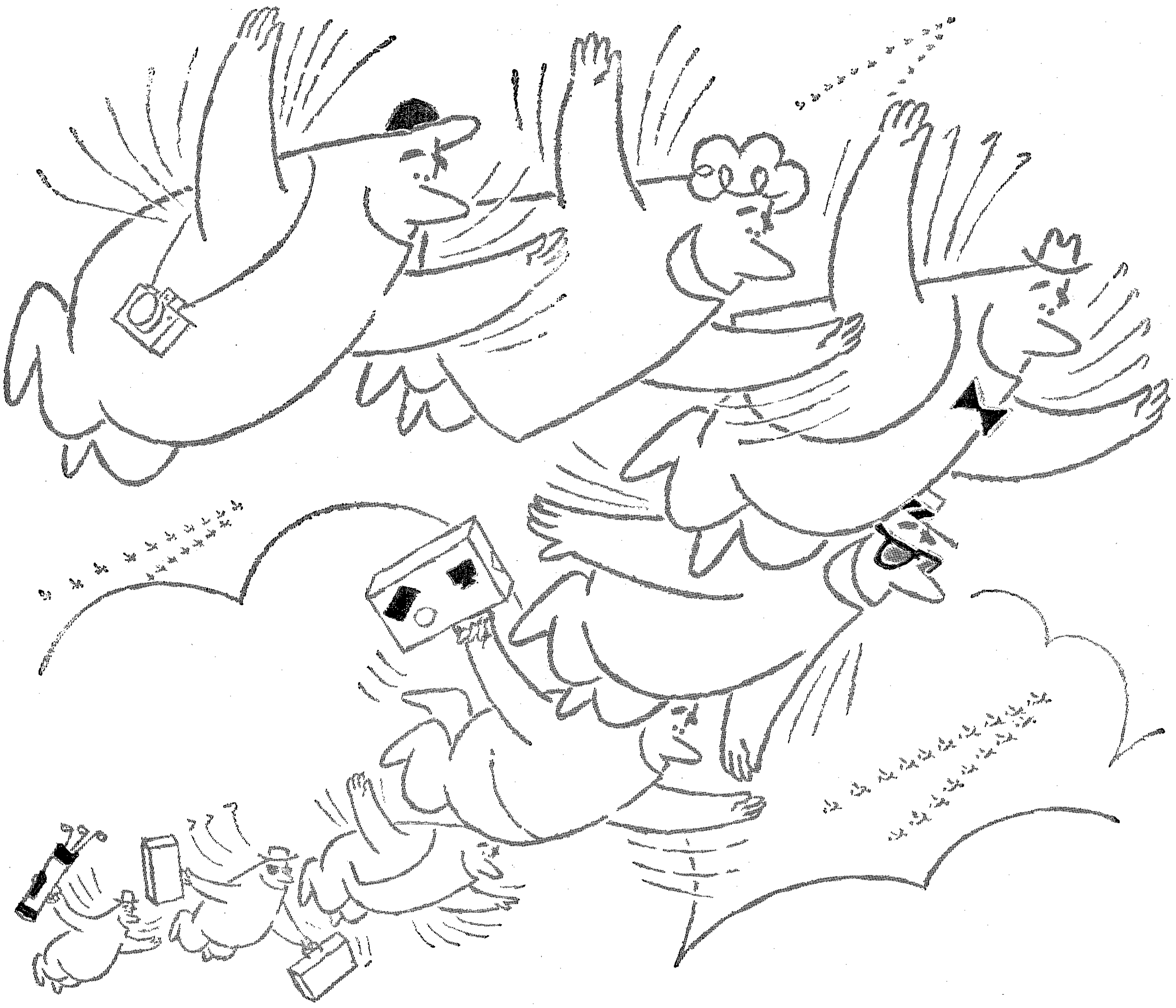
ders. Few of them stayed long enough to get much idea of the case being heard, but while they were there, they sat quietly, with solemn, respectful expressions on their faces, as if they were having an experience that they were sure would do them good. As for the justices, they paid no attention to this coming and going; it didn't seem to distract them in the least.

I found that I recognized three of the justices readily: Chief Justice Earl Warren, large and majestic-looking; Felix Frankfurter, who was at the moment doing most of the questioning, in a high, precise, rather acidulous voice; and William O. Douglas, with his plainsman's weather-beaten features. One of the nine places was completely hidden from my sight behind a stack of lawbooks on the long desk. I knew that it was occupied, though, because once or twice I heard a voice emanating from behind the books. With the aid of a sort of illustrated roster (names and numbers of all the players) the court's press officer had thoughtfully given me, I determined that the owner of the voice was Justice Hugo L. Black, and I was also able to sort out the other justices—Thomas C. Clark, John Marshall Harlan, William Joseph Brennan, Jr., Charles Evans Whittaker, and Potter Stewart.

At about 4 P.M., there was a sudden stir in the attorneys' section, and I saw that the lawyers who had been sitting in front were giving way to some of those who had been waiting in the rows behind, in a sort of hurried, unceremonious changing of the guard. Then, in a conversational tone, the Chief Justice said, “Gomillion versus Lightfoot,” and a slim young Negro attorney rose to talk about Tuskegee. I had not even been aware that the arguments in the deportation case were nearing their conclusion. I had somehow supposed that between cases—and particularly between cases as different as these two were—the justices would require at least a moment or two of reflection in which to order their thoughts about the case they had just heard and to summon to mind what they had read in preparation for the new one. But, no. The court has no time to spare; too many cases of crucial import are pending, cases that may have been seeking resolution for years as they progressed upward through the nation's judiciary system.

GOMILLION V. LIGHTFOOT itself had been three and a half years en route to Washington. In all that time, the case itself had not yet come to trial anywhere. The bulk of the litigation



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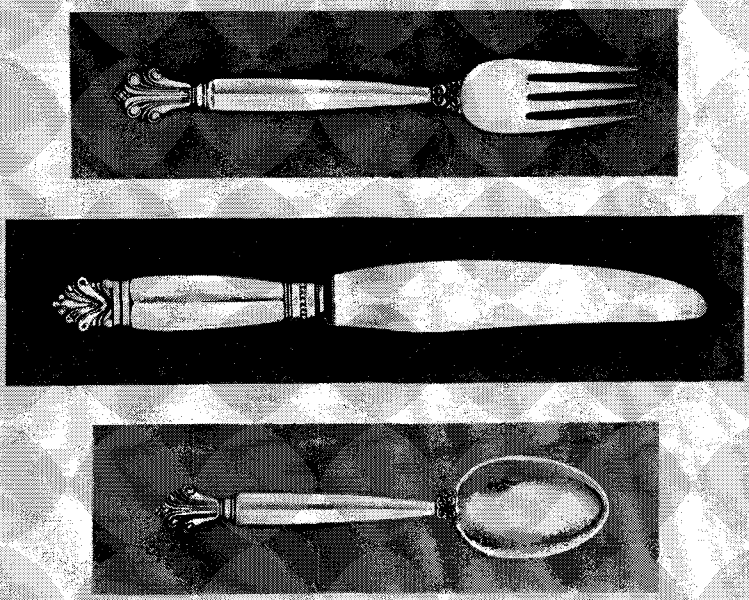

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had been over the question of whether it was the kind of case that could properly be brought to trial in a federal court. The District Court in Montgomery, Alabama, had dismissed the Negro plaintiffs' action, holding that even if they could prove their allegations at a trial, there was nothing whatever a federal court could do about the matter—except, perhaps, sympathize with them. But no relief could be granted for their complaint. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, in New Orleans, had affirmed this ruling. These courts had declared, in effect, that the State of Alabama, or any other state, has an absolute right to rearrange the boundaries of any of its cities or other political subdivisions in any way it sees fit, and that a federal court cannot question the action, regardless of the motive behind it or the arbitrariness of the action's effect. This, the courts had said, was the law as the Supreme Court had historically enunciated it; such matters as local boundaries were what Justice Frankfurter, in a 1946 case known as Colegrove v. Green, had called "a political thicket," and, as Justice Frankfurter had then written, federal "courts ought not to enter this political thicket."

The lower courts had, of course, been cognizant that gerrymandering—the drawing or redrawing of political boundaries to serve the special interests of the group in political control—is an ancient and widespread abuse, by no means confined to Alabama or to the South. The earliest recorded instance of it in America occurred in 1709, when several Pennsylvania counties tried by this means to deprive Philadelphia of its proper representation in the colonial legislature. The practice was then without a name. The name was coined about a hundred years later, in Massachusetts, when Elbridge Gerry was Governor. Gerry's party rearranged the state's political districts in a manner exceedingly advantageous to itself, carving one district into a shape as curious as that bestowed in 1957 on Tuskegee. An indignant member of the opposition party complained that the district looked like a veritable salamander, to which another retorted, "Better say a gerrymander!" The artist Gilbert Stuart drew a cartoon called "The Gerrymander" for use in the subsequent election campaign, and the word stuck. It is because of gerrymandering and legislative malapportionment (which is, roughly, gerrymandering by inertia) that the United States, though it has become a preponderantly urban nation, remains to so large an extent under the sway of rural

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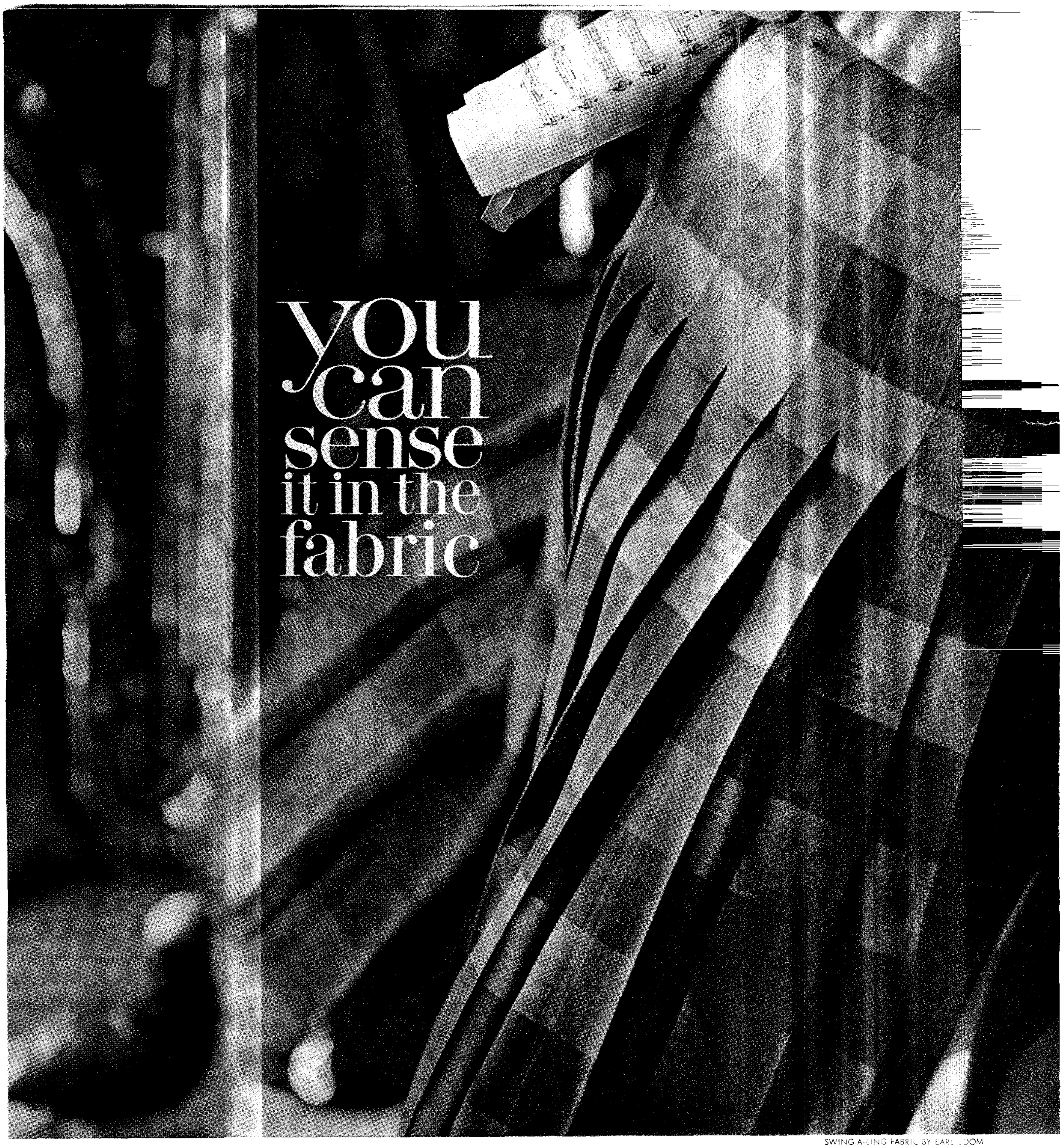

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lawmakers, particularly in the state capitals; there are states in which a city dweller's vote is worth only a ninth of the vote of an upstate farmhand. Recognizing this situation, Judge John Minor Wisdom, of the New Orleans Court of Appeals, had told the Tuskegee plaintiffs, in effect, that lots of people suffer from being gerrymandered, and that the plaintiffs in Gomillion v. Lightfoot couldn't expect the federal courts to step in and help them solely because they were Negroes. "I can see no difference," Judge Wisdom had written bluntly in his opinion, "between partially disfranchising Negroes and partially disfranchising Republicans, Democrats, Italians, Poles, Mexican-Americans, Catholics, bluestocking voters, industrial workers, urban citizens, or other groups who are euchered out of their full suffrage . . . by gerrymander or malapportionment."

This, then, was how the matter stood as the Supreme Court prepared to take up the case. An authority on constitutional law with whom I had talked had said of it, "I think it's as significant and as tricky a case as has come up in years, because the court is confronted by two apparently conflicting lines of precedent. One line of Supreme Court decisions says that the court may not or should not intervene in questions affecting local political boundaries, such questions not being considered justiciable—that is, capable of resolution in a court of law. The other line says clearly and vigorously that the court will strike down discriminatory laws that deprive persons of some portion of their constitutional rights because of their race, color, or creed. In terms of practical consequences—and the justices are an eminently realistic body of men, who, I believe, give as much weight to practical consequences as they do to legal theory, and sometimes more—the situation is this: If the Negro's condition is to be basically improved in this country, it is crucial that he obtain the voting rights that have long been denied him and that the federal government is now making serious efforts to help him obtain. The question posed by the Tuskegee case is whether the states are going to be permitted to devise ways of vitiating the Negro's voting power after he obtains it. If the Supreme Court follows its precedents in the various gerrymander cases—most notably Justice Frankfurter's opinion in Colegrove versus Green—there is no doubt that its decision will be a great encouragement to states that are determined to keep their Negroes politically impotent. Yet if it

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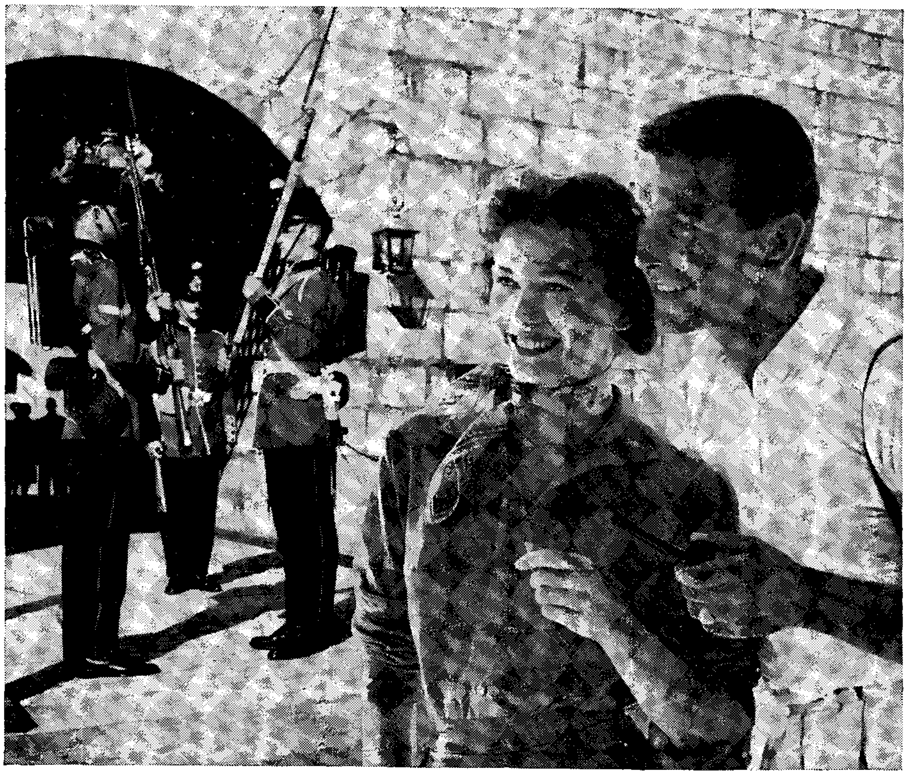

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rules in favor of the Negroes, what is the court going to do when other kinds of gerrymander victims come before it seeking relief? There are at least half a dozen such complaints pending throughout the country, with attorneys watching very closely to see what the court decides in this case. Is the court going to go all the way into that political thicket at last?"

The Colegrove case, he went on, had concerned the effort of three Illinois voters to prevent their state from conducting elections in their district on the basis of forty-six-year-old population figures; the petitioners had lost by a four-to-three decision. Justices Black and Douglas, who had been in the minority, had long been restive with this decision, on the ground that it perpetuated patent inequities and injustices in the nation's electoral system, thus corrupting democracy at its very core. "They may regard the Tuskegee case, which has the added factor of the racial element, as a prime opportunity for overturning the Colegrove precedent," he said. "They are the court's most vigorous exponents of the philosophy of judicial activism, you know. They tend to hold, if I may simplify a complicated philosophy, that when anything is clearly wrong or unjust, the court ought to do something about it. Justice Frankfurter, on the other hand, takes a much more limited view of the court's proper power and proper function, contending that there are many kinds of abuses that a justice may personally deplore but that it is simply not meet or practical for the court to attempt to rectify. This belief is at the core of his Colegrove opinion—an opinion he is known to cherish highly—and he may be expected to react vigorously and articulately to any challenge to it. But will he defend it at the cost of permitting racial discrimination? That might present him with quite a dilemma. Anyway, it's an intriguing case."

OF this much judicial background I was aware as the argument got under way. It began mildly. The slim young Negro who rose to start presenting the petitioners' case was an attorney from Montgomery, Alabama, named Fred D. Gray. It was his first appearance before the Supreme Court, and, not surprisingly, he seemed nervous. An easel holding a large map of the area had been brought in by the bailiffs, and Gray, standing before it, presented the basic facts about the old and new boundaries. The justices seemed quite fascinated by the map; they leaned forward, peering at it and seeking to

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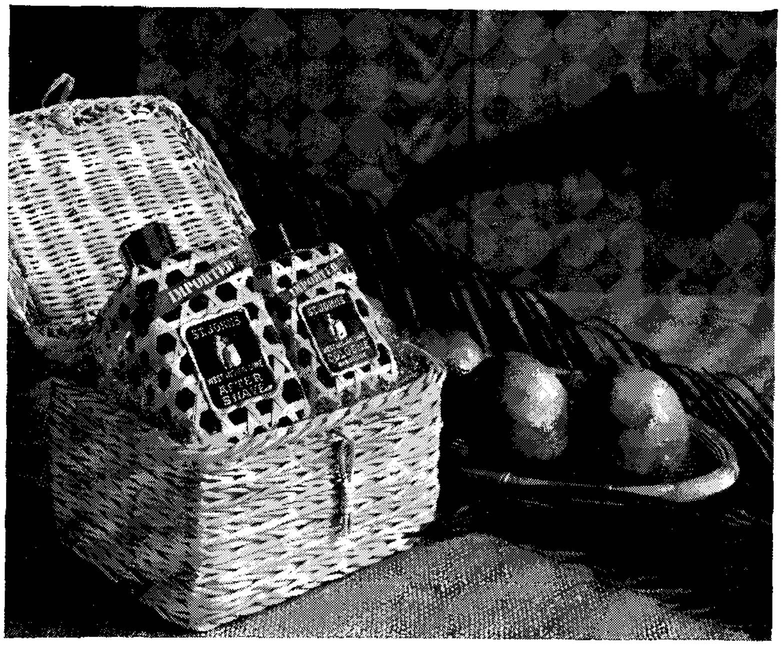
orient themselves, and asked several elementary questions of the sort one might hear from the members of a class in basic map reading. "Now, which part is which on the map?" Justice Stewart asked. "What's been cut out of the city, and what's left in?" It seemed to me that the map, which remained on view throughout the entire presentation of the case, raised and kept before the justices an essential question, one that was to be explored at some length; namely, what reasonable and constitutional purpose could the State of Alabama put forward for devising such a tortuous boundary?

After the map-reading introduction, there were a few more orientation questions from the justices regarding Tuskegee, regarding Tuskegee Institute and its founding in 1881 by Booker T. Washington, and so on—all casual inquiries seeming to stem from ordinary human curiosity rather than from high judicial purpose. Then began the first exploratory probings into the legal issues at stake, beginning with questions about precisely how the plaintiffs could justly claim to have suffered as a result of the boundary revision. Justice Frankfurter wanted to know just what voting rights those who had been put out of the city had lost, and Chief Justice Warren wondered if they had suffered any curtailment of police protection or other essential services. In answer to Justice Frankfurter's question, Gray said that while the petitioners were still entitled to register as voters in Macon County—which meant that they could still help elect county, state, and federal officials—they had been unjustly deprived of the right they had formerly possessed to vote in municipal elections. He then embarked on a recitation of the difficulties that Negroes had encountered in seeking to register to vote in Macon County (difficulties with which I was familiar, having watched part of a registration session at the County Courthouse in Tuskegee, in which, during the whole day, only two Negroes, out of some forty seeking to register, had succeeded even in obtaining application forms to fill out). But Justice Frankfurter brought Gray up short in the latter's discussion of the county registration situation, interposing, "But that's hardly relevant to the redistricting issue immediately at hand, is it?"

"No, it isn't, sir," said Gray meekly.

On the subject of municipal services, Gray sought earnestly to establish that there had been some perceptible deterioration in the services provided to



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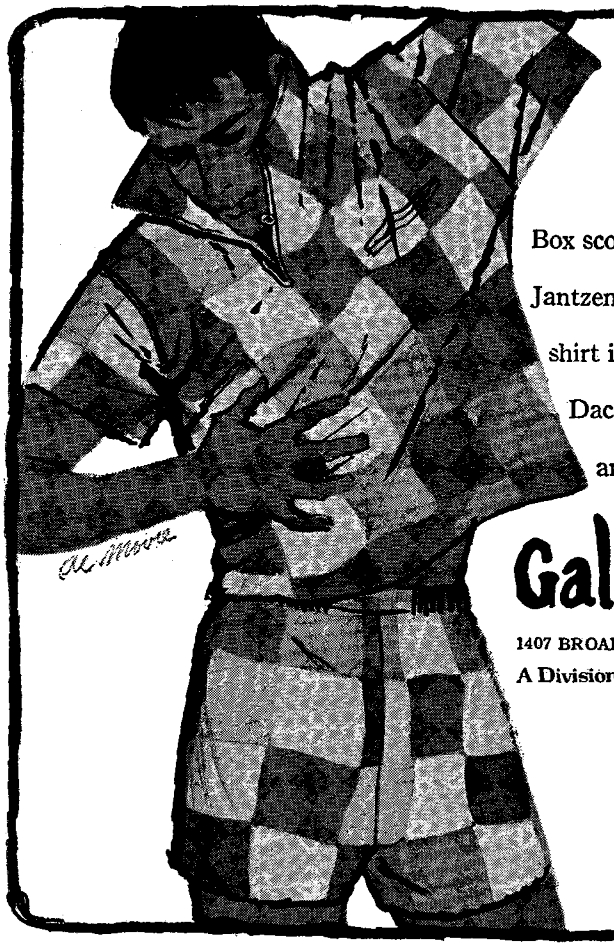

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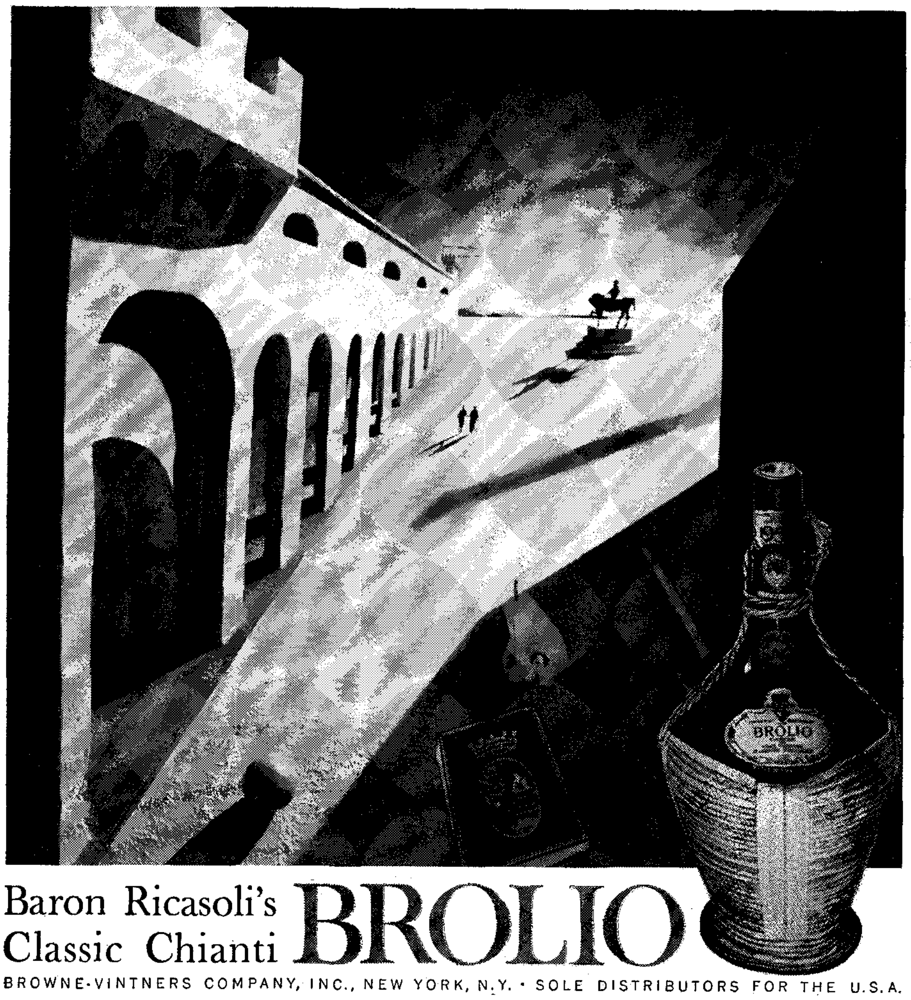

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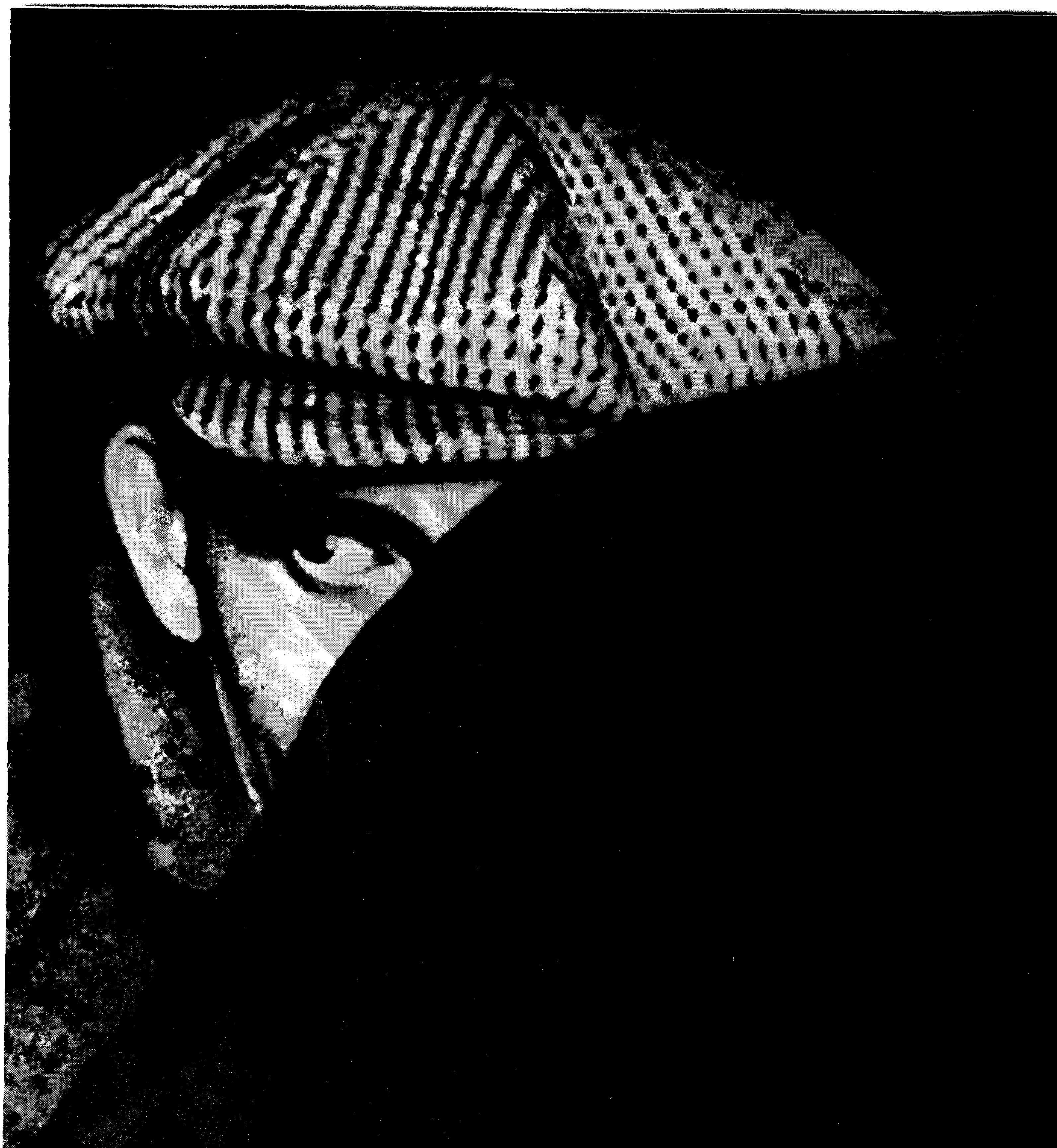
the Negro sections since the redistricting, but his argument sounded shaky to me, from both the factual and the legal standpoints. (It doesn't take a courtroom spectator long to become a Philadelphia lawyer.) At any rate, the Negroes I had talked with when I was in Tuskegee had not made any point of this as a grievance; they cared deeply about the loss of any portion of their full citizenship rights, but they worried very little over the speed with which their garbage was being collected. Justices Whittaker and Brennan pressed Gray a bit as he floundered along this trail, but on the whole, I thought, the court seemed to treat him quite gently. Even so, Gray appeared greatly relieved when, after he had been on the floor for perhaps fifteen minutes, he was able to announce that he had come to the end of his part of the presentation and that the main burden of the petitioners' argument would be carried forward by a colleague, Robert L. Carter.

With the appearance of Carter, a well-built Negro in his forties who is the general counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the petitioners' case went immediately to the heart of the matter. "Your Honors," Carter said, "our position is simple. This is purely a case of racial discrimination. The purpose of this legislation—Alabama Act 140—was discriminatory. In a manner both callous and deliberate, the state has denied the petitioners their rights solely because they are Negroes." He spoke with simple directness, in a firm, even voice. He looked poised but not relaxed. "Obviously," he went on, "Alabama could not openly disfranchise Negroes without violating the Constitution. If it had passed a law that had openly denied Negroes, as such, the right to vote in Tuskegee—or the right to live in Tuskegee—there is little question but that this court would strike that law down as unconstitutional. We contend that the same principle applies when the state does these things covertly, as it did in Act 140—a piece of legislation that is as gross a case of racial discrimination as any that has come before this court since Yick Wo versus Hopkins." He was referring to an interesting and important discrimination case that had come before the Supreme Court in 1886. It had its origins in San Francisco, where, in the second half of the nineteenth century, anti-Chinese feeling dominated local politics fully as strongly as the Negro question does in the South today. San Francisco had passed an ordinance stringently regulating public



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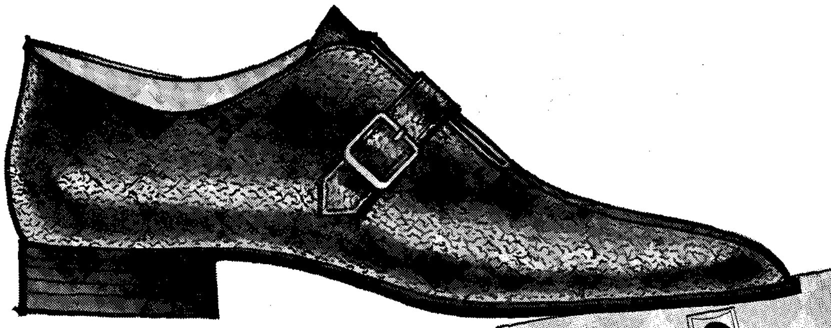

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laundries in wooden buildings. The law had made no mention of the Chinese, but, as all San Franciscans well knew, the city's laundry owners were, with few exceptions, Chinese, and their laundries were in wooden buildings, since there were comparatively few buildings in the city of any other material. The Supreme Court held the ordinance to be unconstitutional, saying that despite its appearance of impartiality, it permitted, even invited, a racially biassed result "if it is applied and administered by public authority with an evil eye and an unequal hand." For Carter, in his present argument, the Yick Wo ruling furnished a powerful and comforting precedent. "We are not contending that Alabama may not change its local boundaries in whatever way it chooses to do so," he went on. "All we say is that it has no right to do so for a discriminatory purpose."

"What's the proof of discrimination here?" drawled a soft Southern voice from behind the stack of books to Chief Justice Warren's right—the voice of Justice Black, a former senator from Alabama, who was born and brought up in rural Clay County, about seventy miles north of Tuskegee. Back in 1937, when Black was first appointed to the Supreme Court, there had been a great uproar over a revelation that he had once belonged, albeit in token fashion, to the Ku Klux Klan; in the years since, however, he had shown himself to be the justice who most often managed to find Constitutional restrictions protecting individual rights. Justice Frankfurter, on the other hand, who was regarded by many at the time of his appointment as an extreme liberal, has proved since then to be the court's most articulate exponent of the doctrine of judicial self-restraint.

"The proof, sir," Carter replied to Justice Black's question, "is the facts as to what the law achieved—the removal of practically every Negro voter from within the city limits, while leaving all the white voters untouched."

" 'Purpose' is, then, the central aspect of your case?" asked Justice Douglas.

"Purpose and effect—the effect reveals the purpose," Carter replied. He started to expand on this, but suddenly the justices were out of their seats and filing from the courtroom. It was four-thirty, quitting time, and the members of the Supreme Court apparently believe in shutting up shop right on the dot.

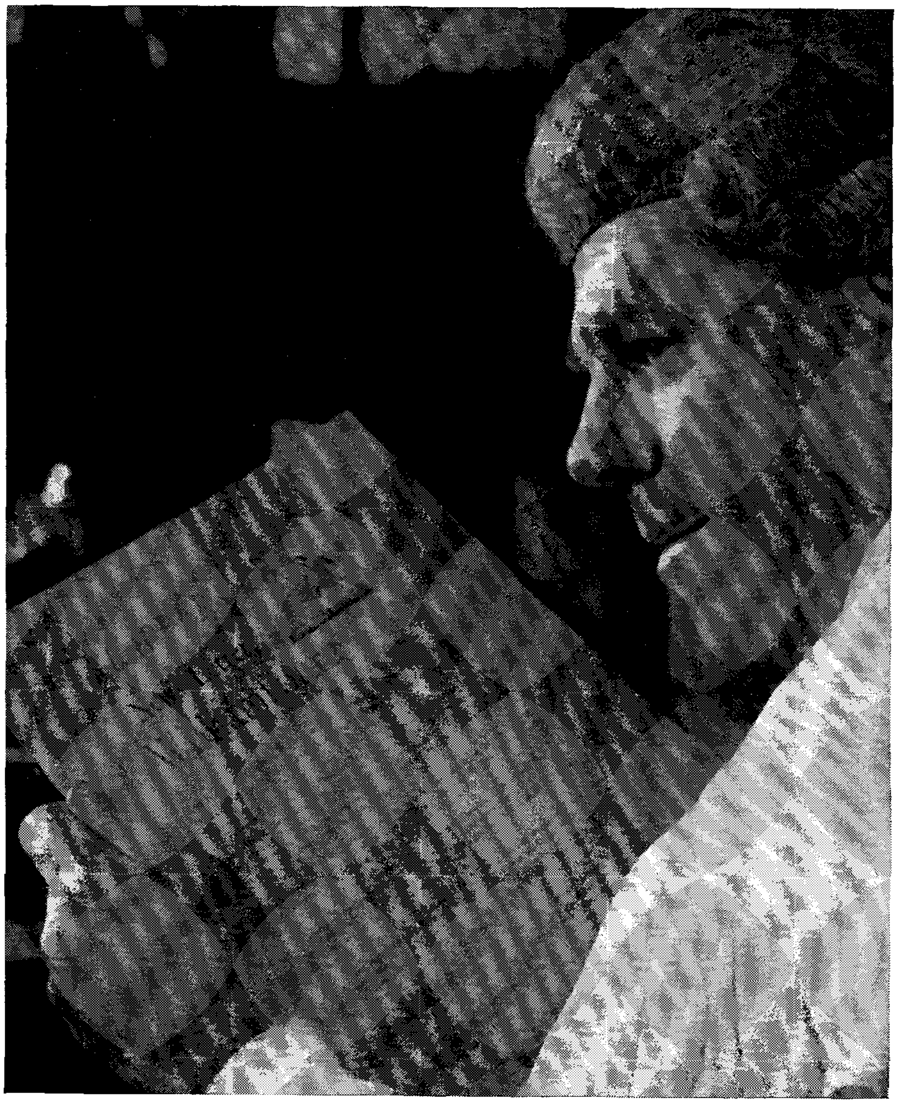
A few minutes later, in the hall, I saw Carter, and I went over to him and asked how he thought his case was going so far. "Pretty well," he replied carefully. "Not a word from Frankfurter about Colegrove versus Green." His demeanor made me think of a man who has just left the dentist's chair and realizes he hasn't suffered anywhere near the pain he had been dreading, but who isn't going to risk smiling until the Novocain wears off.

A tall, broad-shouldered, hawk-nosed man standing with Carter, whom I surmised to be a fellow-attorney, put in, "You'd think Frankfurter had never even *heard* of Colegrove. Did you ever see him so amiable?"

"Well, let's not get over-optimistic," Carter responded. "Tomorrow he may take Colegrove and cut us to ribbons with it."

THE Supreme Court convenes for its public sessions at noon. I was there in good time the next day, only to find that the arguments on the Tuskegee case were not scheduled to get under way immediately. First, the court held what I learned was a daily ritual—an admission ceremony for lawyers who sought recognition as being qualified to appear before it. After each of these men was introduced by a sponsoring attorney, he was personally welcomed by Chief Justice Warren, in precisely the same friendly tone of voice; then, all together, they took an oath administered by the court clerk. There were eleven initiations on this particular day, and the process seemed to me a needless consumption of time for a body that had so little of it to spare.

As soon as the lawyers and their sponsors had retired, the Chief Justice said, in the same conversational tone as the day before, "Gomillion versus Lightfoot," and Carter stepped forward to carry on. Within five minutes, the dangerous Colegrove issue, theretofore quietly caged up, had been let out into the arena for Carter to try to handle. Unexpectedly, though, it was not Justice Frankfurter but Justice Black who let it out. Justice Black set the stage with a couple of soft-spoken, easygoing queries, apparently devised to provide Carter with the opportunity to restate and clarify his central position. As the Justice put these questions, he looked genial and helpful, like a good host at a dinner party skillfully drawing out one of his guests. (The books that had been stacked in front of him the day before had been cleared away, so at last I was able to see his face.) Then his demeanor changed as he leaned forward and demanded, "Well, what do you do about Colegrove? Are you asking us to overrule Colegrove?" A



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thin smile appeared on Justice Douglas's lips. Down the bench, Justice Frankfurter put his hands over his eyes, as if suddenly weary. As for Carter, he had, I'm sure, prepared himself for this question, but he was obviously perplexed by the quarter from which it came. Cautiously he said no, he wasn't asking that the Colegrove ruling be overturned—wasn't asking the court for the kind of blanket ruling that would render all kinds of gerrymandering and malapportionment unconstitutional—because he didn't think it necessary for his case, which rested on the issue of racial discrimination. However, he added, if it should turn out that the court found the Colegrove precedent an impediment to a favorable decision, then he felt that the Colegrove ruling should indeed be overturned. He was treading most warily here, clearly not wanting to risk having his case obscured by a struggle over a judicial principle.

In his endeavor to tiptoe past Colegrove, Carter was suavely assisted by Justice Frankfurter, who, it had begun to appear, was also concerned with keeping the two issues separate. One had a sense that complicated strategies were involved—for the justices as well as for the attorneys. A series of mild questions from Frankfurter enabled Carter to elucidate the various ways in which the Tuskegee gerrymander could be regarded as a clear case of racial discrimination. When Carter had concluded, Justice Frankfurter said "Ah, yes," went on to sum up all of Carter's points cogently, and then swivelled about in his chair and surveyed his colleagues. This last action was one I had noticed before. On occasions when he had raised a subtle or significant point, he would glance around at the other justices, as if to assure himself that they had perceived all its jurisprudential nuances. I was reminded of a comment about Justice Frankfurter that had once been made to me by a lawyer who had argued numerous cases before the Supreme Court. "The fact that he's a Supreme Court justice hasn't caused Frankfurter to cease being a Harvard law professor," he said. "All the time he's up there on the bench, he's educating people in the law—counsel, his fellow-justices, everyone. He's dressed me down on some occasions as if I were a first-year student without a chance of passing." The lawyer had laughed, then added, "The court is going to be a much duller place when the time comes for Frankfurter to retire."

Several justices now addressed themselves in various ways to defining the

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nature of a "constitutional deprivation." Referring to the population statistics around which the petitioners had built much of their case, Justice Black asked, "What difference does it make whether four hundred Negro voters are excluded, or four thousand, or four—or just one?" Carter replied that indeed, it made no difference in principle, and that in his view the law would be just as unconstitutional if it had deliberately excluded only one Negro voter, but that since nowhere in the Tuskegee redistricting act was race mentioned in explicit terms, the lopsided before-and-after statistics reflecting the exclusion of Negroes from Tuskegee made it easier for him to prove his contention that the law was racist in inspiration and purpose. The statistics, he said, were in the brief to supply evidence, not to set forth a principle. He implied that he might have had a much harder time proving that the essential purpose of Alabama Act 140 was discriminatory if the Alabama legislators had been subtler, or more cagey, as they went about framing the law. I reflected now that if the legislators had redrawn the city's boundaries in such a way as to exclude a smaller number of the Negro voters, and had excluded at least a token number of whites, they could still have achieved the purpose frankly stated to me by just about every white Tuskegeean with whom I had spoken—namely, to keep political power firmly in white hands—but they would perhaps have run less risk of being checked by the courts. This train of thought led me to speculate, as I had often done in Tuskegee the week before, on what could have led the whites in power to be so blatant about what they were doing. Did they really believe that their subterfuge would stand up in the courts, because of Colegrove and other legal precedents? If so, was it a matter of pride to make the subterfuge just as transparent as possible, so as to show *them* a thing or two—*them* being the Negroes, the federal courts, the Commission on Civil Rights, the North, world opinion, the whole vague complex of forces that has ganged up, in the opinion of much of the white South, to destroy its cherished way of life? Or, to conjecture still further, and more tenuously, was it possible that in making their bill more extreme than it needed to be, the Alabama legislators, like a child throwing a temper tantrum, secure in the knowledge that responsible adults will save him from the consequences of his extreme behavior, were unconsciously seeking to make it inevitable that their actions would be checked and reproved? To an outside observer,

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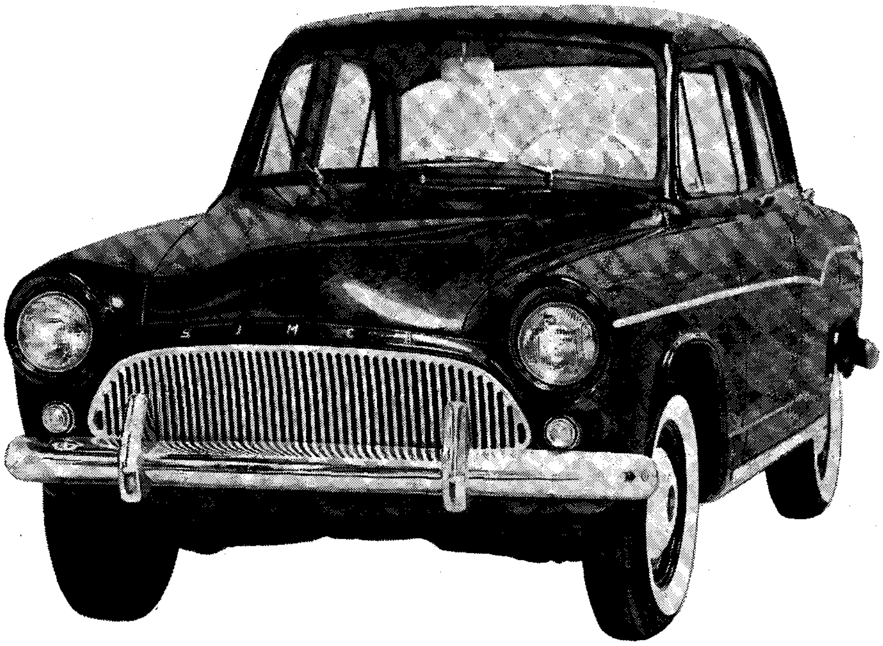

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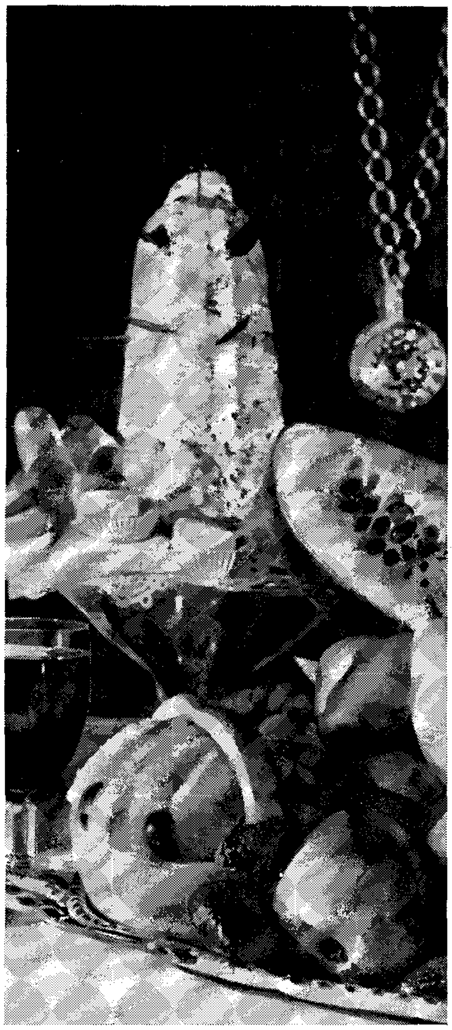

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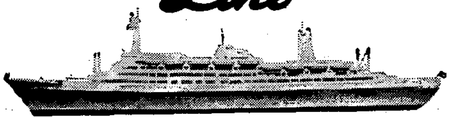

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most of the Southern legislation on the racial question—such as the forty-six bills on school segregation passed by recent sessions of the Louisiana State Legislature, all of which were ultimately declared unconstitutional by the federal courts, as everyone had known they would be—would seem to fall into this temper-tantrum category.

IN cases that raise large constitutional questions and are deemed to have a serious effect on the national interest, the United States Solicitor General or one of his deputies may appear on behalf of one side or the other in the capacity of *amicus curiae*, or friend of the court. Gomillion v. Lightfoot was considered to be such a case, and when Carter had concluded his argument, his place before the justices was taken by Assistant Solicitor General Philip Elman, who was there to express the concern of the United States government on behalf of the Negro plaintiffs. A heavyset, brown-haired, bespectacled man, Elman was dressed in cutaway and striped trousers, his uniform on these occasions. He took up, with practiced competence, the various legal questions that the justices addressed to him, but it shortly became evident that he was moved to express not only a legal stand but also a moral one—not only to adduce that Alabama Act 140 was unconstitutional but to convey as strongly as possible the fact that he considered it downright wrong, and that it outraged him as a human being. "This is the most fundamental thing you can have," he reminded the justices at one point. "People are coming to you and saying, 'We are being deprived of our most cherished rights simply because we're colored.' " For the justices to ignore this appeal on some formalistic ground, he said, would be for them to show, in the phrase that Justice Frankfurter had used in an earlier discrimination case, "the blindness of indifference rather than the blindness of impartiality." Perhaps his most eloquent passage came during a colloquy with Justice Whittaker, in response to the Justice's observation that the Negroes affected by the act hadn't actually lost their voting rights, because they could still vote outside of the city, and there was nothing in the Constitution guaranteeing every American citizen a right to vote in a municipality. Even if they had lost nothing whatever, Elman responded, the creation of a situation of Apartheid was intolerable. It was in the mere conception of a racial boundary line that the essence of the act's unconstitutionality lay. "I find it inconceivable," he said, "that in the year

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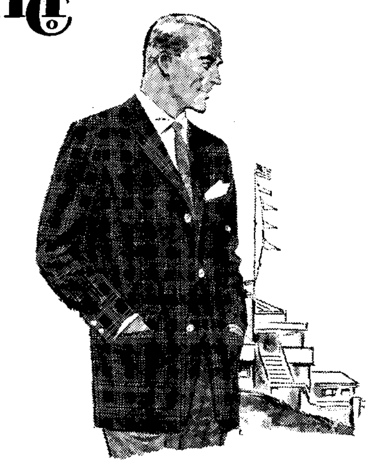

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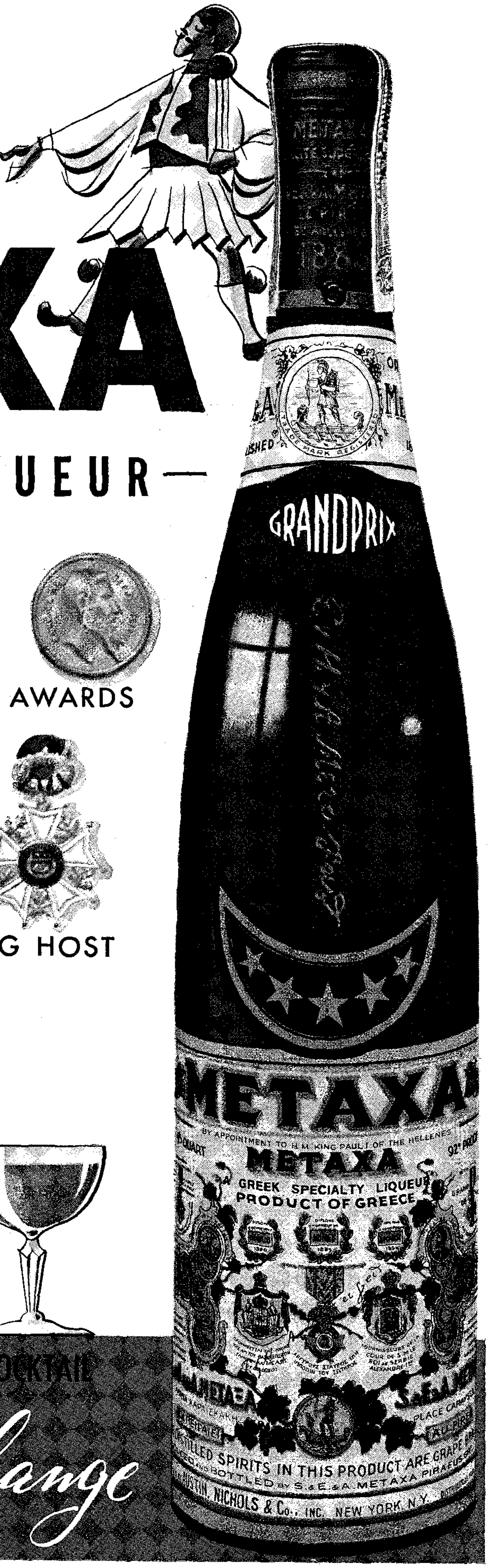
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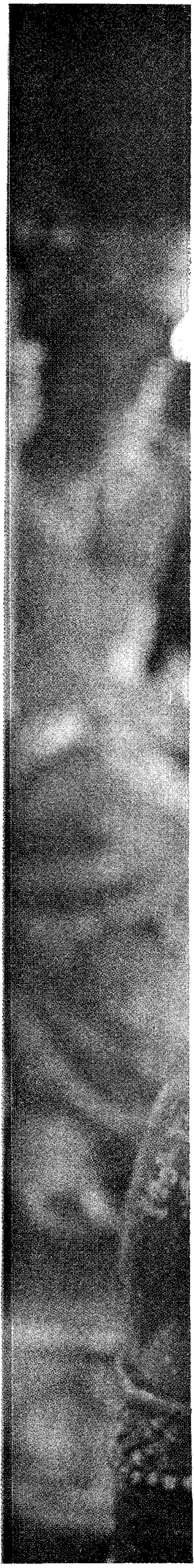

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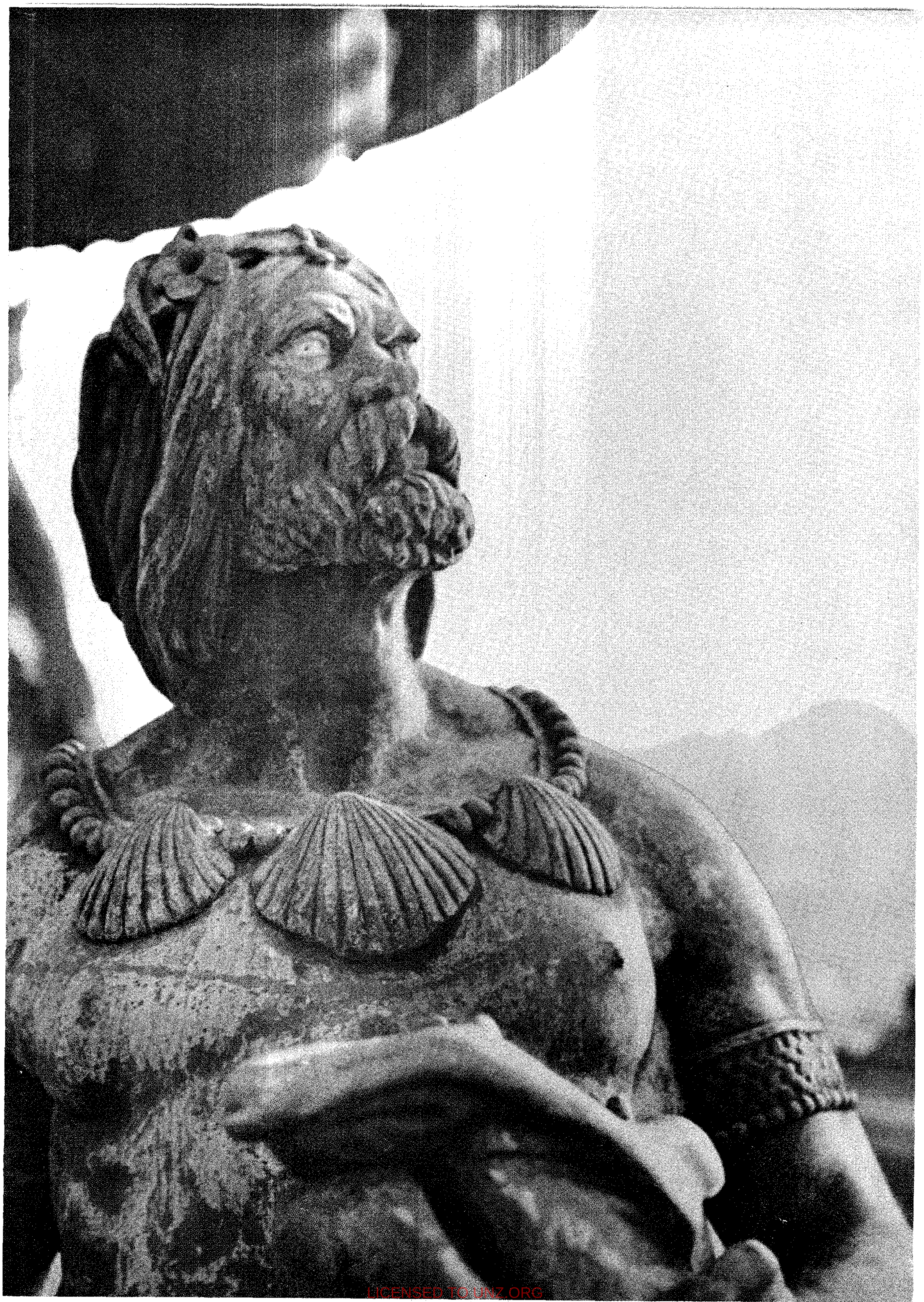

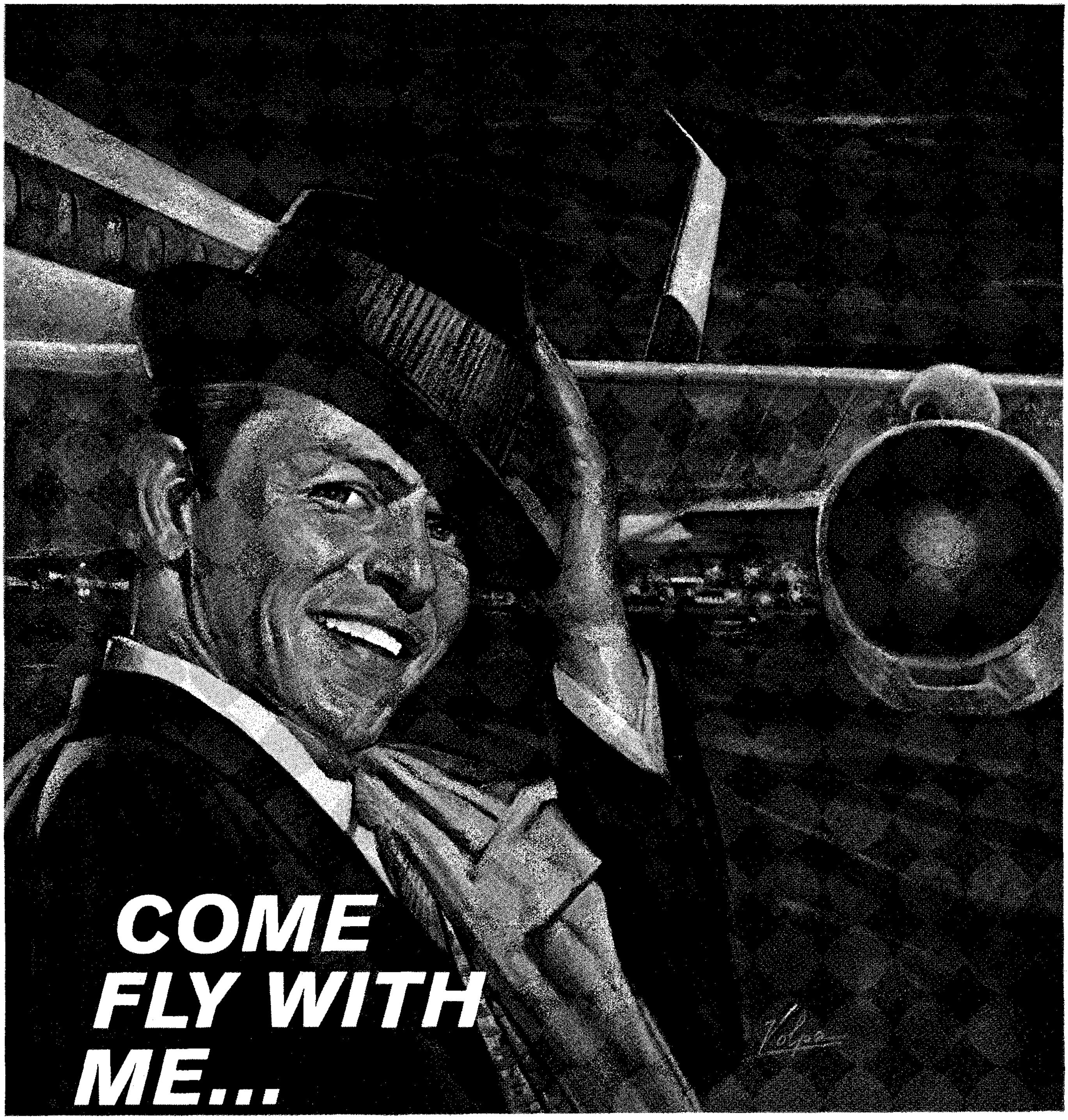

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1960 any defense of a law establishing a ghetto in the United States could be seriously asserted in this court." On the question of whether the Negroes who were now outside the Tuskegee city limits enjoyed the same public services as before, he had one comment to make: "If people live in a ghetto, it makes no difference that their houses might be finer than those outside."

It was interesting to compare the demeanor of Elman, the legal representative of the United States government, the man in the cutaway, with that of the two Negro attorneys, who, though they certainly cared no less deeply than he about the injustice of racial discrimination, had taken some trouble not to show their feelings. Carter, to be sure, had been vigorous and forthright in explaining his legal position, but that was not quite the same thing. It was as if the fact of their being Negroes themselves put them, in this case, under a kind of constraint that a white lawyer was not subjected to—as if they felt it incumbent on them to be more on their dignity, or perhaps to keep a tighter rein on their emotions. They seemed to wish to stress the professional objectivity of their advocacy and to minimize any suggestion of personal pleading.

In the course of his argument, Elman, too, encountered some sticky spots. They were the work of Justice Douglas, who hitherto had said little. "Would you make the same argument if this were a school-boundary case?" Douglas asked, in a dry but rather challenging voice, as Elman was expanding on his premise that the Constitution forbids the federal and state governments to draw any color line whatever in their legislation. "What if the line had long existed? Say this were the classic pattern of the school cases and those who were out were trying to get in?" Elman managed to field this and similar questions from Douglas well enough—essentially by making the point that if there were all blacks on one side of a line and all whites on the other, the presumption must be that at some time in the past there had been "at least a prima-facie unconstitutionality" and that the burden should be on the state to demonstrate that such a line had actually been drawn in non-discriminatory fashion originally. Such is basically the assumption in cases, he said, "where it may appear that over a period of years, in a particular area, no Negro has ever served on a jury. This may, at least theoretically, be the result of fortuitous factors. But, nonetheless, in those cases the state has been compelled to meet the heavy burden, if it can, of overcoming

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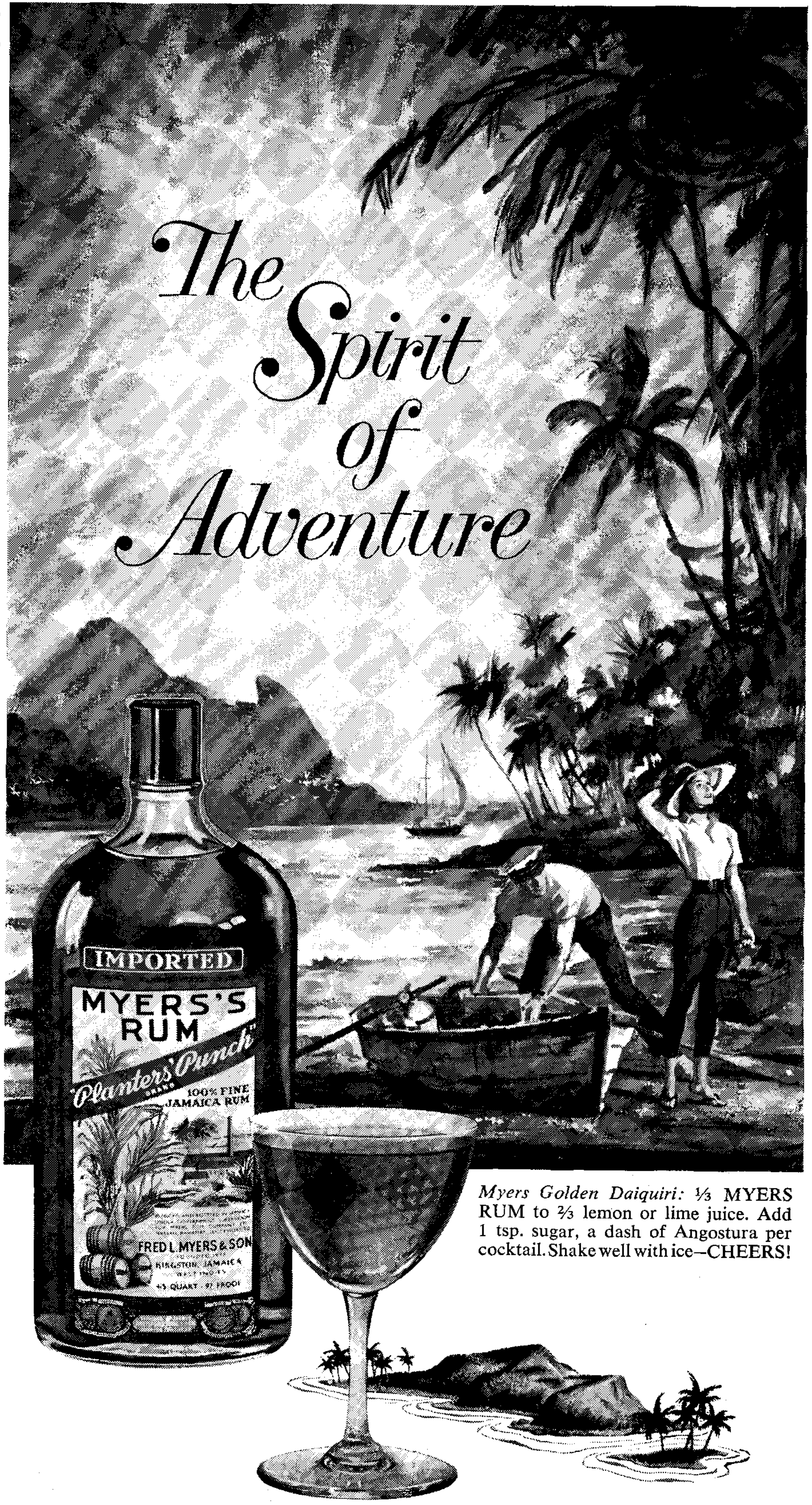

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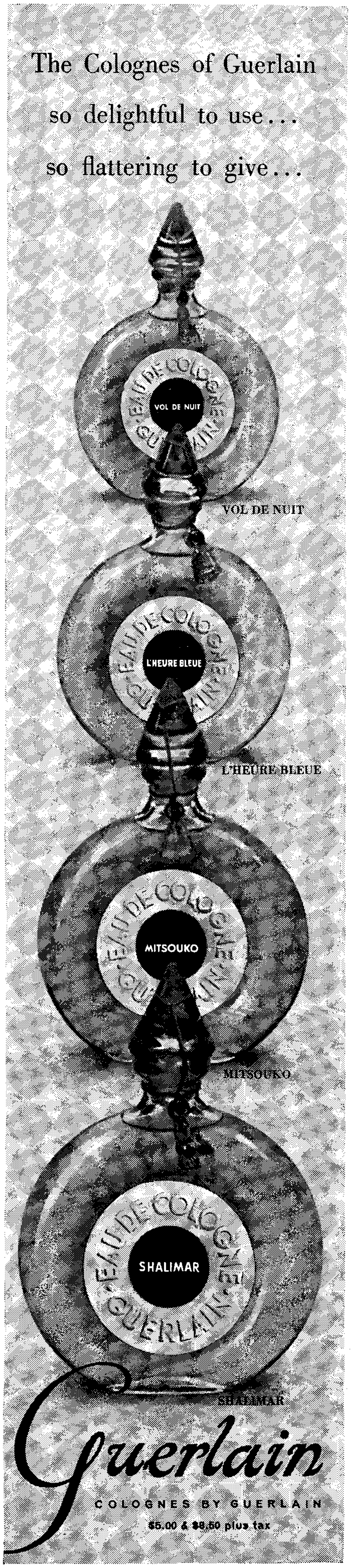

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the normal, common-sense presumption that the reason Negroes do not appear on juries is that they are being systematically excluded."

Justice Douglas nodded—a rather cryptic nod, not necessarily a gesture of assent—and Elman went on to another aspect of the case. He had apparently coped successfully enough with the questions Justice Douglas had tossed at him, but he looked somewhat perturbed. Just as Carter had been when Justice Black had challenged him, Elman seemed rather puzzled at the unexpected direction from which his trickiest challenges had come.

ELMAN's remarks concluded the petitioners' side of the argument, and it was now the turn of the respondents—the representatives of the Tuskegee and Alabama authorities. Their argument was made by an Alabama lawyer with an easygoing, folksy manner—a ruddy-faced man of about fifty, bald except for a fringe of gray hair at the back of his head. His name was James J. Carter. There had been occasions earlier in the proceedings—particularly during one discussion in which a number of references were made hypothetically to "Black Tuskegee" and "White Tuskegee"—when the case had seemed to take on something of the aspect of a modern morality play, and this suggestion was reinforced now, as I learned that the two sides were represented by counsel with the same surname. A Black Carter and a White Carter opposing each other was the kind of device that a dramatic moralist might have used in order to remind audiences of the common humanity of two antagonists.

White Carter couldn't see what all the fuss was about. This case, his relaxed, amiable air conveyed, was a mighty big to-do over a little-bitty thing like a municipal-boundary revision. The new Tuskegee, he submitted, was "not too unusual a looking outfit" compared to other cities, in spite of all the emphasis that had been placed on the peculiar outline of its many-sided boundary. He said that just the previous evening he had been thumbing through a Rand McNally atlas in his hotel room and had found lots of cities with shapes that were just as interesting. "Cincinnati looks like a jigsaw puzzle," he told the justices, "and Scranton, Pennsylvania, looks sort of like a cloud." Then he reminded the court that "an unbroken line of decisions by this Honorable Court and other courts" supported his position that a state legislature has absolute discretion in regard to the boundaries of municipalities,

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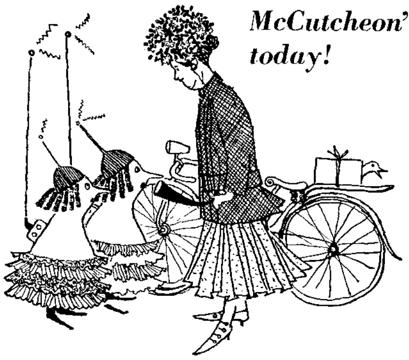

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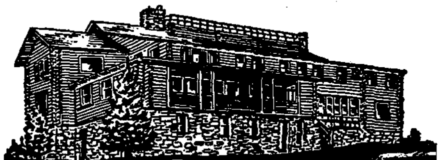

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without hindrance or interference by the federal courts. "I don't say I've got a white-horse case," he said, invoking a picturesque image I had never heard before, "but I do think I've got the law." He had ample precedents to cite: Hunter v. Pittsburgh (in which the Supreme Court had declared emphatically, "We have nothing to do with the policy, wisdom, justice, or fairness of the act under consideration; those questions are for the consideration of those to whom the state has entrusted its legislative power, and their determination of them is not subject to review or criticism by this Court"), Laramie County v. Albany County, Mount Pleasant v. Beckwith, and Kelly v. Pittsburgh (for some reason, Pittsburgh seems to have been a breeding ground for boundary-dispute cases). In summarizing these cases, the Alabamian managed to make them quite lively and real: ". . . and then there was the case of Mr. Kelly. He was a farmer, and he was taken into the city of Pittsburgh when its boundaries were revised. Mr. Kelly complained that he had to pay twenty-one hundred dollars in taxes, and he said, 'I haven't got no more than four hundred dollars income from the property.' Mr. Kelly was most unhappy at being taken into the city without his consent. He went all the way to the Supreme Court on this, but the court wouldn't give him satisfaction."

"You are saying that the creation, destruction, or modification of a municipality is the prerogative and jurisdiction of the state alone," Justice Frankfurter observed. "Is that correct?"

"That's a fair statement of my position," Carter replied. His case, he went on, rested on three grounds: first, on the state's lawful power to regulate boundaries, which he had just taken up; second, on the ground that the motive of a law could not be inquired into; and, third, on the ground that the federal courts had enunciated the principle of judicial self-restraint in regard to issues such as the present one.

Justice Whittaker asked, "Could this lawful power you speak of be used to accomplish an unlawful purpose?"

Carter's reply was that the state legislatures and state court systems are, and must remain, the only legitimate sources of redress for any injustice that might happen to be inflicted in such instances, and that this principle had been maintained even in a case such as Benson v. United States, "where a man had been on trial for his very life, but where the federal courts declared they lacked the jurisdiction to intervene."

Continuing, the Alabama counsel

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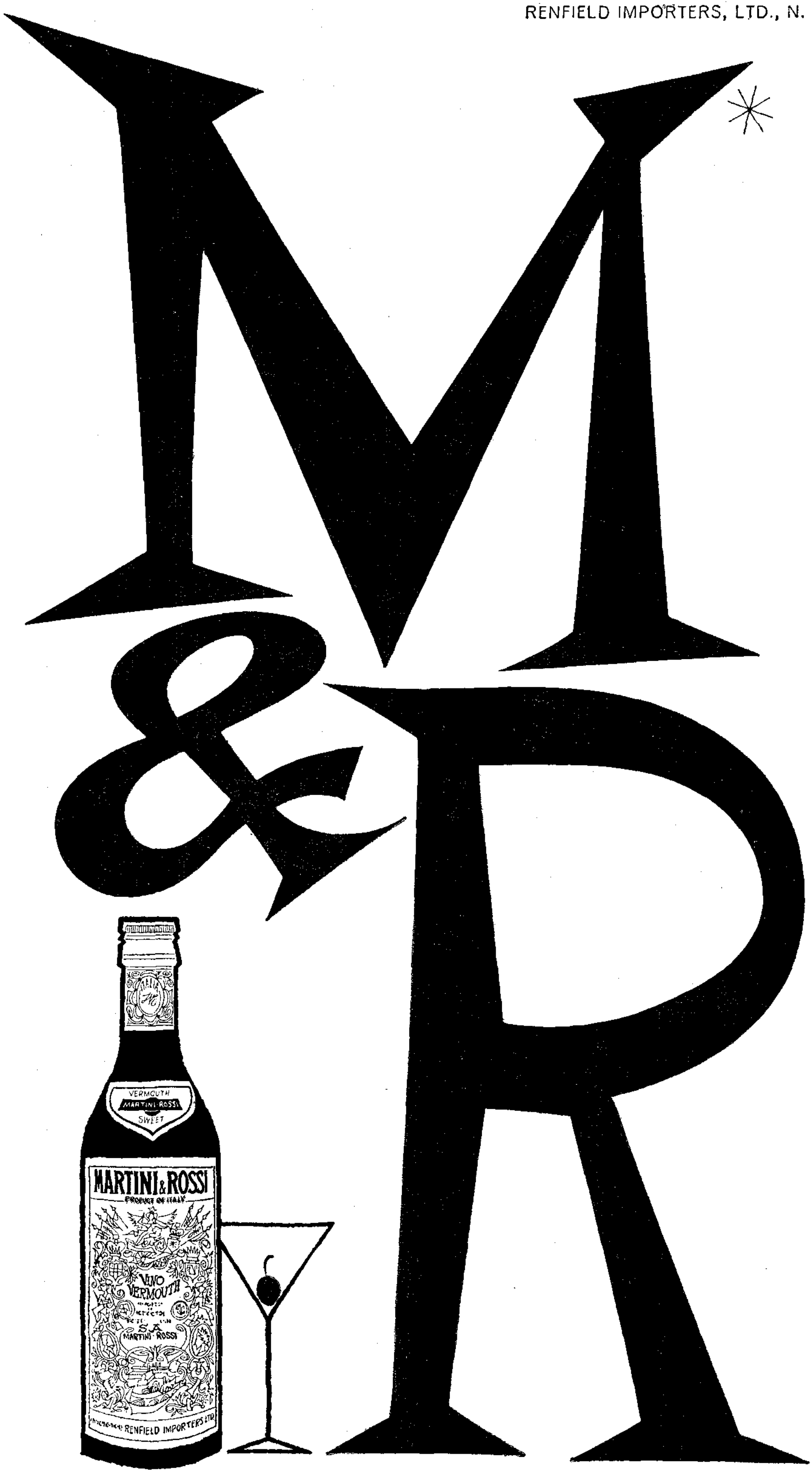

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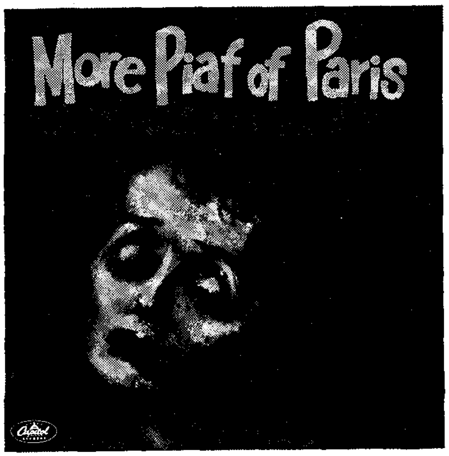

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said, "To come to intent, there is nothing to construe in this case. These are the boundary lines—period. That's all that Act 140 states. When you come to inquiring into motive—and 'motive' is what's meant here rather than 'intent'—it just can't be done. You go back to the very beginnings of this country—to Fletcher v. Peck—where a Georgia state law was being challenged and it was alleged that a Georgia legislator had been bribed to vote for it, and Chief Justice Marshall said, no, you can't inquire into why the legislators voted for that law but can only examine the law itself."

"Suppose that the statute we are here considering had explicitly stated that its purpose was to preserve segregation," Justice Harlan said. "Would you still be maintaining the same position here?"

"No, sir," the Alabama lawyer replied frankly, and then added, in a conversational manner, "Our state's constitution was based on segregation, you know. We well understand there's been a change of climate since then. But, in fact, nothing of that sort is to be found in the law. Some territory has been simply detached from a municipal corporation—and that is all that the law states or that can be read into it."

Justice Frankfurter leaned forward and commented crisply, "Your answer to Justice Harlan makes inroads on your proposition."

The Alabama attorney didn't attempt a direct refutation of this comment. "I don't speak for the state," he said easily, like a good raconteur picking up the thread of his story after an unfortunate interruption, "but if any legislature should be foolish enough to put that in a law nowadays it *should* be knocked down." His remark brought a laugh in the courtroom, and smiles to the lips of some of the justices. It was the first, and the only, faintly humorous moment of the case. The jest seemed to be aimed at taking everyone in the courtroom, including the justices, into a kind of clubby fellowship of those who knew that among men of the world it was assumed to be all right to do certain things as long as you used some subterfuge to avoid getting into trouble.

Chief Justice Warren spoke up. "You said motive can't be inquired into. Would you say that results can be inquired into?"

"There's an awfully shady distinction there," the Alabama lawyer replied carefully. He said that he thought it would be an encroachment for the courts to make such inquiries in a case like this, "where the boundaries have

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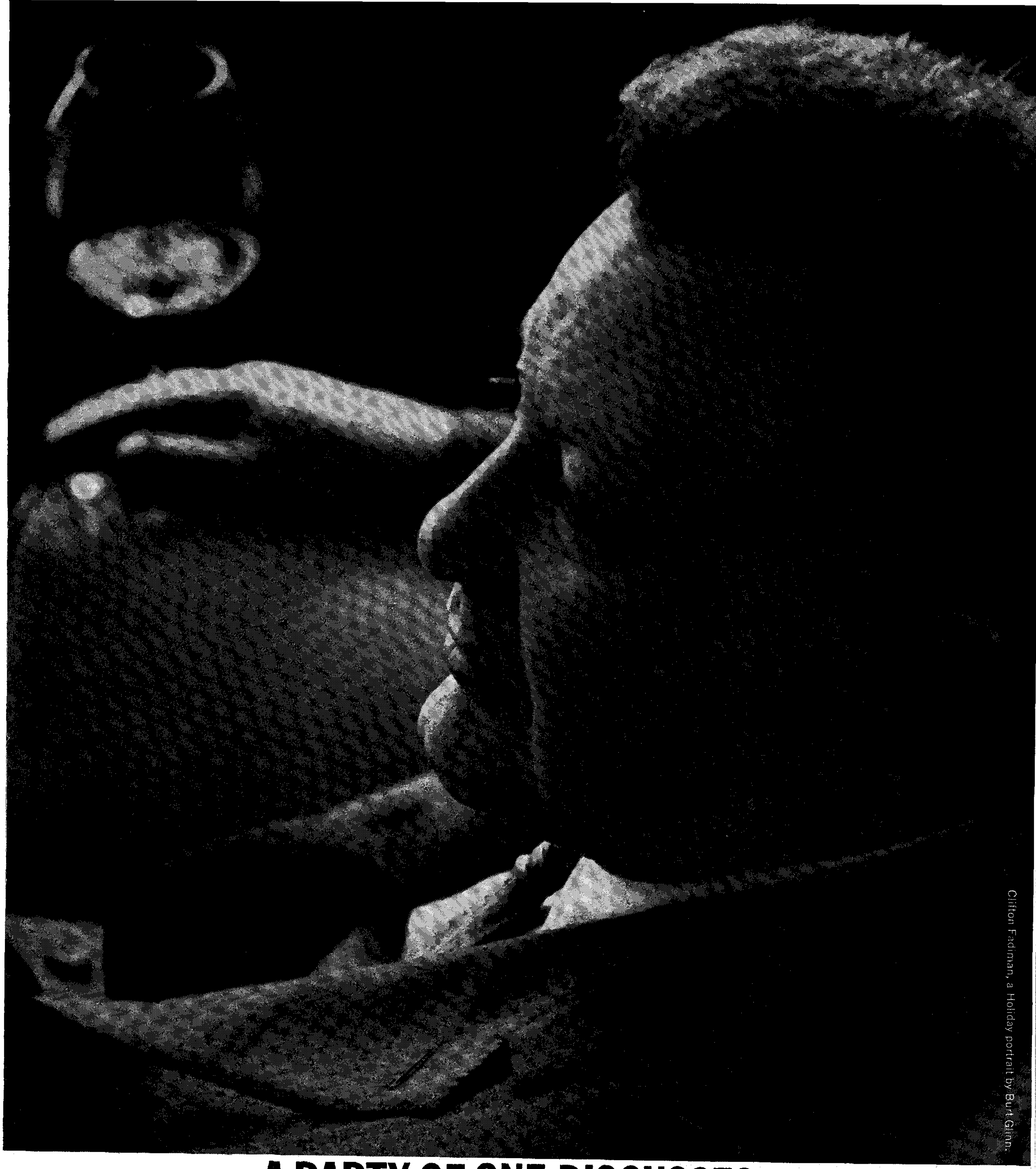

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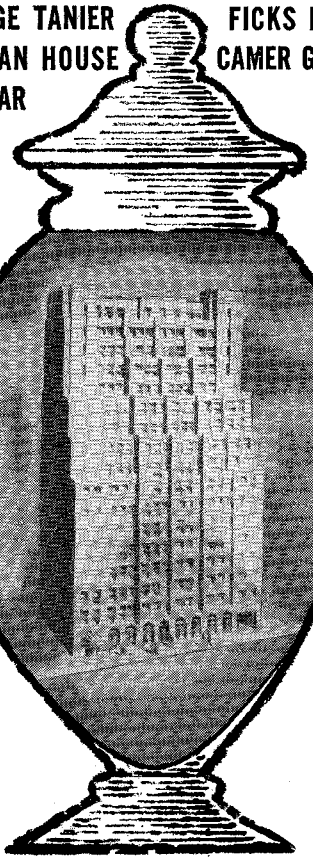

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been drawn in a manner compatible with the laws of Alabama.”

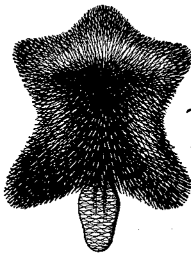
“Suppose the results are *in*compatible with the Constitution of the United States?” Chief Justice Warren said. He had asked only a few questions during the case, none of them remarkably subtle or learned, but the quality of solemn, elemental majesty in his presence made it seem, when he did ask a question, in his booming voice, somewhat as if Mount Rushmore had spoken. Now, in the face of this massive, simple query, the Alabama lawyer seemed to wilt perceptibly.

“I don’t believe they are,” he answered.

“Isn’t that all the petitioners are asking—to have an inquiry made so as to find out if they are?” the Chief Justice said.

“They’re asking to go into motive,” the Alabamian said. Now he reached—with some haste, I thought—for the comfort of the Colegrove precedent. “This is about as highly political a thing as we can get into—local boundaries,” he declared, and he reminded the justices of the principle of judicial self-limitation that they had asserted in such cases, and of the threat that if they failed to maintain that principle, they would find themselves up to their ears in local politics. Should the federal courts be expected to step in and tell the states exactly where they should draw the boundary lines for each locality, he asked, and what percentages of white and colored people the lines should include?

In an argument before the Supreme Court, the petitioners’ side gets the last word, because it has a greater burden than the respondents’, in that it is seeking to have lower-court decisions overturned. So when White Carter concluded, Black Carter came forward to refute him. He was brief about it. He said again that the matter at hand was not an abstract question of local boundaries but a clear-cut instance of racial discrimination, and as for the suggestion that if his side won the federal courts would have the impossible task of drawing local boundary lines, he countered it by calmly stating that all that was being asked in this case was that the Tuskegee line, drawn to achieve a racially discriminatory end, be declared unconstitutional, and that the city’s boundaries revert to what they were before. There, without any flourish or dramatic climax, he ended his presentation. Again there occurred the quick stir of movement I had observed the day before. A new group of lawyers came forward and took the places of



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those who had been at the front tables; the Chief Justice called "United States versus Mississippi Valley Generating Company;" and the Supreme Court of the United States promptly turned its attention from the question of voting rights in Tuskegee, Alabama, to the question of conflict of interest in the negotiation of a contract for the Atomic Energy Commission.

UPON leaving the courtroom, I encountered White Carter, the Alabama lawyer, in the hall, and asked him how he thought things had gone.

"Very well," he said cheerfully. "I've never seen the justices give a case more searching scrutiny. I won't try to predict what the outcome will be, but certainly it's been a fascinating case."

I asked if there had been any surprises.

He laughed, and said, "Not for me. I think opposing counsel ran into some, though."

Shortly thereafter, I met Assistant Solicitor General Elman in the ground-floor cafeteria of the courthouse, and we discussed the case over a snack. First of all, he confirmed White Carter's assertion that there had been surprises for the petitioners' lawyers. "It's astonishing, the way it went," he said. "Frankfurter, whom we thought about with trepidation as we prepared the case, couldn't have been gentler. Our sharpest attack came from the court's great activists—from the two justices whom the public would naturally expect to be most sympathetic to the petitioners' claims in a civil-rights case like this. Furthermore, they attacked us along lines that didn't seem to me to go to the central problem before the court and that I don't think they need have gone into at all."

This led Elman into some inconclusive speculation about whether Justices Black and Douglas, by their sharp questioning, had been attempting to broaden the issue beyond the racial question, so as to use the case as a wedge for breaching the entire judicial blockade against discussion of gerrymanders. At the end of it, he shook his head. "I don't know what they were driving at," he said. Then he went on to talk about the court in general, and as he did so, his perturbation left him and he began to glow with enthusiasm. He had once been a law clerk of Justice Frankfurter's, I learned, and since 1946 had appeared before the court in a great number of cases, but his familiarity with the court and with the inevitable human frailties beneath the impersonal black robes of justice appeared to have bred not con-

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tempt but increasing admiration. "It seems to me a superb process, this informal, reflective questioning conducted by men who have studied the matter at hand and are seeking to get to the heart of it," he said. "I wish that candidates for President, instead of engaging in TV debates, could be put through this kind of questioning process, by these very justices. Then we'd end up *knowing* something about the candidates and their positions on the issues. Yes, it's a great institution, the court, and"—he laughed—"to my mind, the best show in Washington."

I asked if he cared to venture a prediction on how the court would rule in Gomillion v. Lightfoot. He replied without hesitation, "Certainly. When one tries to guess the outcome of a case, he can't merely analyze the various precedents, or weigh the conflicting arguments, or speculate as to what the justices may be thinking on the basis of the questions they have asked during the argument. You have to consider what the consequences of the alternative rulings might be. The Supreme Court justices are a realistic and sophisticated group of men. When they weigh a constitutional or civil-rights case, they are not engaged—as laymen tend to think—in a mere legalistic scrutiny of precedents. Justices must also take into account the effect their rulings will have on the country's welfare and the values it lives by. And in those terms, in this Tuskegee case, no matter what arguments we've heard or what surprises may have occurred in some of the justices' questions, it's absolutely inconceivable to me that in this present era the court could rule in favor of the respondents and sanction so blatant a racial discrimination. I just can't conceive of it."

WHEN the court's ruling was handed down, twenty-seven days later—a surprisingly speedy decision in a major case of such complexity and delicacy—it justified the vehement certainty of Elman's prediction. The decision was in favor of the petitioners and it was unanimous. The opinion was written by Justice Frankfurter. Its language was incisive. It said that the Tuskegee Negroes were entitled to a full court trial on the merits of their case, that their allegations, if proved at such a trial, "would abundantly establish that Act 140 was not an ordinary geographic redistricting measure even within familiar abuses of gerrymandering," and that "if these allegations upon a trial remained uncontradicted or unqualified, the conclusion would be irresistible, tantamount for all practical

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purposes to a mathematical demonstration, that the legislation is solely concerned with segregating white and colored voters by fencing Negro citizens out of town so as to deprive them of their preëxisting municipal vote." The opinion continued, "It is difficult to appreciate what stands in the way of adjudging a statute having this inevitable effect invalid in light of the principles by which this Court must judge, and uniformly has judged, statutes that, howsoever speciously defined, obviously discriminate against colored citizens." Here Justice Frankfurter quoted, without a credit, from one of his favorite authors—himself: "The [Fifteenth] Amendment nullifies sophisticated as well as simple-minded modes of discrimination"—an eminently quotable dictum that he had originally asserted in a court opinion in 1939.

"The complaint amply alleges a claim of racial discrimination," Justice Frankfurter's decision continued. "Against this claim the respondents have never suggested, either in their brief or in oral argument, any countervailing municipal function which Act 140 is designed to serve. The respondents invoke generalities expressing the state's unrestricted power—unlimited, that is, by the United States Constitution—to establish, destroy, or reorganize by contraction or expansion its political subdivisions, to wit, cities, counties, and other local units. We freely recognize the breadth and importance of this aspect of the state's political power. To exalt this power into an absolute is to misconceive the reach and rule of this Court's decisions in the leading case of Hunter v. Pittsburgh, 207 U. S. 161, and related cases relied upon by respondents."

Those cases, the opinion declared, had essentially involved property disputes, and had hinged on the question of contractual obligations. None of them had involved racial discrimination or any violation of a federally protected right. In short, Justice Frankfurter said, "When a state exercises power wholly within the domain of state interest, it is insulated from federal judicial review. But such insulation is not carried over when state power is used as an instrument for circumventing a federally protected right."

The pithiest language of the opinion was that in which Justice Frankfurter rejected the respondents' attempt to invoke him as an ally by citing his Colegrove opinion. He spurned the parallel between the Colegrove case and the present one, saying that the great difference was the specific singling out of "a readily isolated segment of a ra-

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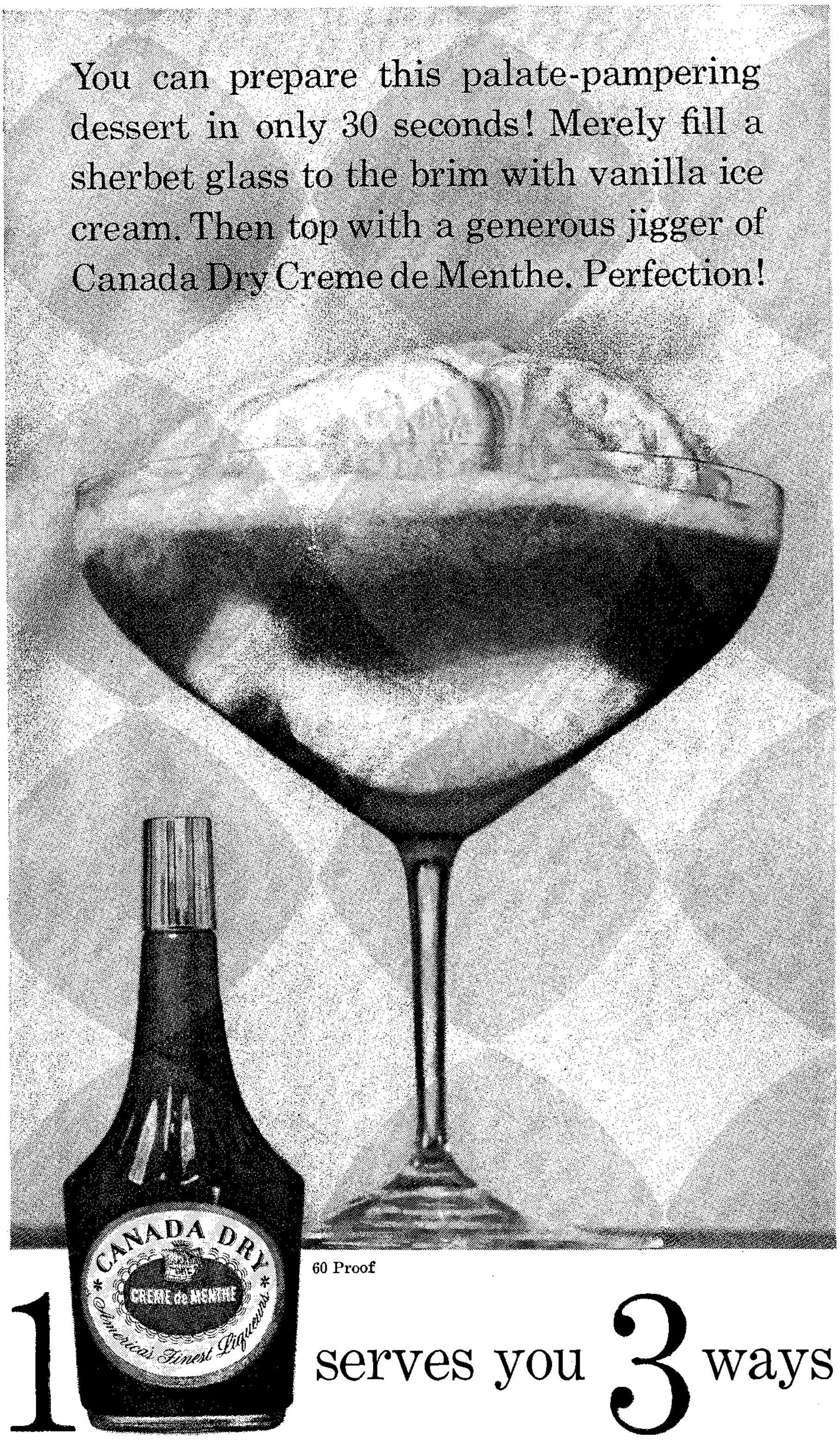
cial minority for special discriminatory treatment." "And," he went on, "according to the allegations here made, the Alabama Legislature has not merely redrawn the Tuskegee city limits with incidental inconvenience to the petitioners; it is more accurate to say that it has deprived the petitioners of the municipal franchise and consequent rights, and to that end it has incidentally changed the city's boundaries. While in form this is merely an act redefining metes and bounds, if the allegations are established, the inescapable human effect of this essay in geometry and geography is to despoil colored citizens, and only colored citizens, of their theretofore enjoyed voting rights. That was not Colegrove v. Green."

Along with Justice Frankfurter's opinion, there was a brief concurring one by Justice Whittaker, who said that he agreed with the court's judgment but that it seemed to him the decision should be rested not on the Fifteenth Amendment, which concerns the right to vote, but on the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which was the basis of the school-segregation decisions. He took care to add that his thesis, "incidentally, clearly would not involve, just as the cited [school-segregation] cases did not involve, the Colegrove problem."

That this indeed remains a problem for the court could be discerned in a cryptic postscript to Justice Frankfurter's opinion, which read, "Mr. Justice Douglas, while joining the opinion of the Court, adheres to the dissents in Colegrove v. Green, 328 U. S. 549, and South v. Peters, 339 U. S. 276."

The court will have further opportunity to confront the gerrymander problem, for since the Tuskegee decision a Tennessee case that contains no element of racial discrimination but concerns legislative malapportionment only has come up before it, and this will be heard next term.

WHILE the Tuskegee gerrymander case was in process, another legal attempt to give Negroes in the area access to the ballot box was being carried on by the federal Justice Department. This effort was directed against the Macon County Board of Registrars, who were accused of strictly limiting, by means of delaying tactics and various other devices, the number of Negroes permitted to register to vote (including many with Ph.D. degrees), while at the same time registering without hindrance whites who were illiterate. This was the board I had watched in action—if "action" is the right word—on one of the



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days I was in Tuskegee. I had been told then that only about a thousand of an estimated fourteen thousand Negroes of voting age in Macon County were registered; and since then the United States Commission on Civil Rights has ascertained that in 1960, although Macon County had only 2,818 eligible whites, there were 3,310 names of whites on the voting rolls—one hundred and seventeen per cent representation. This March the government's suit against the Macon County Board of Registrars finally came to trial in Montgomery before United States District Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr., who issued a sweeping ruling ordering the board to cease discriminating and to speed up its procedures. Specifically, Judge Johnson directed, among other things, that a number of obviously qualified Negroes be registered at once; that fifty words be the maximum any applicant need be required to read and write in order to prove his literacy; that applicants must be informed within twenty days after their examination whether they have passed or failed, and if they have failed, for what reason (hitherto it had been the board's practice not to bother to notify Negroes whom it was rejecting); and, finally, that the board was to report its progress to the court once a month. Henceforth, in Judge Johnson's words, the board could not refuse to register any Negro "whose performance in attempting to qualify is equal to the performance of the least qualified white applicant ever registered."

A few weeks earlier, this same Judge Johnson, abiding by the principles the Supreme Court had enunciated in Justice Frankfurter's opinion, had ruled Alabama Act 140 unconstitutional and ordered that Tuskegee's boundaries revert to what they had been before. The matter was considered so open-and-shut, in fact, that the Judge issued this ruling merely on the basis of the written briefs submitted by opposing counsel, without listening to any oral argument. Thus ended three and a half years of litigation in the case of Gomillion v. Lightfoot.

A SHORT while ago, after I had allowed time for both of Judge Johnson's decrees to take effect, I called up Professor Gomillion at Tuskegee Institute to find out how he felt about the legal victories, and to ask him about the general atmosphere prevailing between whites and Negroes in the aftermath of the court rulings. He was cautiously optimistic. "The mayor we have now, Howard Rutherford, seems to want to be open-minded," he said, in the level,

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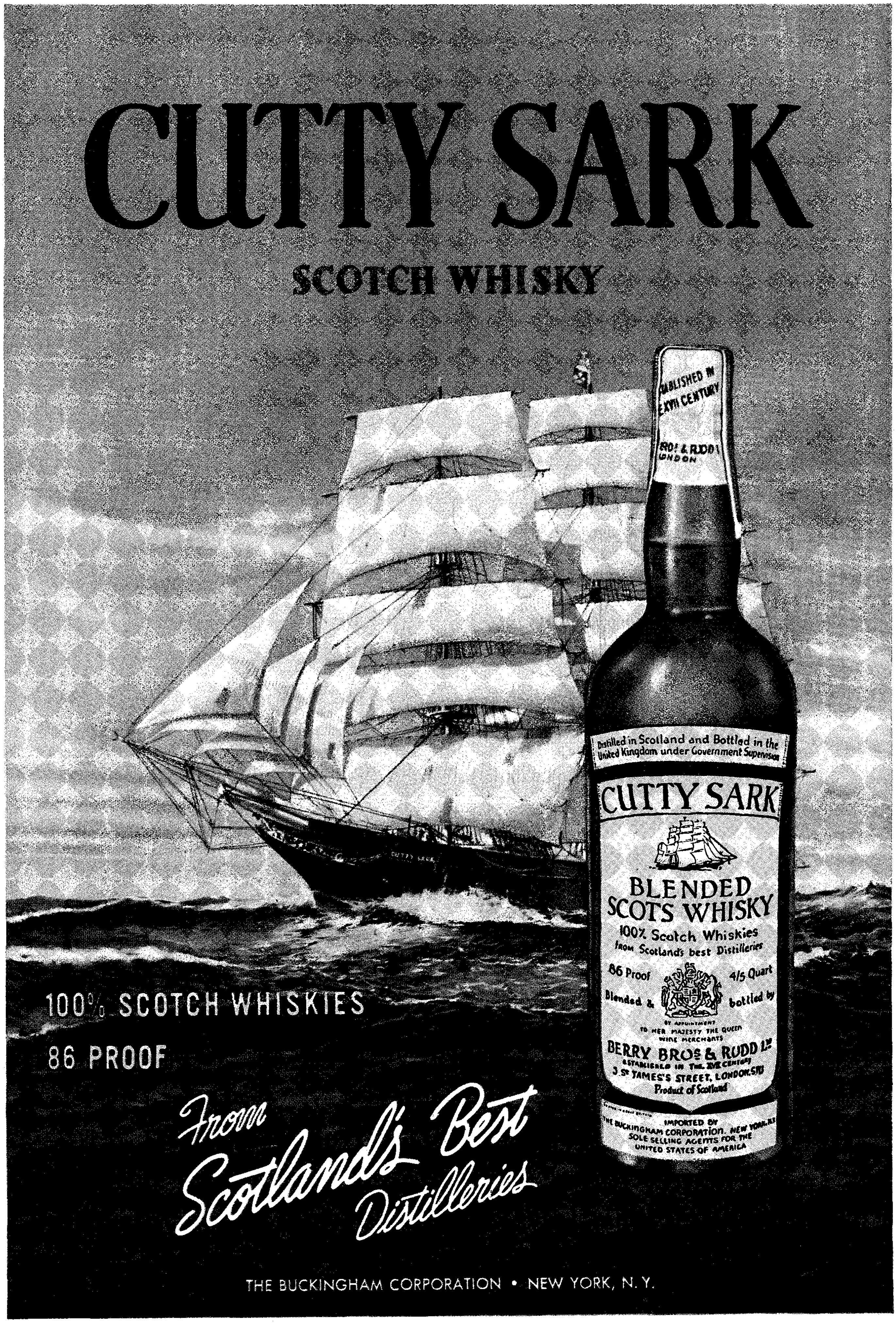
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careful tones that I recalled from our previous conversations. "He's said he'll oppose any attempt to reopen the gerrymander question, and that he intends to treat all of the town's citizens, white and black, fairly. The board has been registering about twenty Negroes at each session, and although we still think we're encountering some needless hindrances, it's certainly an extraordinary change. So all the litigation has been worthwhile."

I asked him if there had been any threat of violence.

"No," he said, "not in Tuskegee. And we don't anticipate any, though I may be being over-optimistic. Conceivably, trouble of some sort might develop as Negro voters in the city approach parity with the whites. That's the prospect, of course, that gives the white politicians nightmares, no matter how we insist that we don't intend to run a Negro slate of candidates, and that all we want is a situation in which there can be representation on the basis of merit, not of color. So it's possible that, out of panic, they might take some drastic action—not physical violence, necessarily, but something like abolishing Macon County altogether and dispersing it among its neighboring counties—an action that's already been authorized by a state referendum, and that's being held as a reserve weapon to be used if the legislature decides the Negroes here are pressing too hard for their rights. We hope that, because of the Gomillion versus Lightfoot decision, the politicians will see the folly and uselessness of such a move and not try it. But you can't be sure what panicky people will do. It's possible that in the immediate future things are going to get worse, here and throughout the state. But it's my feeling that within a few years after that they're going to get much better." He paused, then added, very carefully, "I hope I'm not wrong about that." —Bernard Taper

(This is the second of two articles on the Tuskegee gerrymander case.)

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Kennebunk* (*Maine*) *Star*]

The space age dominated the theme of the 8th birthday party of Jeffrey Fontaine, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fontaine, York Street. The birthday cake, made by Mrs. Fontaine, was in the shape of a three stage Nike missile. The base of the missile was frosted in green and held miniature men, the second stage white, and the third stage a bright orange. On top of the cake sat a toy missile and rocket. Five guests joined Jeffrey in celebration of his birthday on Tuesday, April 25. Lunch was served and games played.

From Angel

Four new musical "refreshers" for your summer pleasure!

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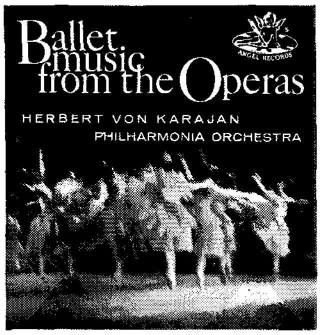

BALLET MUSIC FROM THE OPERAS Herbert von Karajan and the Philharmonia Orchestra weave magic for a summer's eve with the finest ballet excerpts ever recorded, including selections from Aïda, Khovantschina, Prince Igor, La Gioconda and Tannhäuser. ANGEL (S) 35925

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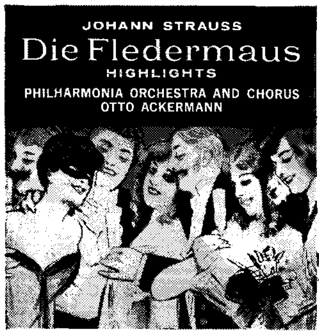

DIE FLEDERMAUS HIGHLIGHTS A bubbly collection of eight enchanting excerpts from the bright, sparkling "Champagne Opera" by Johann Strauss, featuring stars of the Vienna State Opera. The Philharmonia Orchestra and chorus is brilliantly conducted by Otto Ackermann in a performance that is pure fun right down to the last snore of the inebriated jailer. ANGEL (S) 35915

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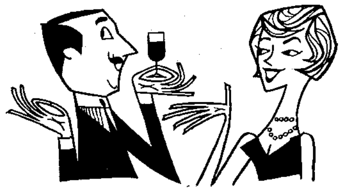

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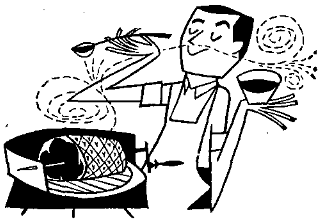

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IN "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire is as wonderful as ever, which makes it doubly sad that the picture, for all its surface glitter, is a very shoddy piece of work. Mr. Astaire appears as a fading remnant of the international set who comes to San Francisco, after many years of batting around the world, for the wedding of his daughter, whom he hasn't seen since he left home during her childhood. The girl's mother has married a rich lawyer, and the girl herself is about to marry a rich young rancher; everyone is extremely well off. The father decides—either for some disruptive purpose of his own that I couldn't make out (or refuse to believe) or maybe just for the hell of it—to break up the wedding by wooing the daughter away from her fiancé. He invites her to cruise with him aboard a yacht; he escorts her about town, slipping into Italian or French as the situation seems to demand; and he dazzles her with a spate of Lonsdale-and-water chatter studded with allusions to celebrities, dead and alive. By the time he is through, the girl has started to look at her cattle-raising fiancé with some distaste—which is nothing compared to the distaste with which the cattle raiser and especially the mother, who has been through it all herself, view the father.

The situation is outrageous, but outrageousness can be all to the good in high comedy. The trouble here is that "The Pleasure of His Company" is an imitation, and a bum imitation at that. To cast Fred Astaire, an artist at comedy and the most charming actor on earth, as a charmer so obviously fraudulent that everyone is on to him could not have been a worse idea, no matter how pat it may have looked to whoever arranges these matters in Hollywood. The role—a dog-eared, pirated edition of what we have come to expect of him—is one that he simply cannot play. So he doesn't play it; he makes fun of it by adding a little fakery of his own and, by some secret magic, manages to bring the whole thing off. Lilli Palmer, by turns rueful, frantic, and sardonic, is fine as the mother; she also has the brightest of what is available in the way

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So come to Vermont this year. All is forgiven — even that nasty business at Bennington in 1769. (You should never have sent those surveyors in the first place.) ►

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VERMONT
is a state of mind

of lines. Debbie Reynolds, in the thankless part of the daughter, does her best to appear impressed by the patter she is subjected to, and in general behaves with more ingenuousness than any San Francisco heiress you ever heard of. The clothes that Edith Head has designed are lovely, and the settings inside the family mansion and at various spots in the city are impressive. At one point, somebody watching Mr. Astaire whirl Miss Reynolds around a ballroom remarks, "He sure doesn't dance like a father." It's God's own truth.

"MAN IN THE MOON," a British farce that takes some fond pokes at astrophysics and rocket travel, has a few amusing scenes, notably those in which we watch a highly dedicated trio of astronauts being put through their gymnastic paces, and those in which we watch a highly dedicated trio of scientists, overwhelmed by academic emotion, trying to get an equally emotional response by short-wave radio from an imperturbable young man (Kenneth More) who has been chosen to precede the astronauts to the moon because of his immunity to all physical ills. In addition to Mr. More, I enjoyed Michael Hordern, as one of the scientists, and Charles Gray, as the most tight-lipped and competitive of the astronauts. Shirley Anne Field is shrewd and cute as a burlesque stripper with whom the young man becomes entangled. On the whole, though, I must confess, I found the movie pretty tedious.—EDITH OLIVER

•

JAPANESE SURGEONS have succeeded in putting together the opened flesh and skin with a binding fluid in two minutes after an appendectomy, dispensing with the usual sewing.

Tokyo University Hospital surgeons had been testing the "instant surgery" on dogs and rabbits since February last year and after seventy cases tried it on two human patients.

The first patient left the hospital two days after his operation. He was alive.
—*Manila Chronicle.*

What's that got to do with it?

•

Mrs. Klinger showed the strain she had been through when she was living in dangerous territory. Her hair was pulled back in a bun while at her throat which complemented her navy blue tailored dress was a multistrand of beads. She warned that the Communist has an answer for every problem and in this way many women were nabbed at coffee klatches.

But we are asking: What is the answer?—*Northridge* (*Calif.*) *Northridger.*

A plainer throat arrangement would be a start.

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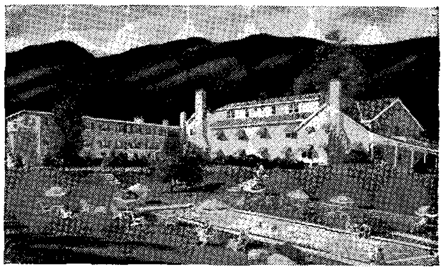

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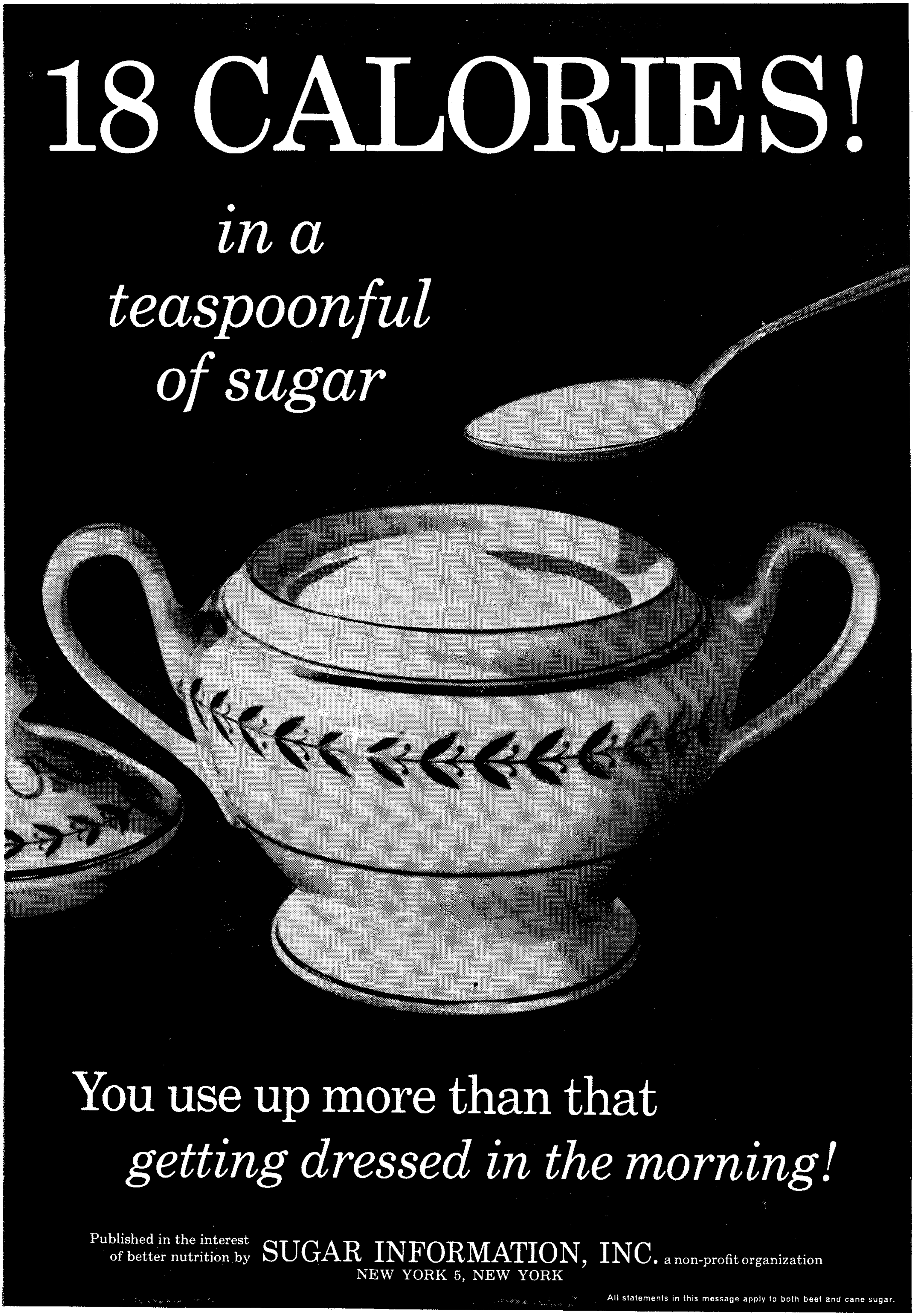

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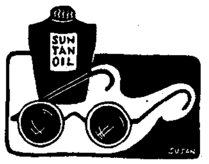
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

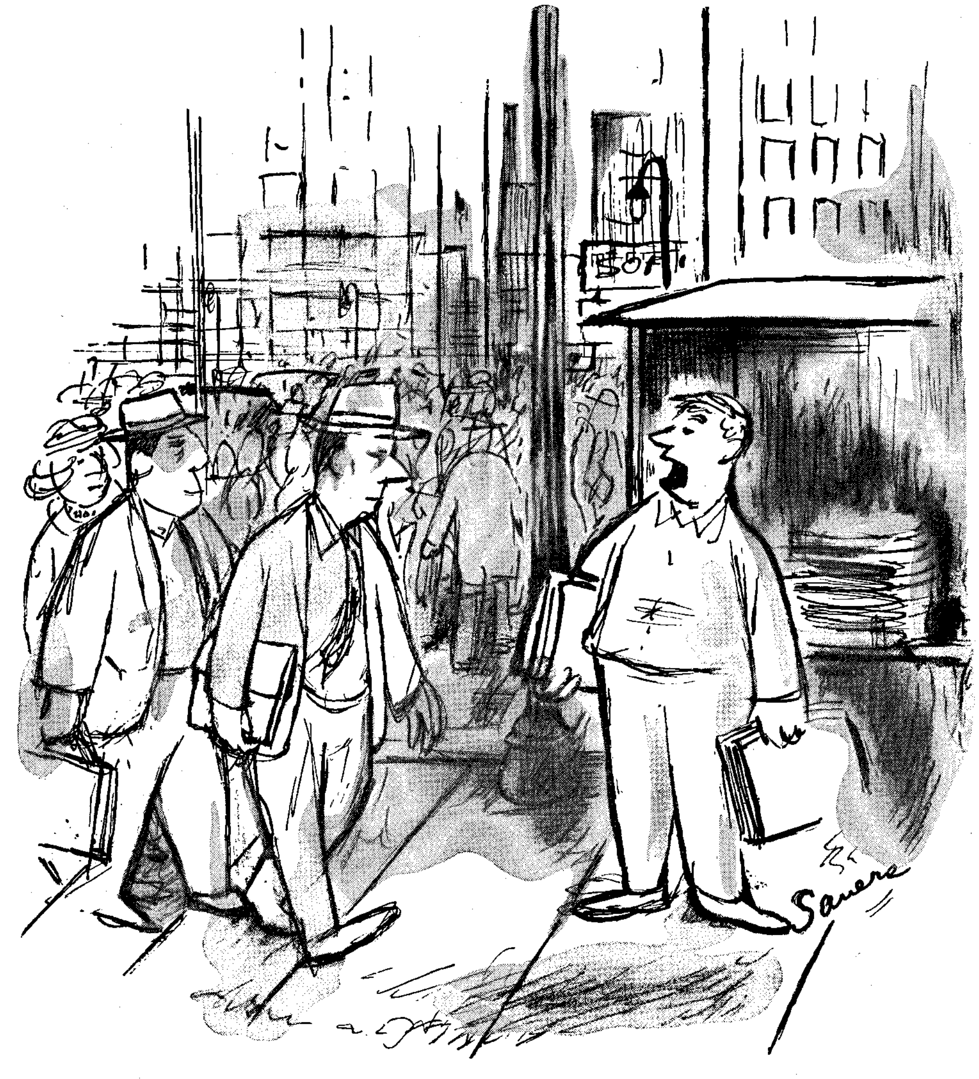


THE fifth-floor sports department of Lord & Taylor, which has been gambling against scary odds that there would be an honest, for-real summer this year, has (just in case) assembled a practically global collection of things to keep cool in. From Tahiti: Scoop-neck adaptations of native dresses, as comfortable as negligees, whose slit sides fasten with small frogs. The means to these ends are scarlet cotton printed with enormous white tropical blossoms and royal-blue cotton printed with gold blossoms. Similar dresses, of purple cotton with white flowers, fasten by frogs at the high, round yokes and at the hem. From India: Street-length coats (just like Nehru's) of pistachio hand-woven cotton embroidered with forest-green teardrops, or of purple hand-woven cotton with white teardrops; shirt dresses with a flair and a flare (well, it just slipped out) that are fastened at the small standing collars by self cords and that appear in silk that's grass green, turquoise, or parchment. From Italy: Marvellous coat dresses (they look precisely like shirts) with notched collars and short sleeves, in cotton with enormous copper and white checks, plus even more enormous white pears appliquéd down the front; the same dresses in blue and white checks, plus two appliquéd white peacocks almost two feet tall; more urban versions, but all right for out-of-town, too, of cotton with irregular lavender, Mediterranean-blue, teal-blue, fuchsia, and black stripes, and embellished down the right side and at the left hem with four huge black birds that could be pigeons if they weren't all wearing topknots. Up to here, everything is $29.95 or $39.95. Rudi Gernreich, of California, contributes shirt dresses with turnover collars and tab closings; white crêpe on which are printed Shocking-pink poker chips is one of the ideas, and delft-blue crêpe with an insert of ginger crêpe bordered by jade green down the left side is another. More formal shifts, of Shocking-pink crêpe with bands of orange crêpe on the straight-across necks, the cuffs of the short sleeves, and from the left shoulder to the right hip, look Hindu instead of West Coast. These Californians run from $55 to $79.95.

THE House of European Specialties, which is at 22 East 56th Street, owns worldly-wise and easy-to-pack clothes that were born to the manner in France and Italy. Among them are crocheted suits of rayon-and-silk in a caning pattern. Their cardigan jackets are edged with knit ribbing and lined with harmonizing silk; their straight skirts are lined with rayon taffeta. Beige, toast, and black with beige knit ribbing, or black, gray, and white, or turquoise, royal, navy blue, and white with white ribbing gives an idea of the color schemes. These deals are $95, a fairly representative price. Two-piece suits whose overblouses have small self bows at the notched necks and at the notched hems are of wool knit or silk jersey in pink, yellow, black, pale green, or white. The overblouses of two-piece wool-knit dresses in the same hues are circled by narrow sashes of knit around the hips, and there are wide scallops at the hem. The skirts of all these are straight.

DAYTIME-INTO-EVENING dresses that weigh less than two ounces apiece, of silk matte jersey, exist in Macy's Little Shop. Most of them are sleeveless shifts with necks that are high and round or else scoop, but some of them have shoulder-tip décolletages and long, slender sleeves. Black, emerald green, chocolate, magenta, taupe, beige, and electric blue are just some of the colors, which are solid. Rayon matte jersey that weighs in at an ounce or two more is a haven for stylized floral prints, and these end up as shifts with deep V décolletages and no sleeves (pea-green background, and foreground of hyacinth and royal-blue tulips and pond lilies) or with shoulder-tip necklines and three-quarter sleeves (electric blue with garnet pond lilies and leaves) or with scoop necks, no sleeves, and elasticized waistlines (white with violet, fuchsia, and blue dahlias, plus asters and poppies). The matching and movable sashes are part of the tab, which runs from $37.50 to $69.95.

In another state of mind is the Little Shop's huge agglomeration of compassionately priced cotton beach sepa-



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rates and dresses from Puerto Rico, such as shorts, halters, skirts, shirts, and "coolers," which are overblouses with ruffled drawstring fence collars and puffed sleeves, to say nothing of one-piece culotte dresses, sun dresses, and street-length muu-muus. The fabrics—Puerto Rican, too—are yellow cotton with orange and gold blossoms, blue cotton with green and chartreuse blossoms, and orange cotton with nasturtium-red and muted-yellow blossoms. For that matter, the shorts and halters run as well to orange or aquamarine blue, and the skirts can be a patchwork quilt of three of the prints.

PECK & PECK is beguiling the customers with one of those unassuming little can't-live-without-it dresses, this of black Helanca stretch yarn, which I have a feeling will soon discard any bagginess encountered on a long journey. A boat neck, short sleeves, and a narrow black leather belt tying with long leather shoestrings are how you'll recognize it. Muu-muus of white terry cloth would be useful for all sorts of occasions—after a shower, after a swim, as a beach dress, for lounging around the house, or for being shot out of a cannon. And there are shorts and tapered slacks in subdued batik Madras (dark blue or green usually prevails), *and* knee-length skirts with box pleats that suggest culottes, *and* street-length wraparound skirts (all these skirts of burnt-orange, green, wine, or blue cotton homespun), *and* brief pants of white cotton gabardine that cover the kneecaps and fasten with double rows of pearl buttons, *and* overblouses (with cardigan necks and rolled sleeves) that can be tucked inside skirts, shorts, or trousers (white cotton in Paisley patterns—wine-and-green, burnt-orange-and-sapphire-blue, or cocoa-and-gray, not to mention white, blue, or yellow cotton oxford cloth), *and* slinky blouses (V, boat, or scoop necks, or else convertible collars) of white Arnel jersey vertically striped with triple rows of navy, green, or red.

DELMAN'S good-looking low-heeled pumps of black patent leather or beige calf are outlined by rows of perforations, and mates of white, powder-blue, pink, or pale-yellow suède have punchwork perforations along the edges of the turnover tongues. All of these are $36.95. Then there is a collection of audience-participation shoes, such as high-heeled pumps of black-and-white print silk, the white part of which can be tinted to match whatever you had in mind—say, a pink cocktail dress. Silk

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or calf pumps, in solid colors and on medium or towering heels, can likewise be done to whim—strewn sparingly or lavishly with tiny round bead flowers or vines, with baguette beads, with organza choux, or (presumably) with the next running of the Grand National—and $37.95 is the very least this is going to cost. A day or two is all that's required.

BARN AT BEN ROBYN, which is *not* a pedigreed Scotty, is over at 143 East 62nd Street, and one of its purposes is the issuance of slim, fluffy, or bulky hand-knit sweaters from the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina. (Lonesome pines, on the other hand, come from the Blue Ridge Mountains of *Virginia;* see your friendly neighborhood lumberyard.) A blend of mohair, wool, and nylon yarn does most of them. There are collarless open jackets, ending-above-the-waist boleros, and pullovers with standaway rolled collars or bateau necks, all in thousands of hues, including turquoise, pale orange, apricot, and moss green ($30 to $45), or whatever other color is wanted, if a body can wait maybe three weeks. The handmade ceramic jewelry in the Barn comes from farther south—Jamaica, W.I. Flexible single-strand chokers are a mass of lovebirds, hibiscus blossoms, pineapples, bananas, vines, and a red native vegetable that looks a bit like a pear; chunky bracelets bristle with cream-and-gold pineapples; handsome band rings, not at all arts-and-crafts, are covered by sky-blue or jade-green fish and studded with infinitesimal pearl beads or coral nuggets, and are ideal as condiments for cotton dresses; pendant earrings are shaped like octopuses (turquoise, gold, or white, with pearl-bead eyes), hands of bananas, or daturas. The range is from $5 to $25, including the federal tax.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN's Boutique is fond of twenty-six-inch necklaces of jawbreaker-size wooden balls encrusted with small oval wooden beads, and of matching pendant earrings—beige, blue, or orange and Shocking pink combined, and $15.35 and $4.35, respectively, That Tax included.

BONWIT TELLER's first floor has a jumble of goodies: (1) bouffant evening wraps of shimmering silk organza, with standaway collars and below-elbow sleeves, at $49.95; (2) fluttery chiffon evening stoles—six feet long, two feet wide—dotted with giant-size silk daisies, at $18.95; (3) chiffon hoods ending in stoles, and treated to

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shed raindrops, at $3.95; (4) sturdy, down-to-earth—or should I say to-sea?—sailcloth beach boots, lined with terry cloth, that tie at the ankles.

ANGELO TORRICINI, who is at 172 East 61st Street, is making voluminous beach capes with matching buttons at the bias closing (and they can double as skirts) of cotton striped with the gaiety of beach umbrellas, or of water-repellent canvas in white, blue, pink, or yellow. They take $30 and one week.

CERUTTI, at 807 Madison Avenue (68th), has been thinking about adult slacks for the children it takes care of—slacks with foot straps, and in hot-pink acetate-cotton-and-rubber stretch yarn, to go with shirts of white cotton on which strawberries, pears, apples, crab apples, and watermelons appear in print. These are $19 a set, for little girls sized 7 to 14. For *any* children in the same bracket are tailored blouses of white cotton (radishes, carrots, asparagus, cabbages, lemons, and oranges are the reading matter) and cotton shorts striped in white, green, orange, lemon, and carrot; $12 a set. Brother-and-sister play suits for the smallest of fry are of blue-and-white striped drip-dry cotton; cotton turtles in orange, turquoise, purple, yellow, and green are the decoration. One-piece swimming suits, of emerald-green Helanca stretch yarn, have high necks wreathed by hyacinth-blue flowers and black foliage on white cotton, and this undergrowth, or overgrowth, also serves as suspenders that tie in bows at the very bare back. Capes of the print that could also act as skirts are to be used as coverage.—M. M.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The World as Will and Idea," by Arthur Schopenhauer*]

Why has the sight of the full moon such a beneficent, quieting, and exalting effect? Because the moon is an object of perception, but never of desire. . . . Further, it is sublime, i.e., it induces a lofty mood in us, because, without any relation to us, it moves along forever strange to earthly doings, and sees all while it takes part in nothing.

•

Mercedes-Benz is showing off a new model called the Executive Coach, a super de luxe vehicle with a lounge that converts into sleeping berths, table, chairs, refrigerator, toilet, air-conditioner, etc. Slated to sell for $11,500, the model was designed by Ralph Bower of Goshen, Ind., manufacturer of $13.50 bird feeders.—*The News.*

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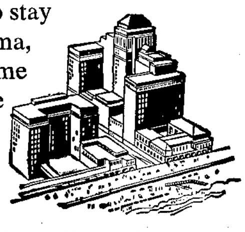

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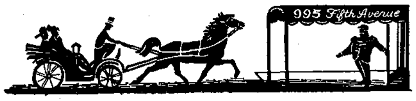

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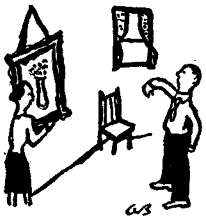
THE ART GALLERIES

Futurismo



FUTURISM, now the subject of a fairly extensive loan exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, has at least one thing in common with a number of other modern European schools: like Dadaism, Orphism, Surrealism, and so on, it started with a "manifesto." In this case, it was an article by Filippo Marinetti, "Foundation and Manifesto of Futurism," published in 1909, setting forth its aims and theories. These were much the same as those of all other rebellious young groups in the history of art—that is, down with the old and up with the new. But they were stated in more aggressive terms than usual ("flood the museums . . . set fire to the libraries!"), and the article caused an immediate sensation throughout Europe. Marinetti, however, was a poet, and it wasn't until a year later that he issued "Futurist Painting: Technical Manifesto," which formally included the plastic arts in the movement. This was signed by Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, Luigi Russolo, Giacomo Balla, and Gino Severini. It was not, however, until the year after this that the first exhibition of real, live Futurist paintings was held, in a gallery in Milan. This was in April, 1911, and the movement died, more or less a casualty of the First World War, around 1915. Already it had begun losing its cohesiveness and fervor, and the last paintings in the current collection at the Museum show either—as in Severini's "Flying Over Reims"—a partial return to the principles of Cubism that had at first both attracted and repelled the artists (they were impressed by its audacity in the face of tradition but impatient with its classic, static qualities) or—as in Boccioni's "The Drinker"—a tendency to fall back on the purely figurative.

Futurism was thus one of the shortest-lived of all the short-lived modern art movements. During the four or five years it lasted, though, it was certainly one of the liveliest, and—while a product of the supposedly erratic Italian mind—one of the best-organized for the maximum of publicity. Speed, ruthlessness, violence, energy—these were the qualities Marinetti admired most in modern life, and the Futurists did their best to live up to specifica-

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tions. Manifesto followed manifesto, alternating with noisy demonstrations and counter-demonstrations. Every exhibition—and showings were arranged not only in Italy but throughout Europe—turned into a riot or a rally, if not both. Yet they were all sensationally successful—to the point that at times, as one looks back, one might suspect that some extremely deft press agentry had been involved, if it were not far more likely that it was all an explosive result of the tensions and anxieties of those restless prewar years.

For all their extravagance, the Futurists did produce a respectable number of outstanding paintings, as the present collection reveals. Some hundred and thirty items are listed, including a small group of what might be called pre-Futurist efforts, by Balla, Carrà, and others of the coterie, which indicate the background of the main figures in the movement. These works are mainly traditional in manner, from the dutifully Pointilliste "Spring in Montmartre," by Severini (done in 1909, however, when he was barely twenty-six), and the oddly Expressionist "The Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by Carrà, to Boccioni's cheerfully neo-Impressionist "Portrait of the Sculptor, Brocchi." Yet already there are signs and signals of change—in, for instance, Balla's study of a deserted and half-wrecked office building called "Bankrupt," with its emphasis on contemporaneity, and in the tumultuous movement of Boccioni's "Riot in the Galleria." This, though, may be all in the way of *arrière-pensée* on my part. Anyway, the main part of the show is concentrated on the half decade that saw the rise, the flowering, and the death of the Futurist movement. This part of the affair is arranged in what amounts to a series of small one-man exhibitions of works by the half-dozen principals of the school, and this disrupts the chronological sequence a little. Even so, I was surprised to observe how great the stylistic development was—all within the set patterns of the school's theories—just in that brief period. In a way, it is a lesson in miniature on how great is the need the artist has for a set of principles—a style—to guide him.

Boccioni, I think, was the most talented of the group, the man with the widest intellectual range and surest technical facility. Balla was the most intuitive, and hence more attuned to the emotional implications of the movement and of the period. Although done in 1908 and conventional in manner, his "The Stairway of Farewells," with

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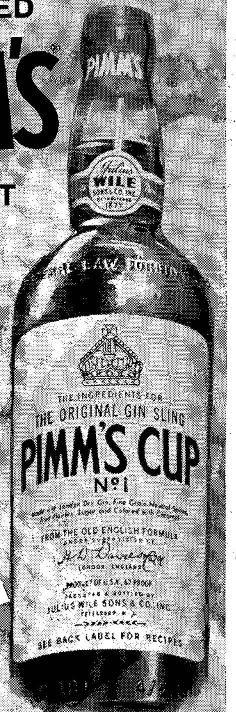

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its concentric pattern and slightly elegiac mood, has a curiously premonitory atmosphere; without quite knowing why, one can't help feeling that it could only have been done at that time and in that era, and that it marked a turning point, presaging things to come. A year or so later, Balla was doing "The Street Light—Study of Light," an attempt, and a fairly successful one, to apply optics to painting. A few years after that (speed, speed was the watchword of the Futurists: "A roaring motorcar, which looks as though running on shrapnel, is more beautiful than the 'Victory of Samothrace' "), he turned out such pieces as "Speeding Automobile," "Abstract Speed—Wake of Speeding Automobile," and, perhaps the best of the lot, "Speed of an Automobile + Lights," with its lively refractive suggestion. (At the time, the top speed of an automobile was around sixty miles an hour.) His "Flight of Swifts" and "Swifts: Paths of Movement + Dynamic Sequences" are more cleanly successful. But by now theory was outdistancing inspiration (speed, again), and the last paintings he did while still in the movement—"Mercury Passing Before the Sun as Seen through a Telescope" is an example—seem more than a little labored.

Speed, too, was a preoccupation of Boccioni's. But he approached it in slightly more considered fashion. Or perhaps it might be better to say that his concern was with movement, not necessarily vertiginous, and since (in the "Riot in the Galleria," of 1910, as well as in later paintings) his treatment also has philosophic overtones, his work is a good deal richer in connotation. In his three paintings called "States of Mind," he reveals himself to be concerned with the primarily psychological problem of the relation between the rhythmic pattern of a picture and its emotional evocation. In the first one, "Those Who Go," the design is built on jagged diagonals, suggesting—or so Boccioni believed—the haste of the departure; in "The Farewells," the structure is sinuous and involuted, to convey the confusion and excitement of leavetaking; in "Those Who Stay," the basic pattern consists of a kind of curtain of heavy, waveringly descending verticals, suggesting the emotional relapse after the parting. Boccioni was more of a colorist than his fellows. (See the almost kaleidoscopic "The Laugh" and the still more abstract "The City Rises," in the first of which the attempt is to convey with high-pitched color the strident animation of a cabaret, and in

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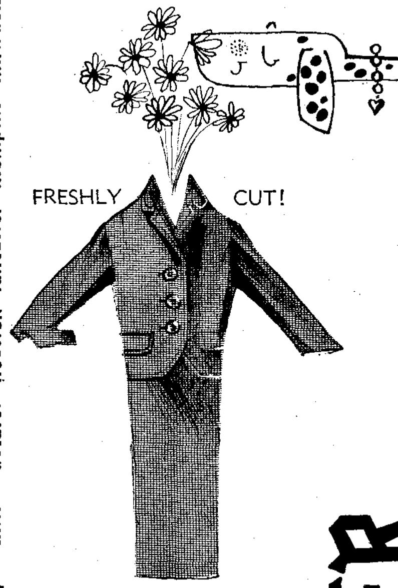

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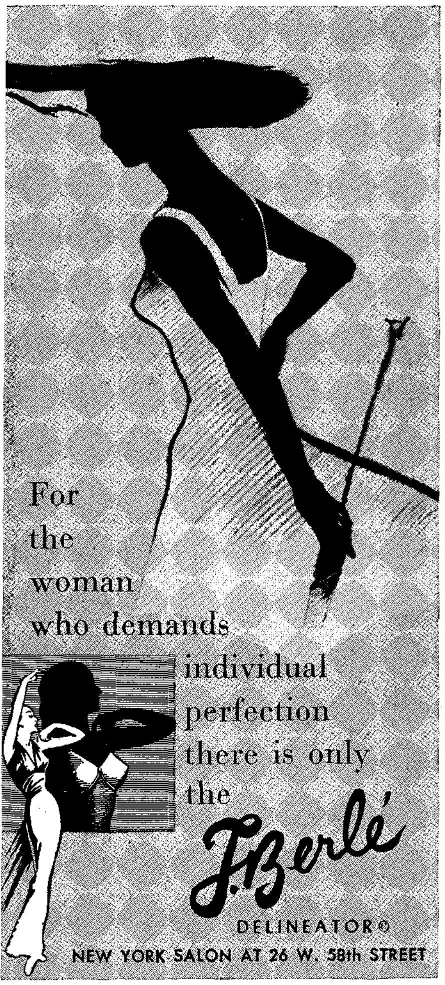
the second, as I take it, the tornadic force of a civil uprising.) Pure movement, however, was his main preoccupation, and though at times he could get so engrossed in the sheer mechanics of it that he lost sight of its deeper plastic values, he was able, while still pursuing his theme (as in "Dynamism of a Soccer Player" and "Horse + Rider + Houses"), to produce paintings of true power. Boccioni, too, was about the only man who was able to translate the busyness of Futurism into sculpture, and "Development of a Bottle in Space" and the famous study of a striding figure called "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space" are likely to remain among the landmarks of the movement.

Carrà, another of the talented ones, was the *romanticist of the coterie*, and his "Leaving the Theatre," with its mysteriously cloaked, leaning figures, is a truly poetic creation. After that, the group ravels a little. There are nice pieces here and there (Ugo Giannattasio's twinkling "The Revolving Door of the Taverne de Paris" and Mario Sironi's solid "Self Portrait" are among them), but these are countered by others that are simply outlandish, and the feeling throughout is of works—and men, too—of secondary importance.

There is much to be said, both pro and con, about Futurism. Historically, it was no more than a flash in the pan: brief, excited, disorderly. (But so were the times it appeared in.) It also had ugly political undertones, though not all these were of its making. Mussolini did his best to take it over and revive it after his rise to power. (After all, wasn't it the first real revival in Italian art since the Renaissance, and wasn't he the embodiment of Italy?) He was not overly successful, though, and the real bent of the Futurists themselves had been a kind of vociferous, half-baked anarchism. Yet it had in its own way a certain validity and, in spite of its brevity, a considerable influence. Marcel Duchamp must be bored by now with having his "Nude Descending a Staircase" called the greatest non-Futurist Futurist picture. Such it is, however, while, speaking more generally, Futurism's exaltation of the machine and the machine age lies at the very basis of our modern appreciation of clean functional design.

The show, at any rate, was long overdue, for the school and its artists are still not overly well known in this country. On leaving New York, it will be seen at the Detroit Institute of Arts and then at the Los Angeles County Museum. —ROBERT M. COATES



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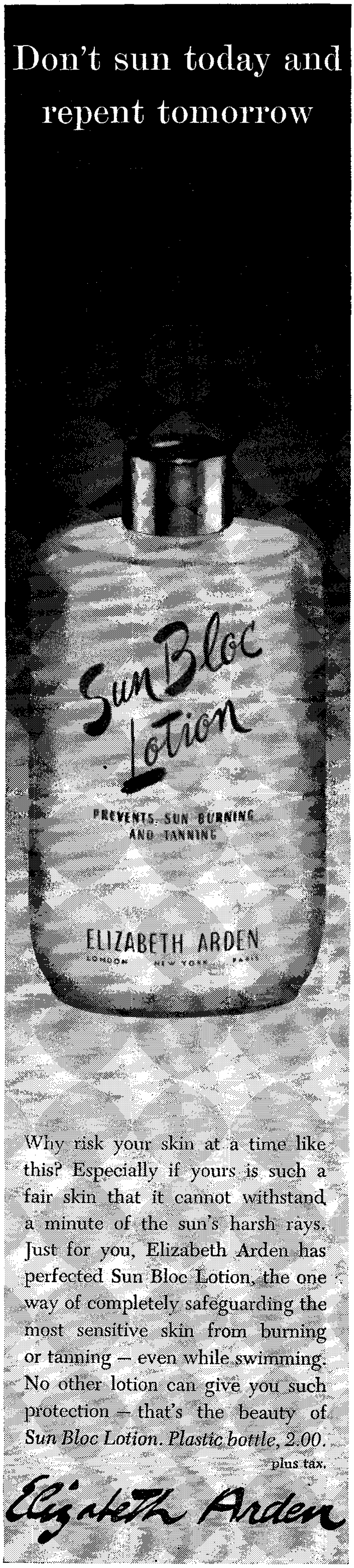
NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXVII—MARIETTA, O.

ALT., 618. Pop., 16,847. When it comes to history, or at least a sense of history, Rome, Italy, has nothing on Marietta, O. Neither, for that matter, has Athens, Greece. History took hold of Marietta some years back and won't let go. Every man, woman, and child in Marietta is a highly vocal round-the-clock historian, a bubbling fount of lore, most of it strictly local. Mariettans feel no compulsion to clutter up their minds with unimportant details; i.e., persons and events that involve places other than Marietta. "Why, there's more genuine history right down in that little old corner of Marietta where the Muskingum flows into the Ohio than most cities ten times the size of little old Marietta could possibly hope to handle," a little old Marietta resident said not long ago. Strangers in town who stop local citizens on the street and ask to be directed to the point where the Muskingum does, in fact, flow into the Ohio must be prepared to be pinned down, perhaps for hours. "Where the Muskingum flows into the Ohio?" the Marietta resident will say. "I'm sure glad you brought *that* up. No question I'd rather answer. Funny part is, when those first settlers—there were forty-eight of them, and it was April 7, 1788, in the morning, around nine, ten, eleven o'clock, with General Rufus Putnam in charge, and he's buried right here in Marietta in the Mound Cemetery, along with twenty-three other officers of the American Revolution, positively the most officers of the American Revolution buried *in any one cemetery in the entire country*—well, the funny part is, when those settlers arrived they missed the Muskingum, slid right past her. They had come down from New England after the Ordinance of 1787 opened up the lands west and north of the Ohio, and had formed the Ohio Company of Associates, and they had in mind going up the Muskingum a short way. Well, sir, that morning they missed the Muskingum. It was a natural error, caused by fog. Not much of a miss, really, since they backed water, and landed right at the point where the Muskingum flows into the Ohio. They called it Picketed Point. You'll find it down by the Hotel Lafayette, and the Hotel Lafayette parking lot, where Post Street runs into Ohio Street. Best thing, just walk down Putnam, turn left, walk down Front, turn right, and you'll be there."

Judith Shahn

A man who walks down Putnam and turns right, instead of left, on Front must be equally prepared for a sidewalk seminar. The simple query "Am I heading in the right direction for the Return Jonathan Meigs Home?" will not receive a simple answer, and perhaps does not deserve one. "Fourth Governor of Ohio—1810 to 1814—Return Jonathan Meigs was," a Marietta resident will reply. "House built in 1806. United States Senator from Ohio—1808 to 1810—who subsequently went into the Cabinet as Postmaster General of the United States under James Madison. Directly opposite is the Monument to the Start Westward. Can't miss a look at the Monument to the Start Westward! Cost one hundred twenty-seven thousand dollars even. Gutzon Borglum carved it. It's on the left bank of the Muskingum, where General Arthur St. Clair took up his duties as first Governor of the Northwest Territory, in 1788. He had a daughter Louise. I hear she was a beauty. St. Clair had been in the Revolutionary Army, and had been President of the Continental Congress, but he isn't in the Mound Cemetery. Meigs is. General Tupper is. General Tupper's son Major Tupper is. Commodore Whipple is. And a whole slew of Stone Age Indians are. There are little old green park benches on top of the conical mound in the Mound Cemetery, and I don't know if you are interested in history, sir, but you just plunk yourself down on one of those green benches and you are sitting right on top of a mess of history. It was three months and eight days after Putnam landed, down where the Muskingum flows into the Ohio, that St. Clair took up his duties and established the first civil government in the Northwest Territory. Better see Putnam's house. You go over to the Museum, on Second and Washington, not far from the W. P. Snyder, Jr. The Snyder's a steamboat—sternwheeler. Tied up now; her days are gone. Diesels finished her off. Navigation is pretty well gone on the Muskingum now, too. The river has narrowed a lot since the early days, and she's full of deep holes. The fellow with the captain's hat and the spiel down at the



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FOR LITERATURE WRITE DEPARTMENT GF-791a
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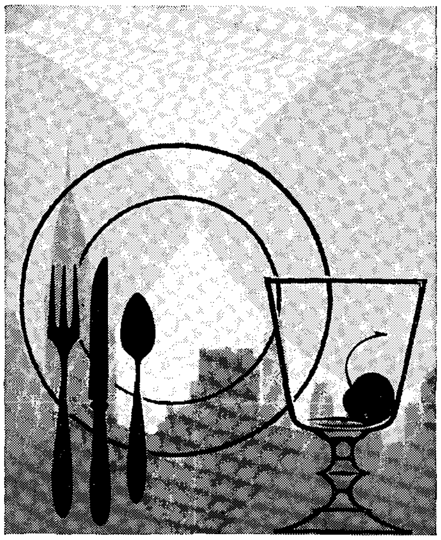
Snyder used to manage the A. & P. Walk down. Take a look. He likes to feed Quaker Oats to the bluegills. Just tosses the oats over the side. You were asking about the Return Jonathan Meigs Home. Well, sir, there it is, staring you right in the face."

The corner of Washington and Second must be approached with special caution. The historical hazards there are formidable. "Looking for anything special?" a Marietta resident is likely to ask a stranger who is waiting for the light to change. (Marietta residents can spot a stranger every time.) The question is loaded, and leads into labyrinths from which few strangers return unscathed. There are no records of visitors to Marietta who have avoided being mousetrapped at the corner of Washington and Second. "You are standing directly across the street from the Campus Martius Museum," the resident will continue, "and if you have a few moments I would be delighted to take you through. I may have to leave before you see *everything*, but there's always somebody in the Museum I know, and I'll hand you on." Visitors are advised to go along quietly, concentrate on the Museum, and keep calm. Above all, keep calm. Study the General Rufus Putnam House, which has been installed, intact, within the Museum (a box within a box); glance at the old beams, the shaving mugs, the foot basins, the writing chairs. Keep calm. The resident will soon spot another resident, and turn you over to him. He will continue the tour without dropping a syllable of the narrative thread. "Here's the model of Campus Martius, a stockade where four hundred persons could be lodged," the new guide will say. He may be a child of ten, but keep calm. Pointing to a corner of the model, the young professor will say, "Mary Lake established her Sunday school here in the northeast blockhouse. General St. Clair lived with his beautiful daughter Louise in the southwest blockhouse. The Campus Martius was a hundred-and-eighty-foot square, with blockhouses at the corners." The ten-year-old may spy a young girl walking through the Museum. "There's my sister!" he'll cry. "Hey, Sis, I have a visitor to Marietta!" Sis will take over without blinking. Sis may be twelve, but keep calm. "Right over there, across the way, is the Ohio Company Land Office," she'll say. "This is the original building, you understand, but it originally stood—if you want to walk back there—about a quarter block west, 'cross Washington Street. Built in early 1788. No older building in the North-



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west Territory. Men came here who wanted to buy land, get allotments of land, find out where the land was by looking at maps, and so on. Have you seen the River Museum in the basement of the Campus Martius? You can't leave Marietta without seeing the River Museum! Models of the Sprague, the Telegram, the Tecumseh, the Tom Greene, the Buckeye State, the Robert E. Lee, the Guiding Star, the Queen City, the Tornado, the Kate Adams—all river boats. We'll just go back inside and down one flight, and on the way see all the red-and-silver whistles of the old boats. I wish we had time to see the Rathbone Elm. I'll find someone to show you the Rathbone Elm. Have a cousin. The elm has a branch spread of a hundred and sixty feet, a height of a hundred and one feet, a circumference at the ground of fifty-five feet. Biggest elm in the entire country. Out by Muskingum Drive, near Davis Avenue. It will only take you a few minutes. The poor Rathbone Elm is dead now."

A GOOD deal of living Marietta history revolves around S. Durward Hoag, the proprietor of the Hotel Lafayette, down where the Muskingum flows into the Ohio. "Mr. Hoag is something of a historical marker all by himself," a Marietta resident said recently. In actuality, Mr. Hoag more closely resembles a volcano than a historical marker. The volcano is active, and in almost continuous eruption. Its lava has seeped into every corner of the city, and a considerable distance up and down the Ohio River. "Mister, you'd have a hard time finding anything in Marietta today that S. Durward Hoag doesn't have a hand in somehow—regional planning, industrial development, Chamber of Commerce activity," a Marietta resident may remark to a stranger who is standing on the corner of Putnam and Fourth wondering what time it is. "Incidentally," the resident may continue, "that building right here is the Betsey Mills Club, birthplace of Charlie Dawes, who became Vice-President of the United States. And don't miss Lookout Point! But S. Durward Hoag—he runs the best hotel along the Ohio. He believes in parking space. Calls his hotel a *motor* hotel. There's plenty of parking space, and all lighted at night. Square bathtubs in the hotel. Ice cubes in a big ice machine on every floor, twenty-four hours a day, with aluminum scoops. Hoag's bellhops believe in service. There is always one seated on a chair right by the elevator, ready to hop to. Radios, television, air-conditioners, lamps by the beds and over

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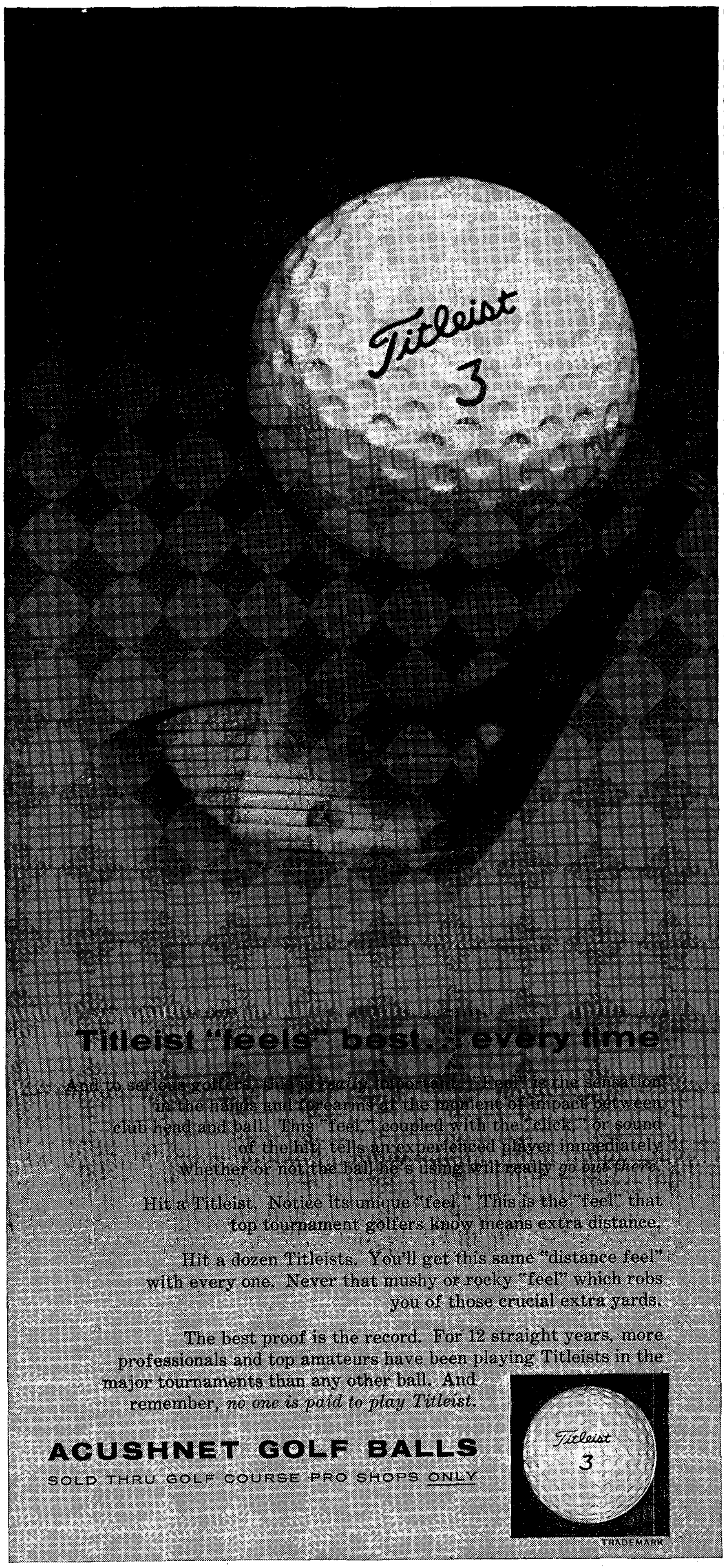

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the beds and hidden in the woodwork. And *pictures!* Hundreds of photos of Marietta and the Ohio—river views, town views, country views, views of the bridges—all taken by S. Durward Hoag. When S. Durward Hoag isn't taking pictures of the Ohio on the ground, he's up in a plane taking pictures of the Ohio from the air. He has them blown up to mural size, and his wife hand-colors them. Conference rooms in the basement—the Ohio Valley Room, the Muskingum Valley Room, the Duck Creek Valley Room, the Wolf Creek Valley Room—for industrial meetings, with movie projectors! And ashtrays in the elevator! There's a big eleven-foot pilot wheel from a river boat right up in the ceiling of the Gun Room—the big eating room—and another eleven-foot wheel in the lobby. And some of the rooms upstairs have old-fashioned green metal balconies, where a guest can take his shoes off, sit at his leisure, and look out on the old Ohio, and see the bridge into West Virginia, and watch the tows go by. You can sit there and think of Blennerhassett Island, downriver—that's part of the Aaron Burr story—or watch the Muskingum flow into the Ohio. If you have a minute, I'll take you over and . . ."

The president of Marietta College and his wife have no more chance to escape history than any other couple living in Marietta. They live in a large red brick Colonial-style house, built in 1818 (the year Go Away Ezra Tupper returned), that has four two-story-high gleaming white pillars and is perched on a rise overlooking the campus. Everywhere within the house are paintings, objets d'art, and bric-a-brac connected with Marietta history. They are so numerous and so overpowering that the wife of the president has lost track of what belongs to her, what belongs to the college, what belongs to Marietta, and what belongs to the point where the Muskingum flows into the Ohio.

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Oh-oh!

A SUMMIT DIARY

BOSTON, MAY 29

TONIGHT the President, summit-bound on his birthday, which happens also to be the eighth anniversary of Hillary's conquest of Mount Everest, ended a graceful speech in the Commonwealth Armory with some words inscribed at the base of a statue of William Lloyd Garrison on Commonwealth Avenue: "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." It is a noble credo for an emancipator or for a statesman militant, but it does not seem precisely applicable to Mr. Kennedy's work at hand, which he had described earlier in his speech as an effort to do his utmost to lessen the possibility of war by miscalculation or by misunderstanding. The words nevertheless brought much applause from the Democratic politicians celebrating his birthday at a hundred dollars a plate, and, if not examined too literally, were appropriate enough to tonight's occasion. A thought that struck a few people in the President's audience, however, was that General de Gaulle and Nikita Khrushchev were probably giving very similar assurances to whatever corresponds to a hundred-dollar-a-plate crowd in their countries. Both of them, like President Kennedy, have been describing the purpose of the meetings that begin the day after tomorrow as an exchange of views rather than an exchange of concessions. But every meeting of men of great power is a transaction of some sort; what are known as "views" are not just opinions but policies and commitments—counters in the game that are every bit as real as real estate or disarmament agreements. All men in the position of these three must say to their citizens and their supporters that they are in earnest. They must promise not to equivocate, even when they are madly bent upon equivocation. They must insist that they will not retreat a single inch, even when they know they may have to retreat a good deal more than an inch. The basic rule is to be found in Thucydides, who describes the Athenian spokesmen at Melos as advising the Melians that it will be necessary in their discussions to "aim only at what is possible, for we both alike know that in the discussion of human affairs the question of justice only enters when the pressure of necessity is equal, and that the powerful exact what they can and the weak grant what they must."

To do what he can to avert war by miscalculation is surely one of the President's primary aims in seeing Mr. Khrushchev, and most of the people who are getting ready to take off for Paris tonight believe that this aim provides the journey with its most attractive justification. If he gets anywhere at all, though, it will be by somehow personifying the Garrison motto—particularly its opening and closing statements. A show of earnestness by this new representative of American and Western power and an insistence upon being heard may have some impact on events. The moment does seem to be one in which, thanks to missiles and nuclear warheads, the pressure of necessity is roughly equal on both sides, and there is a belief, as well as a hope, among the President's advisers that he will add a new element of strength to the Western position when he confers with Mr. Khrushchev—and also (not quite so important but important nevertheless) when he confers with General de Gaulle. It is their belief that one of the real weaknesses in American diplomacy over the past several years was the low and doubtless unfair opinion that Mr. Eisenhower's fellow-summiteers held of him. Rightly or wrongly, they

"You can sit and commune with nature all right! Why can't you sit and commune with me?"

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say, neither General de Gaulle nor Mr. Khrushchev was ever convinced that Mr. Eisenhower was in earnest. They did not believe that he had as much power available to him as he said he had, and they did not believe that he was determined to make the most of what he did have. The new President, it is being said here tonight, sets forth not only to take their measure but to ask them to take his. There are, to be sure, acknowledged dangers, especially in the confrontation scheduled for Vienna. Mr. Khrushchev may not see in our young President quite all that Theodore Sorensen and Charles E. Bohlen see in him. The Soviet Premier's schooling in Marxism inclines him to believe that no President of a capitalist country has any real authority. Walter Lippmann, when he talked with Mr. Khrushchev a while ago, found in him a good deal of sophistication about world affairs in general but an appalling naïveté about the nature of American society. Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Lippmann reported, was absolutely unshakable in his view that Mr. Kennedy could do no more than Nelson Rockefeller authorized him to do.

During this long evening in Boston, one sometimes wondered what strange impressions Mr. Khrushchev might have gained if he had been able to observe the proceedings in the Commonwealth Armory. Some five thousand Democrats either paid or got someone else to pay a hundred dollars a head so they could sit for hours in this bleak bastion of the Massachusetts militia—a place of almost total military obsolescence—being served food possibly on a par with that in the Kremlin commissaries for bureaucrats of the third or fourth rank, and listening to oratory that might be matched, but surely not exceeded, in feebleness at a party rally in Ulyanovsk or Petropavlovsk. In his time, no doubt, Mr. Khrushchev has eaten such food and endured speeches of similar number, length, and mediocrity. And he must have been in many cavernous rooms decorated for the occasion with bunting just as frowzy as the green dropcloths that were hung here to celebrate the attainment of forty-four years of age by an Irish-Catholic Bostonian recently made President. Mr. Khrushchev would surely comprehend (as General de Gaulle surely would not) the good sense it makes for the head of a powerful government to put in an appearance at affairs of this sort; Soviet politics are said to involve as many bad banquets as American politics. But there were features of this evening's affair that would

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have been bound to startle Nikita Sergeyevich if he had been able to convince himself they were taking place before his eyes. The Soviet Premier knows that the American President is a man with a great inherited fortune. He believes him to be supported and controlled by Nelson Rockefeller, who has an even larger fortune. Why, then, should the President, his mind obviously on the events of the week ahead, be sitting around in a place like this in order to raise half a million dollars or so with which to pay off the debts of the Democratic Party in Massachusetts? The United States government has put about four hundred times that piffling amount into buying guns for indolent Laotian soldiers who don't want to use them. What strange species of demagogy, Khrushchev would surely have wondered, could lead the rich President to stand up and talk about all the money available to, of all things, the party out of power, and to bleat about the poverty of his own party? And what could Khrushchev possibly have made of the fact that, with thirty or forty politicians to be applauded as they moved to the head table, the banqueters gave by far the largest hand to a certain Howard Fitzpatrick, the sheriff of Middlesex County, who is currently under indictment on a charge of criminal negligence in the escape of two prisoners from the county jail? Mr. Khrushchev's comprehension would not have been increased by having it explained to him that Mr. Fitzpatrick was an entrepreneur of note as well as a law-enforcement officer, that he was in the catering business, among others, and that he had, indeed, catered this dismal banquet. What might have struck the Premier as a phenomenon of unutterable weirdness (if he did not dismiss it immediately as a symbol of contemptible weakness) was the fact that the President of the United States could not deliver the address concluding with the words "I will be heard" until after some ten lesser officials, one priest, and one poet (an octogenarian named Frost, who spoke very briefly and advised his Harvard-Irish friend to be more Irish than Harvard in the next few days) had been allowed to detain the gathering with their speeches. During the evening, White House officials had suggested to the banquet committee that, in view of the ordeals that lay in wait for the President during the next week, he be allowed to deliver his talk first, or at least a good bit earlier in the program. The banquet committee, it is said, expressed sympathy for the President but pointed out that he wasn't the only Democrat

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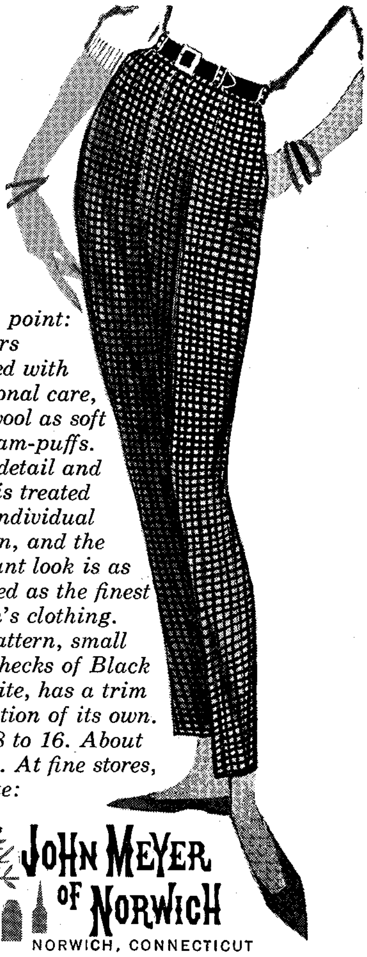

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around who liked a captive audience, and that it would be a great injustice to the rest of them to be asked to follow him. (The crowd would thin out after he had spoken, and the reporters would dash for the telephones.) Two or three scheduled speakers were asked to withdraw and did so; the President was moved from fifteenth or sixteenth place to thirteenth.

It is possible, of course, for an American to argue that all this is very good for the President and actually adds to his strength in many ways. But it would probably be impossible for a Russian to understand.

PARIS, MAY 30

THE word from informed sources in the Quai d'Orsay, the American Embassy, and the Hôtel Crillon is that General de Gaulle is in earnest and will not retreat a single inch. He wants nuclear weapons for France. He wants no American nuclear weapons in France unless he can control them. He sees no sense in the "integration" of French forces under NATO. He will listen to no equivocation about Berlin. He doesn't intend to pick up his part of the check at the United Nations. A few American observers who have been studying the French position have thought that the question of United Nations responsibilities might be the one negotiable item on the agenda. But the French say that this simply is not to be. General de Gaulle thinks that the United Nations is a ridiculous organization. Mr. Kennedy has been advised not to speak the words "United Nations" or "Nations Unies" in the great man's presence but, if he must discuss events on East Forty-second Street, to refer to the organization without mentioning it. Presumably, he could say, "I told Adlai Stevenson to take up the matter with the Canadians in New York," or something of that sort, but there should be no reference to the U.N. itself. If there were, General de Gaulle would carry on at tiresome length about "*les nations désunies*." The President has also been advised not to speak of NATO by name. He might say he would like to see France do more for "the West," but the General, it is said, is very irritated by talk of NATO, and it is best to humor him in this matter. Another word that annoys him is "integration." Synonyms, of which there are many in both languages, should be used. It is not known whether the President will heed this advice. It is known only that it has been conveyed to him by close associates.

Much of the talk here today has centered on reports of new "contingency

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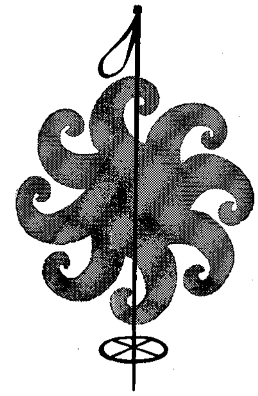

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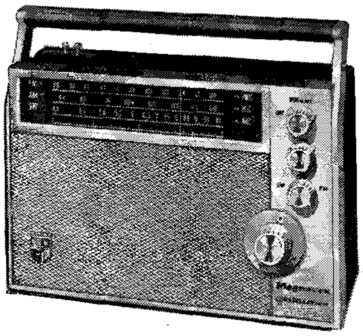
plans" for the defense of the Western position in Berlin. It is said that military men from the Western occupation powers have worked out a series of responses to provocations that might be anticipated after a Soviet-East German peace treaty. Serious harassment of Western highway traffic through East Germany would, for instance, almost automatically bring about the dispatch of armored convoys down the Autobahn and through Helmstedt, the principal East German check point. The plans are said to have the approval of the military leaders of Great Britain, France, and the United States, but the political and diplomatic leaders reportedly hold varying views of them. The British dislike the notion of being committed to specific actions in response to events that have not yet occurred. The French are all for the contingency plans and, it is reported, would even favor earlier and more forceful responses than the Americans are prepared to make. President Kennedy, according to diplomats who are awaiting him here, is said to have come closer and closer in recent weeks to the belief that our reactions must be powerful and speedy. He tends to feel that a three-power consultation after a provocation would lead to intolerable delays and might result—as consultations so often do—in nothing ever being done.

General de Gaulle's view of Berlin does not rest on any extraordinary attachment to the idea of that city as a symbol of liberty and independence. His admiration for the Berliners is by no means as great as, say, President Kennedy's. And, of course, he knows full well that the thought of fighting any kind of war to honor a guarantee to a German city is abhorrent to the majority of his people. What lies behind his firmness, it is said here, is his certainty that there will never be a war over Berlin. He is less impressed than the British and the Americans by Mr. Khrushchev's seriousness; he is, in fact, a good deal less impressed. "De Gaulle is tired of all this talk about the Berlin 'crisis,' " one reasonably well-informed source said this afternoon. "He thinks that it's all a lot of talk and that what the West ought to do is call Khrushchev's bluff the moment he gives us the slightest excuse for doing so. De Gaulle's advisers believe that just about any Western action that appeared to the Russians to involve a threat of war would lead to a quick and probably lasting settlement. What the French would really like is an early showdown, followed by a conference that would leave the Oder-Neisse line as the eastern



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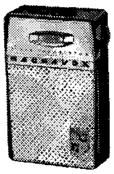

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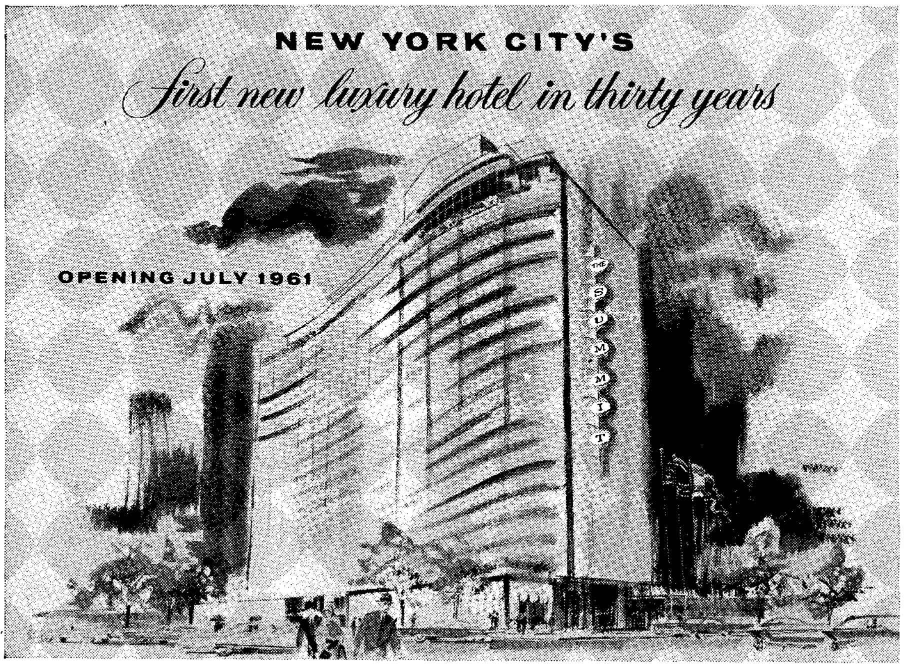

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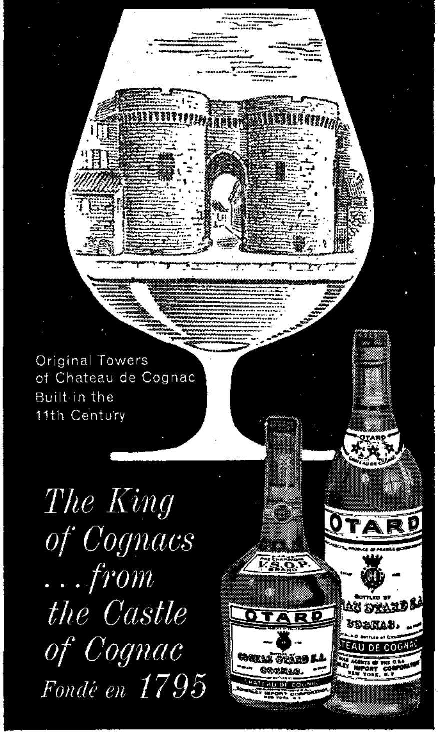
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boundary and would put an end to all agitation, from both Germanys, for unification."

It is expected that Berlin will be the first subject taken up when the President arrives tomorrow. It will be the easiest one to dispose of.

PARIS, MAY 31

EVERYONE says that it was a splendid day for the President and Mrs. Kennedy, and undoubtedly it was. Two almost totally extraneous events, however, kept it from belonging to them alone. One was the surprise ending of the trial of the mutinous generals Maurice Challe and André Zeller, and the other was the surprise ending of the life of Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo. The news that the French public prosecutor, Antonin Besson, had said he could not bring himself to demand the lives of the generals seemed more interesting to many people—most notably, of course, to Frenchmen—than the news that General de Gaulle and President Kennedy had discussed Berlin for thirty-five minutes and found themselves to be of like mind. (One of the questions pondered by many journalists here was why the trial had been scheduled to coincide with, and reach its climax during, the summit meeting. It was bound to draw attention away from the talks in the Elysée Palace, and the French tend to believe that nothing happens in official life unless someone wants it to happen. The rival attraction, incidentally, kept a good many of the mobile television units of Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française busy at the time of President Kennedy's arrival, only a few minutes of which were shown on television.) The assassination of Generalissimo Trujillo was something else. Interest in it was mostly created by the White House. Early in the evening, Pierre Salinger, the President's press secretary, came bustling into the Crillon in white tie and tails and called a press conference. He announced that word had been received from Washington of the shooting of Trujillo, and said that on this account the Secretary of State would not fly to Paris to join the Franco-American talks but would stay in Washington, for a period of unstated length, to follow developments there. He had no details of the assassination, he said. He could go no further into the reasons for the decision to keep Mr. Rusk at his desk. Within a few minutes, he was back at the Elysée Palace, leaving behind a group of journalists speculating on how the United States knew so quickly of Trujillo's death (it was

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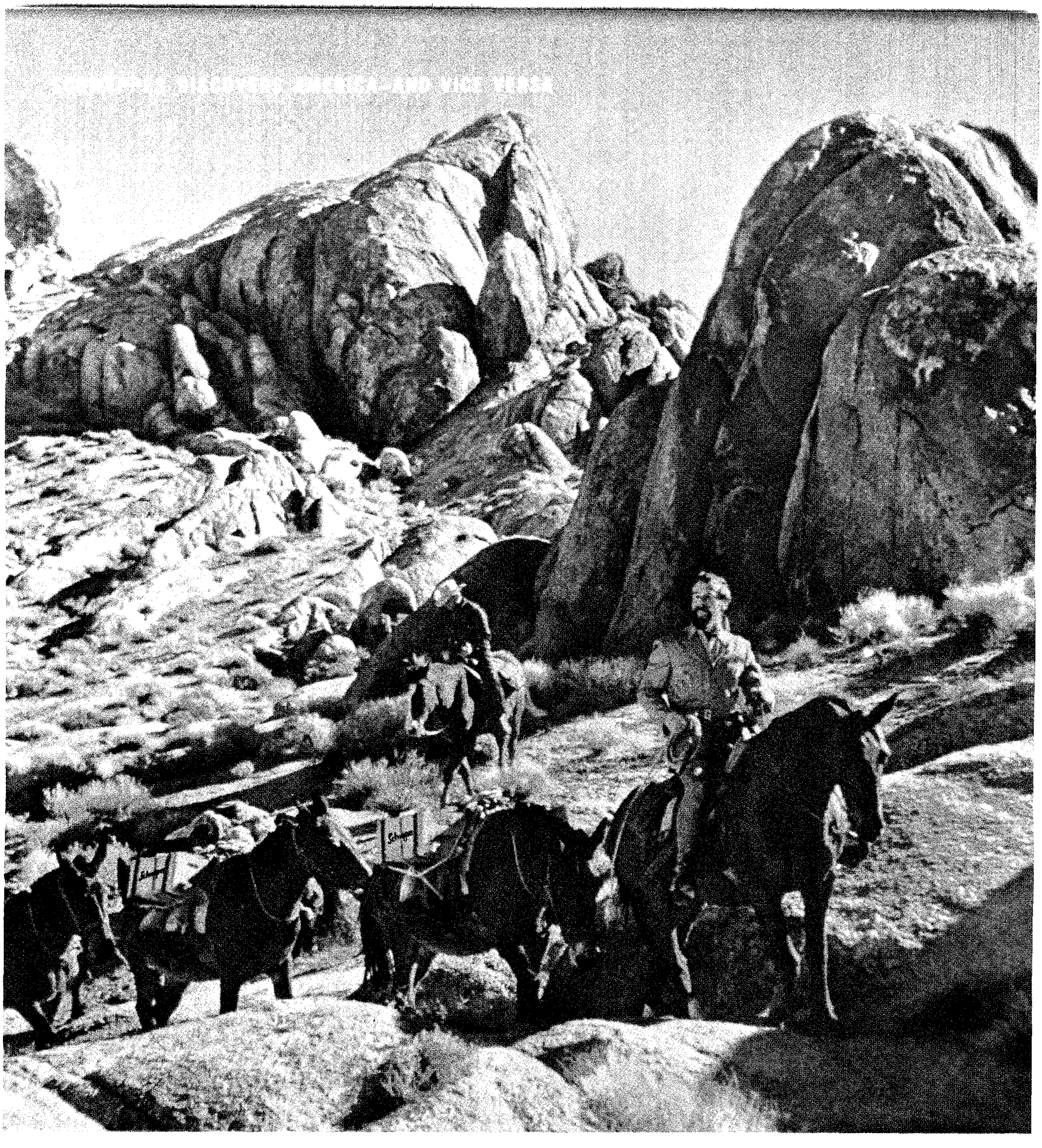
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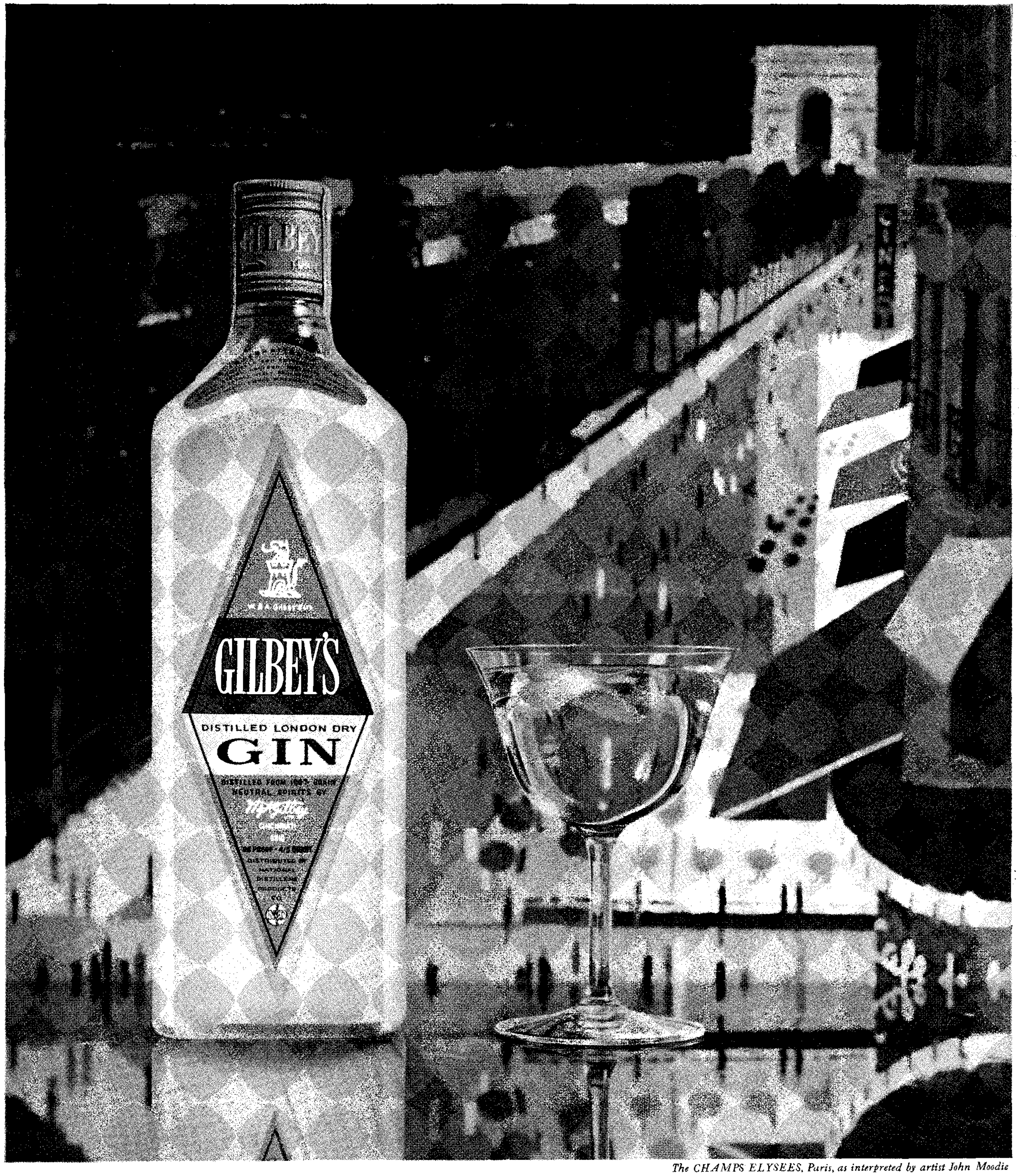

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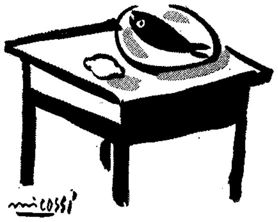
being denied in other places, particularly in the Caribbean), on what part the C.I.A. might have played in it, and on what made it important enough to change the Secretary of State's plans. A number of foreigners felt that the affair revealed, as Cuba had done before, that the Kennedy administration has a questionable system of diplomatic priorities.



In the early afternoon, Mr. Salinger announced that General de Gaulle and the President had spent thirty-five minutes on Berlin and had reached "general agreement." He would not go beyond that not very satisfying phrase. The French briefing officers, however, had another one—"complete identity of views." They agreed, though, on the time it took to reach whatever degree of accord was achieved. Thirty-five minutes divided by two (for translation) is seventeen and a half minutes—rather little for a discussion of one of the most difficult and crucial issues in the world. It may have been, as the diplomats like to say, "fruitful," but it could hardly have been searching.

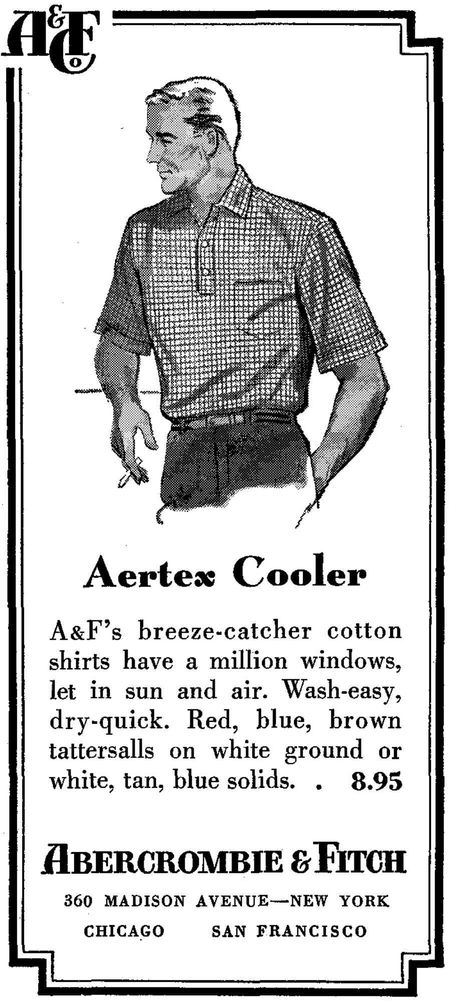
This morning the White House released to the press the text of the toast that the President was to deliver at tonight's dinner in the Elysée Palace. It was yet another tribute to the French for their love of freedom, their magnificent culture, and their excellent statesmen, particularly "a man who is both a superb military leader and an extraordinary statesman, both an erudite scholar and a practical lawgiver—your President, General de Gaulle." It contained two nuggets of a political nature. One was the assurance that "American forces will remain in Europe as long as they are required, ready to meet any threat with whatever response is needed." The other seemed to be a promise that the Kennedy administration was committed to French *grandeur* as the Roosevelt administration had never been. Mr. Kennedy cited from General de Gaulle's memoirs a complaint the author had once made to an envoy of Roosevelt's—that the United States had never "given the impression that it wants a great and strong France [or] that it is doing what it can to help France remain great and to become great again." After reading this, Mr. Kennedy, according to his text, added, "I want to say to you, General de Gaulle, that the United States of America, today and in the future, considers its fate linked to that of France—that we want a great and strong France—and that we will do whatever we can to help France remain the great nation she has again become under your wise and courageous leadership." The advance text, along with commentary pointing to the significance of these two statements, went out to the press of the world. The President, though, threw away the text. The toast he actually proposed was a bit cozier and more familial in its flattery of the French, a bit less filled with the rhetoric of history and great events. "I sleep in a French bed," the President said. "In the morning, my breakfast is served by a French chef. I go to my office and the bad news of the day is brought to me by my press secretary, Pierre Salinger—not in his native language—and I am married to a daughter of France." No mention of American troops, no effort to be one up on Franklin Roosevelt.

The press felt betrayed—a sensation not wholly unfamiliar to most of its members. Was the White House repudiating its commitment on troops in Europe? Was the President welshing on *grandeur*? What was the meaning of the switch? No meaning at all, the White House said at eleven-thirty or so through Andrew Hatcher, Mr. Salinger's deputy. "We stand by all texts," he said. The press, at that late hour, was happy to accept this. The words the President never spoke are now part of the raw material of history. The words he did speak are pretty well lost.

PARIS, JUNE 1

THE ideal summit meeting—in fact, the only defensible summit meeting, according to most students of this branch of diplomacy—is one that ratifies agreements already reached by men below the summit. Recent history offers few examples of the ideal, or of anything approaching it. What seems to be happening in Paris, and what is hoped for as the best outcome possible in Vienna, is the principals' arrival at some sort of acceptance of disagreements that men below the summit have found it impossible to overcome.

The President and General de Gaulle met twice today, as they did yesterday, and discussed Africa, Latin America, and Western unity, this last meaning Western disunity and the unmentionable NATO. The official briefings conveyed this intelligence and only this. Mr. Salinger announced that any other American briefings the reporters might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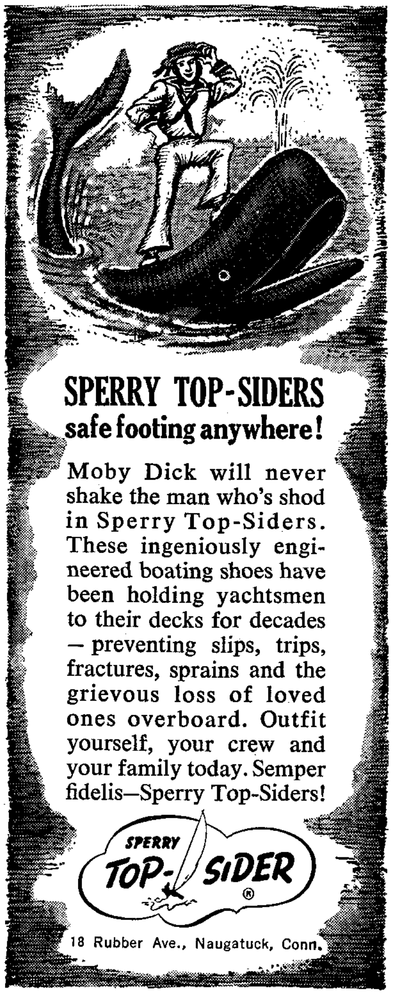
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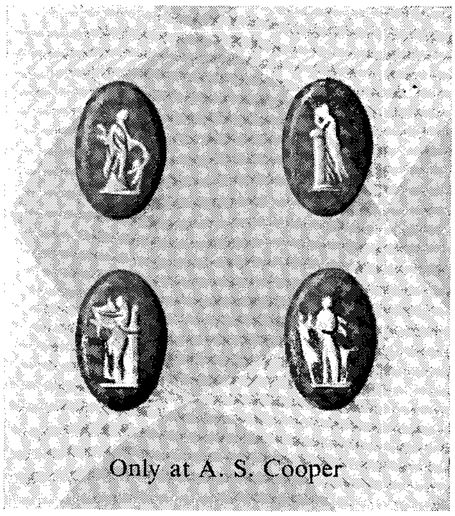
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have been asked to attend "will not take place." It was not as if a whole series of expositions had been called off; only one other briefing had been announced—not publicly but in written messages delivered to the American correspondents. It had been cancelled, an official source acting unofficially explained, because the man who was to give it had seen the President for only three minutes and had thus been unable to get the President's version of what had taken place. It seems likely, though, that if anything terribly interesting or unexpected had happened, or if the President or General de Gaulle thought that the moment had arrived to announce any gratifying successes, time would somehow have been found. One gathers that they were candid in setting forth their differing views and realistic in acknowledging their common need to live with their differences. There can be peaceful, even amicable, coexistence between the United States and France.

To the astonishment of no one, Mrs. Kennedy is charming the Parisians. She would be an immense success even if she were not of French ancestry, spoke not a word of French, and bought all her clothes at Woodward & Lothrop, in Washington. Paris is accustomed to welcoming aliens, and even alien spirits. But a Jacqueline Bouvier married to the President of the United States, wearing a Givenchy gown to Versailles, and shedding an inch of hair to honor the shades departed from the Hall of Mirrors—it is all simply too good to be true.

The President is carrying out his own ceremonial duties dutifully and, on the whole, admirably. One cannot be certain whether he is bored or delighted by it all. Listening to the speeches that preceded his own today in the Hôtel de Ville, he fidgeted endlessly and wore a look of abstraction. At times, the muscles about his mouth and jaw moved perceptibly, giving the impression that he was talking to himself, perhaps remarking on how different it all was from Boston, or how similar (there was probably at least one Sheriff Fitzpatrick in the gathering, and plenty of five-hundred-francs-a-plate types), or phrasing a telling point to be made in the conversations with Mr. Khrushchev. In all probability, he is not so much bored as impatient, not so much delighted as aware of the high ironies and historic oddities of the moment. He is young enough to be startled at finding himself where he is; after all, General de Gaulle was a "great captain of the West" the year he was a senior at Harvard. He is also young enough to be contemptuous of ancient ceremony

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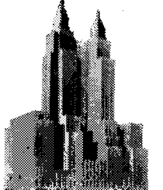

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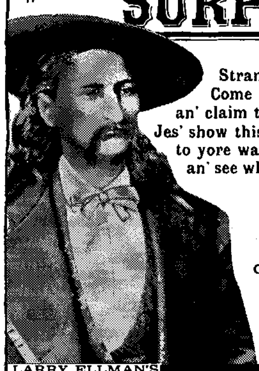

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when it gets in the way of the vital affairs of the moment. When he rises to speak, though, there is scarcely a trace of remoteness in his look. Addressing Paris and France and Europe is very serious business, and in the last couple of days he has been close to the top of his oratorical form.

PARIS, JUNE 2

THE talks are over. They lasted, in all, eight hours, or four productive hours. Nearly all that time, the two men were alone with their interpreters. The official communiqué and the interpreters' notes are, for the time being, the only documents available to anyone, and the interpreters' notes are available only to a few government officials. What most people take to be the key passage in the communiqué reads:

> These conversations have shown the fundamental agreement that exists between the two Presidents. In particular, President de Gaulle and President Kennedy confirmed the identity of their views on their commitments and responsibilities toward Berlin.

It is assumed that if the agreement on other matters had really been "fundamental," Berlin would not have been singled out for the "in particular" treatment. And it is impossible for anyone to know how much weight to give to "the identity of their views" on Berlin. If they had discovered that they had no differences at all, even on the slightest detail of military or diplomatic planning, they would not have gone beyond the language of the communiqué. On the other hand, they could have employed this same language to express nothing more than a general agreement to the effect that they intend to take no pushing around from the Russians or the East Germans. The British Prime Minister and General de Gaulle could subscribe to this statement, and, indeed, their governments have several times subscribed to quite similar ones. The British and the French differ only on such details as the nature and the timing of the response that should be made.

Some of the briefers were briefed today, and they began talking. There had been no attempt by either summiteer to change the attitude of the other. There had been no discussion of Algerian problems. The question of French atomic explosions in the Sahara had not been raised. It was the opinion of a man whose opinion in such matters has been sought for many years that General de Gaulle had got along with Mr. Kennedy more satisfactorily than he had ever got along with General or President Eisenhower. In fact, Gen-

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eral de Gaulle had acquired a respect for Mr. Kennedy that he had never had for any of the three Presidents before Mr. Kennedy. This, as they say in the government, is a distinct plus. The outlook for future cordiality is not at all bad.

VIENNA, JUNE 3

THE takeoff of the President's plane from Paris did not do much for American prestige. At Orly, the plane was moving down the tarmac when a Secret Service man shouted at it to stop and receive Mrs. Kennedy's maid, who had been hunting around for a missing suitcase. The maid got aboard and the plane moved off again, only to have to stop for Mrs. Kennedy's social secretary. The trip was reportedly smooth, and so was the landing in Vienna. The Austrian television, though, made rather a bad show of it. The cameraman aimed at the wrong door of the plane. When it was finally opened onto the ramp (on the first pass, the ramp had missed the door by several feet) and the appearance of the President of the United States had been heralded, not the President but a dozen men in trench coats came thronging out. The President, having gone out another door, was already on the ground. After much searching, the camera finally found him, halfway through his handshaking routine and almost inconspicuous in a cluster of Austrian dignitaries and members of the diplomatic corps.

The President and the Premier talked alone for three hours and twenty-eight minutes in the music room of the American Embassy, and it is clear this evening, as it was not earlier in the day, that Mr. Khrushchev does not intend to make the kind of scene he made in Paris a year ago. This became plain when it was announced (*"Achtung! Achtung!"*) at the press headquarters in the Hofburg Palace that Pierre Salinger and M. A. Kharlamov, the chief press spokesman of the Soviet Foreign Office, would hold a joint briefing. Up to that moment, there had been a feeling everywhere that anything could happen. The most learned of what Joseph Alsop calls the "demonologists" had no really satisfactory explanation of Mr. Khrushchev's eagerness to meet with the man he thinks is bossed by Nelson Rockefeller. Western diplomats and journalists who had flown here from Moscow thought it altogether possible that Mr. Khrushchev would confront Mr. Kennedy with some outrageous proposition, have it rejected by the President, and then blow this whole af-

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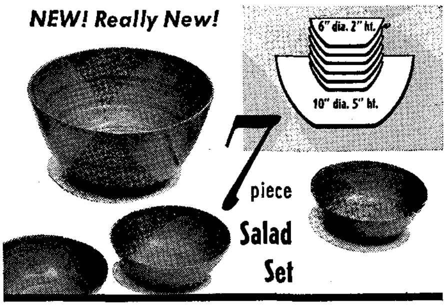

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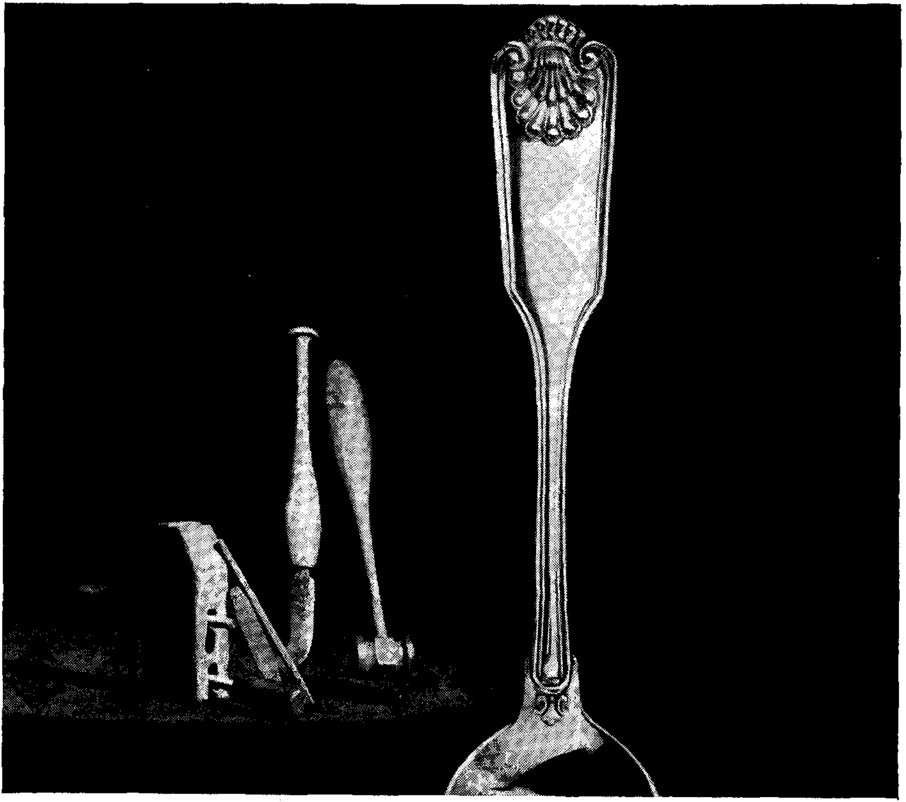
fair apart. He has, they say, been in a very cock-a-hoop mood for the past couple of weeks, and no one was ready to discard the possibility that he would put American intervention in Cuba or South Vietnam to the same use that he put the U-2 affair last year. The summons to the joint briefing came at a moment when correspondents wishing to hear the American version had already taken their seats in a room assigned to Mr. Salinger for this purpose. They accordingly moved to a larger room, where the American and Soviet briefing officers were awaiting them. Mr. Kharlamov, who had agreed to this procedure when he heard what Mr. Salinger planned to say, allowed his American counterpart to do most of the talking. Mr. Salinger characterized the manner of the talk as "courteous" and the talk itself as "useful." A few minutes later, Mr. Kharlamov described the meeting with a Russian word rendered by the English translator as "fruitful." He and Mr. Salinger were questioned a bit on this; Mr. Salinger said he would stand by "useful," and Mr. Kharlamov said he would stand by Mr. Salinger. Beyond this, the only light shed anywhere was that the summiteers had talked a good deal about Laos and might be reaching some sort of understanding.

In summit diplomacy, the subjects that can bear the most discussion are in general the ones that are the most negotiable. To describe something as "negotiable," though, means at this point little more than that the mere discussion of it does not lead to an immediate impasse. Laos has been "negotiable" for weeks. The United States and the Soviet Union have teams of "negotiators" talking and getting nowhere in Geneva. Both countries are already committed to a "neutral and independent Laos." It was to create this that the present Geneva conference was

FRANK SMITH STERLING



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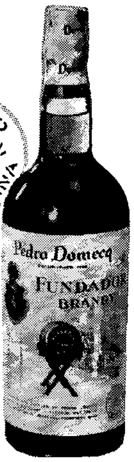

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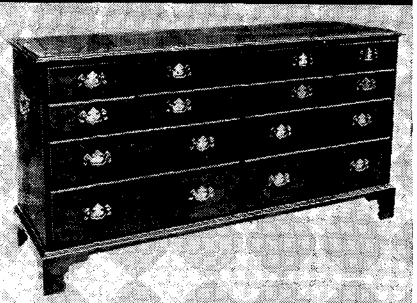

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called. Indeed, the two countries were committed to an "independent Laos" seven years ago, when French Indo-China was partitioned at the first Geneva conference. Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev may renew their old pledges, and it is even possible that Mr. Khrushchev will order the Russians at Geneva, and plead with the Chinese there, to let the present conference move toward its declared end. Most people here, however, doubt very much that this will happen, for the fact of the matter is that Mr. Khrushchev is firmly on record as believing that "peaceful coexistence" has no application in countries like Laos. Last winter, he assured a world conference of Communist parties that while he shared the view of many Westerners that general war would be a disaster for the entire world, he was perfectly ready to approve and support "just wars of liberation" anywhere they might break out. He regards the conflict in Laos as a war of this sort, and if he is willing now to talk about ending it, it is almost certainly because he believes that Laos is already in the bag and need not be fought over any longer.

This, at any rate, is the view taken by the majority of Western observers here, and it may be assumed that Mr. Kennedy shares it. It is unlikely in the extreme that he has any lively hope of achieving an acceptable arrangement for Laos in Geneva by talking about one with Mr. Khrushchev in Vienna. He has said all along that he planned no negotiations here and had no expectation of winning any concessions. He is not so rich in diplomatic assets, though, that he can afford to overlook the possibility of gaining advantage from a *détente* of short duration, from any slackness he may find in the Soviet position, or from any rivalries within the Communist bloc. It is always conceivable that the Russians may be wrong in assuming that Laos is theirs, peace treaty or no peace treaty. It is conceivable that the time which Mr. Khrushchev, in his confidence of ultimate victory, may be willing to give away now could prove invaluable to the West. It is even conceivable, though barely so, that some development in the cold war between the Soviet Union and China might lead the Russians to abandon the doctrine of "just wars of liberation" in this particular case. No one can come to Austria today without reflecting on the evidence it provides that the Russians do not invariably run according to form. In March of 1955, after ten years of exhausting and seemingly hopeless negotiations, Vyacheslav Molotov (then the

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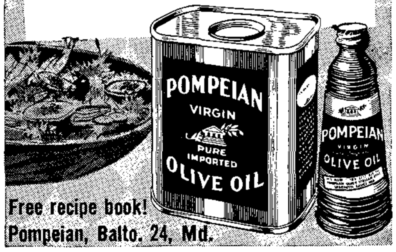

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Soviet Foreign Minister and now at the bottom of the diplomatic ladder as delegate to the International Atomic Energy Commission, headquartered in this very city) summoned the Austrian Chancellor, Julius Raab, to Moscow for a series of conversations; two months later, a genuinely neutral and independent Austria came into being. There seems to be nothing in the Laotian situation today that resembles the Austrian situation six years ago, but history is full of surprises, and now and then one of them is pleasant.

Austria is "neutral and independent," all right, but the neutrality enjoined upon the government by treaty has inevitably reduced the independence of its people. It has been astonishing to observe the discipline that the Viennese have enforced upon themselves. According to those who were here for Mr. Khrushchev's arrival yesterday, the crowds that gathered at the airport, along the road into town, and in and around the Hofburg were indistinguishable in size, and almost indistinguishable in manner, from those that turned out for Mr. Kennedy's arrival today. The Austrians are altogether Western in their sympathies; not one Communist sits in the Nationalrat. Yet there have been no displays of political passion of any kind, no disturbances of even a minor nature (except by an alien journalist, Randolph Churchill, who shriekingly protested against the locked doors of the briefing room in the Hofburg and had them opened long enough for his own ejection), and no political graffiti on the walls. The government has given ample publicity to the fact that forty per cent of its security forces have been detailed to the Vienna conference, but even so the restraint of the public is extraordinary.

The Austrian government, of course, has been scrupulously impartial in its welcome and in its extension of courtesy to the summiteers. There may have been a trace of devilish impulse, though, in the planning of this morning's schedules for Mmes. Kennedy and Khrushchev. While the first was inspecting a factory, the second was attending a fashion show.

VIENNA, JUNE 4

A FEW minutes before his departure, the President was overheard telling a journalist friend that the word "sombre" might not be a bad one to work into his story. The word fitted the expression on Mr. Kennedy's face and the mood of all his advisers. The hopes for an agreement to end nuclear testing have been dashed. The Presi-

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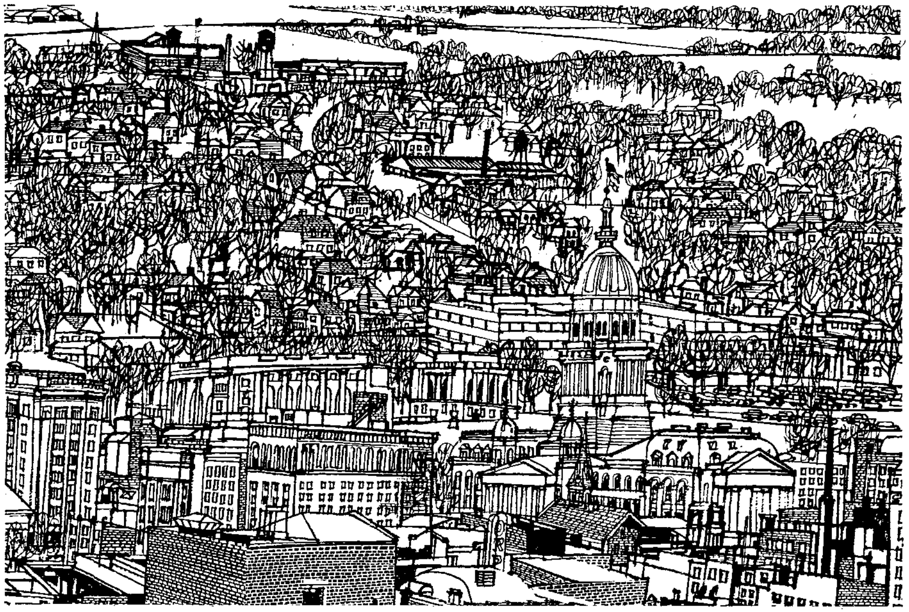

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dent was told that the Soviet Union will never give up *troika*, or three-way management—Communist, Western, and neutral—of a controls system. The United States and England, for their part, will never accept *troika*. The United States must now decide whether to resume testing or go on discussing with the Russians at Geneva a treaty that the boss Russian has informed the President will never be signed unless the Soviet Union is given an administrative veto power. In due time, no doubt, we will resume testing. At present, we have no way at all of knowing whether the Russians are really observing the moratorium they proclaimed. We shall probably continue the apparently futile negotiations, for we would sooner have the Russians close the door to agreement than appear to be closing it ourselves. Mr. Khrushchev told Mr. Kennedy that he wouldn't mind "throwing" the question of nuclear tests into negotiations for general disarmament. Mr. Kennedy will probably let Mr. Khrushchev do the throwing.

The joint communiqué used the word "useful" to describe the meetings here, and it contained a somewhat wordier and stronger statement on Laos than had been expected:

> The President and the Chairman reaffirmed their support of a neutral and independent Laos under a government chosen by the Laotians themselves, and of international agreements for insuring that neutrality and independence, and in this connection they have recognized the importance of an effective cease-fire.

American spokesmen were unwilling to say that they regarded this language as significant. It was possible, they said, that Mr. Khrushchev would tell Andrei Gromyko to go up to Geneva and get the show on the road, and it was just as possible that he would tell him to go up to Geneva and catch up on his sleep.

The President found his adversary as hard as nails, which did not surprise him. Nothing at all that was said was surprising. Some of the emphases, though, appear to have been unexpectedly dismaying. No one was startled or shocked to learn that the Russians aren't going to sign a test-ban treaty in the next few months, but up to now no one had quite appreciated how intensely they feel about this blighting doctrine of *troika*. It was first proposed by Mr. Khrushchev at the United Nations session on the Congo last September. The general assumption at that time was that he simply wanted to wreck the U.N. Secretariat and knew of a device that, if he could ever get it adopted, would do the job. Even when it reappeared at Geneva, early in the test-ban negotia-

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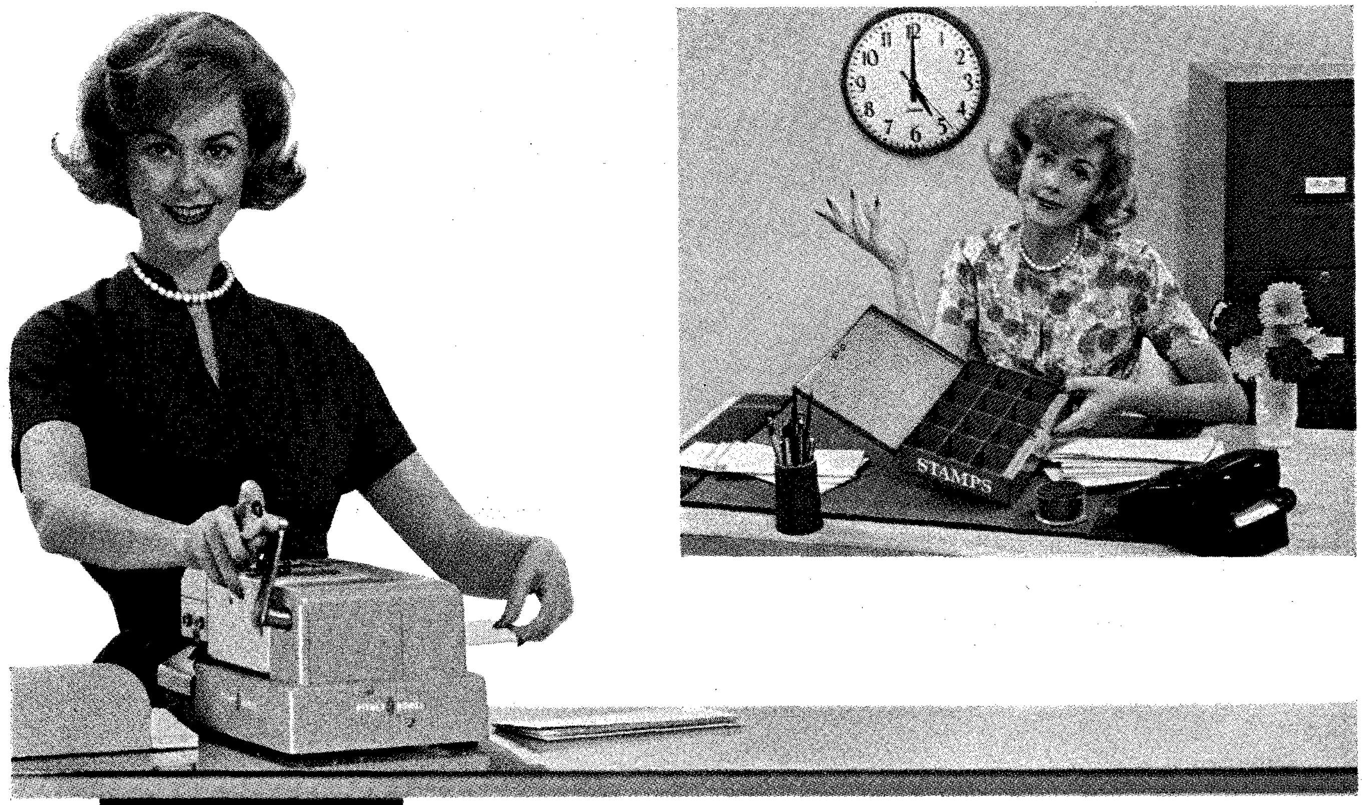

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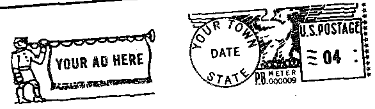

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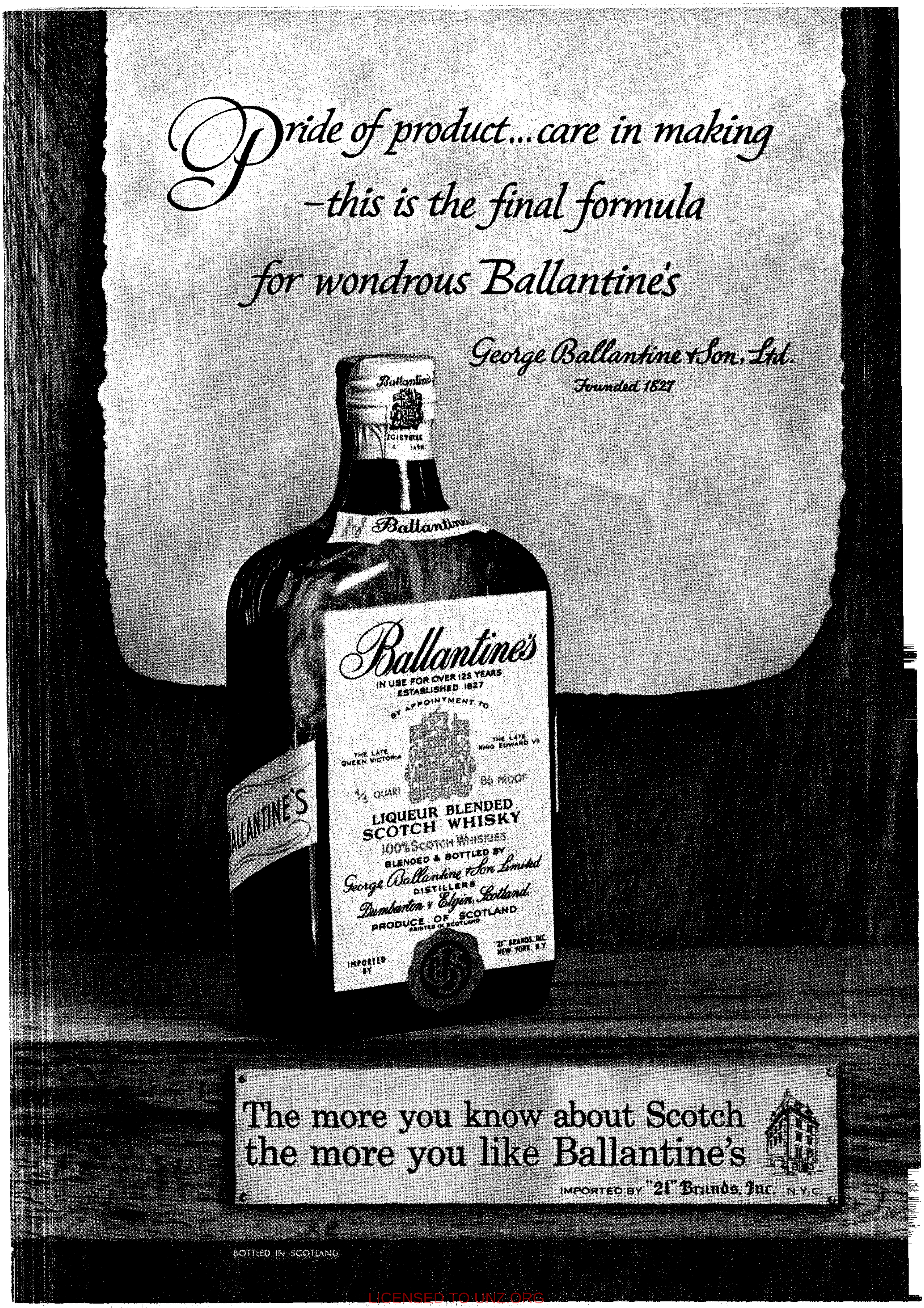
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tions, it was looked upon as primarily a means of stalling or as a bargaining counter. It is now altogether clear that *troika* is a central feature of all Soviet foreign policy. It is a product of the Kremlin's rage over developments in the Congo last year. By the skillful—and, from the Western point of view, disinterested—use of the powers of his office, Dag Hammarskjöld came very close to establishing in the Congo a kind of political order, based on international authority, that put the Russians pretty much on an equal footing with the other great powers. The Hammarskjöld plan left little room for unilateral finagling. The unbelieving Russians finagled anyway, and in time were thrown out. This denial of privileges they had enjoyed elsewhere appeared in Russian eyes as extreme partisanship, and from their anger developed Mr. Khrushchev's dictum that "there are neutral nations but no neutral men." Some nations may elect to sit out the Cold War, but their statesmen, as individuals, favor one side or the other, and therefore no statesman can be expected to be even-handed in the administration of an international agency. Not only does Mr. Khrushchev seem to be convinced of this himself; he considers anyone stupid who does not immediately grasp the common-sense logic of his proposition. *Troika* blackens the outlook not only for an agreement on nuclear testing but for an agreement on any other aspect of the control of armaments, and most assuredly for what Mr. Khrushchev calls "disarmament under control." For as long as his present frame of mind lasts, Mr. Khrushchev will invoke the principle whenever there is a question of international administration or mediation or inspection. It is hard to think of any case in which the doctrine would be acceptable to the West—even if the Russians should abandon the requirement of tripartite unanimity and settle for a simple majority. That would simply lead to electioneering or fixing on a grand and global scale, and no great power whose society was open could entrust its security to such a system.

A few other details of the meetings have been made known. Though Mr. Khrushchev was adamant, he was civil. He made no threats. He was insistent about carrying forward his plan for a Soviet treaty with East Germany, but set no time limit. China was not discussed. It had been thought by some that Mr. Khrushchev might present himself to the President as a moderate under pressure from the immoderate Chinese. He did not do so. There was

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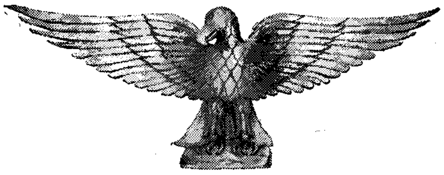

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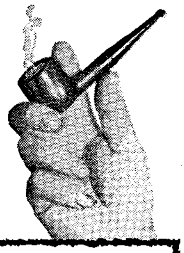

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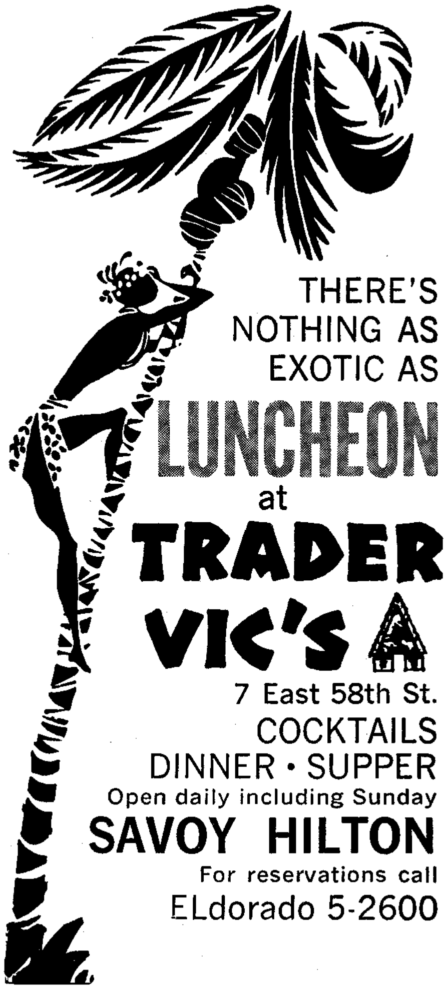

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some talk about Cuba, but not much. Mr. Khrushchev did not seem to regard Dr. Castro as a tower of Bolshevik strength in the Western Hemisphere. He spoke frequently, however, of his confidence in the triumph of Marxism-Leninism in nations that had reached the early stages of industrialization.

There is no reason to believe that the President was outclassed in nerve, self-confidence, or candor by the Soviet Premier.

While Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev were confronting one another in the Soviet Embassy residence this morning, Mrs. Kennedy was the guest of honor at the Spanische Reitschule, where the celebrated Lippizaner horses pranced and danced exquisitely to exquisite music in the great baroque room in the Hofburg. The room had been the scene of perhaps the most spectacular ball of the Congress of Vienna, in 1815. (An entire orange grove was moved in for the occasion, and the chandeliers had held ten thousand tapers.) In the present circumstances, it was difficult for a number of the Americans at the Reitschule this morning to focus their attention on *haute école* or their historical memories on the summit that boasted a transplanted orange grove.

LONDON, JUNE 5

THE President has given Prime Minister Macmillan a so-he-said-and-then-I-said briefing on his trip, but the official briefings on the Kennedy-Macmillan talks have yielded almost nothing. They were not expected to. London is a courtesy call. The official communiqué says only that the President and the Prime Minister went over some of the matters discussed in Paris and Vienna.

The mood of the Americans seems to become darker by the hour as more and more details of Vienna become known. Evidently, the President at one point asked Mr. Khrushchev whether there was any single issue that Mr. Khrushchev regarded as negotiable—that is, as subject at least to talk about an exchange of concessions. The answer was "*Nyet.*" It does not follow that the answer was an altogether truthful one. In a first meeting, it might have seemed advantageous to the Russians to see what they could gain by a show of toughness. But the general feeling is that "*Nyet*" probably was a truthful answer. The Russians now appear to believe that it's downhill all the way for their locomotive of history.

The first accounts of what was said about Laos and Berlin have been some-

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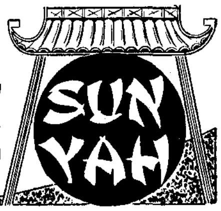

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what revised. Mr. Khrushchev felt that for an important man like him Laos wasn't worth spending too much time on. He agreed rather quickly to the language about the desirability of a cease-fire and proposed that he and the President get on to more serious matters, such as Berlin, which, he said, "sticks in the throat." And while he did not deliver an "ultimatum" on Berlin, he did say that he hoped to dispose of the question by the end of the year.

The President and Mrs. Kennedy fulfilled a number of social obligations in London.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 6

THE President has briefed Senator Dirksen and the country, and the common opinion of those who heard his speech this evening is that it was a remarkably revealing and detailed report on a meeting concluded only a little more than forty-eight hours ago. The President plainly feels that he needs a great deal from Congress and that he must stir the public deeply in order to get it.

It has been several days since any of the President's travelling companions have expressed much interest in the question of whether this trip was necessary or worthwhile. In all likelihood, the general view would be that, like most conferences, it did no calculable harm. The line that Mr. Khrushchev took was worked out before he got to Vienna and met the President. He merely reported on it there. Less has been revealed of what the President said than of what his adversary said (in the Communist-bloc countries, the briefings of officials may tend to reverse this emphasis), but if "war by miscalculation" can be avoided by clear statements of policy, then probably the President contributed something to the maintenance of peace. It will be possible to believe this as long as the peace is maintained.

The Pathet Lao this morning laid down its heaviest barrage since the start of the cease-fire. The Austrian government has let it be known that on Sunday night the Russians said that Vienna might be the ideal new location for the headquarters of the United Nations. The Austrians thought rather well of the idea. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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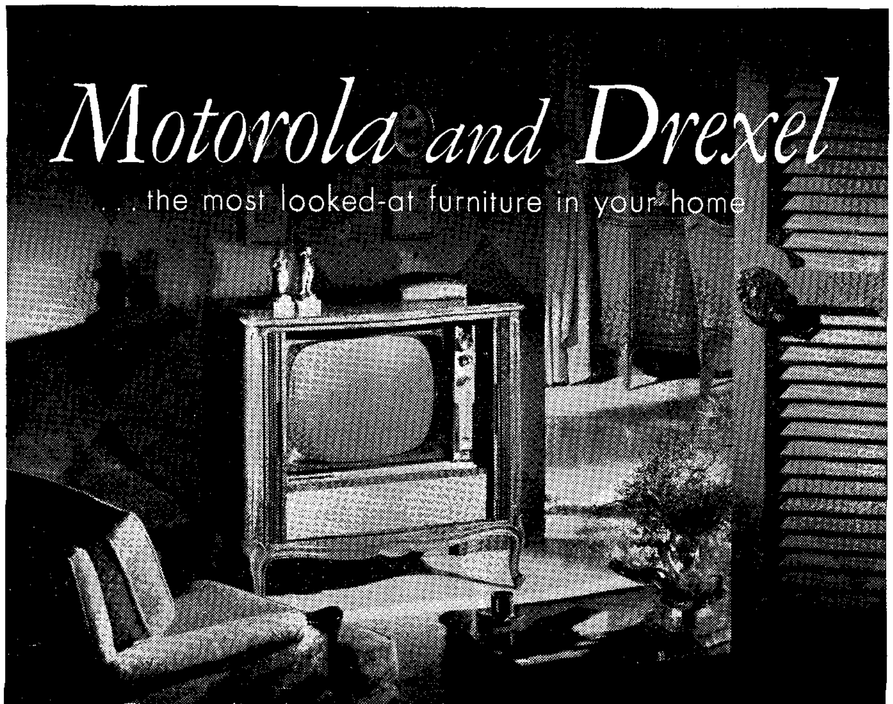
The future enters into us, in order to transform itself in us, long before it happens. Ibid.
—*Full text of an adv. of Cooney & Connor, advertising agency, in the New Englander.*

Ibid and who else?



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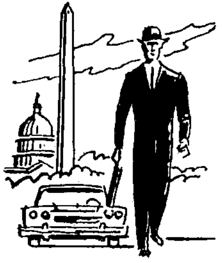

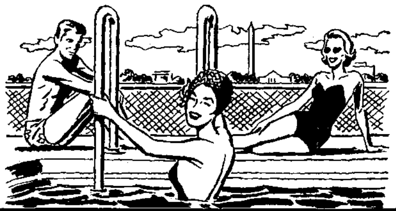

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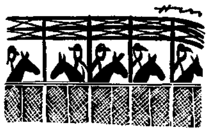
THE RACE TRACK

New Star



HARDLY recovered from glum contemplation of Carry Back's fadeout in the Belmont Stakes, I am now obliged to report that Bowl of Flowers, teacher's pet, was beaten in the Mother Goose Stakes last Saturday. I suppose that if this sort of thing keeps up somebody's going to wail that Belmont Park has become a graveyard for big-name horses. Still, the upset wasn't too surprising, for Funloving, who won the Mother Goose, is one of the better three-year-old fillies. Coming up to the race last weekend, she'd won all of her four starts this season, among them the Black-Eyed Susan Stakes (formerly the Pimlico Oaks), in which she beat some shifty runners so impressively that Joseph Flanagan, one of the stewards at Pimlico and as good a judge of horses and their form as anyone I know, told me he thought she was the most promising racer of her age and sex he'd seen in some time. However, it's my opinion that Funloving had a bit the best of it in the Mother Goose. She not only got away quickly but, what was more important, carried four pounds less than Bowl of Flowers. This was because she hadn't earned as much prize money as the Brookmeade Stable filly. It seems to me that since the Mother Goose is part of a series of three races that the management hopes to build up into a classic fixture, the starters should have carried equal weights, as they did in the Acorn at Aqueduct last month, and as they will in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont a week from Saturday. Anyhow, the advantage in the weights certainly helped Funloving, for although she led throughout the mile and a furlong, and at one stage was five or six lengths in front, she won by only a head from Bowl of Flowers. Mighty Fair was third, a length behind. The time—1:50⅗—was unimpressive.

The warm sunshine showed the eight fillies at their best as they paraded to the post, and Funloving, especially, was on her toes. When the stall gates opened, Bowl of Flowers was slow to get into her stride, and once she did, Arcaro, who rode her, couldn't find an opening near the rail and had to pull to the outside on the turn off the backstretch. From there on until after they swung into the homestretch, Bowl of Flowers

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was on the outside of Black Darter, Seven Thirty, and My Portrait, losing much ground. In the stretch, she responded well to Arcaro's urging—and he didn't spare the whip—but she couldn't quite close the gap. Funloving, a strapping and workmanlike (rather than handsome) bay filly by Tom Fool out of Flitabout, is owned by Ogden Phipps and trained by Jim Fitzsimmons. She picked up $87,375 in prize money on Saturday. All in all, it was a big day for the stable; shortly before Funloving won the Mother Goose, word came up from Delaware Park that Broadway, her half sister, had taken the Polly Drummond Stakes, one of the prized fixtures for two-year-olds at the meeting, beating Cicada, Miss Summer Time, and half a dozen others. Diogenes Checkpoints doesn't remember another time when sisters—or brothers, for that matter—brought off such a double.

BY long odds the liveliest contest and closest finish I've seen on a turf course this season was in the old Edgemere Handicap at Belmont earlier in the week. Wolfram, who carried top weight of 128 pounds, came from nowhere in the last quarter, like Kelso in the Metropolitan and Carry Back in the Derby, to win by a neck, and you could have covered the five horses behind him with one horse blanket. Wolfram, you may remember, is the French racer that Louis Wolfson bought at Hialeah last winter and won with at the first asking. Things didn't come off so well for Stevward, one of Wolfson's well-fancied two-year-olds, in another race at Belmont the same afternoon. Although Stevward was a first-time starter, the crowd bet on him as though it was all over but the collecting, and then Sawgrass, a more seasoned colt, beat him by a head. So it goes.

THEY'RE off and running at Monmouth Park. Twenty three-year-olds were named for the Select Handicap last Saturday, but scratches reduced the field to fourteen, and the winner turned up in Hasty Honey, a 9–1 shot. Merry Ruler was second and Up Scope third. . . . And the Queen's Plate will have its hundred-and-second running at Toronto's New Woodbine this weekend. What price Jammed Lucky?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

According to Prof. Reyna, emotional stress can bring on psychosomatic disorders and ulsters.—*Boston Herald.*

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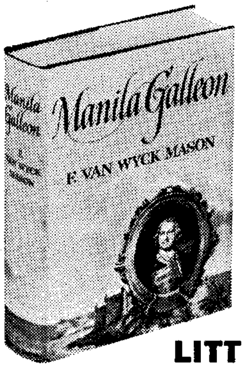

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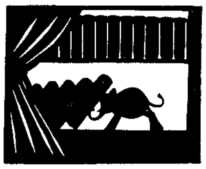
LITTLE, BROWN

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BEST AND WORST OF TIMES, by Peter Sourian (Doubleday). Mr. Sourian, a young man with a good, strong, bright, energetic talent, records the soliloquies of a proper gentleman, Jack Gillan. Jack, still in his twenties, is married and a father, and is also a promising member of a New York law firm. We read of his career at Harvard, of his narrow-minded, kindly father, of his own doubts as to the wisdom of having married a half-educated Irish Catholic, even though he loves her, and of the interruption of his somewhat smug domestic existence when an old friend of his, Tony Chase, appears unexpectedly on the scene, bringing with him a touch of glamour and adventure, and more than a touch of nostalgia for the broken dreams and lost hopes of the recent past.



PILGRIM STRANGERS, by Charles Mercer (Putnam). This very slight novel tells about the adventures of three delightful American children who go to Africa to live with their father, an airplane pilot, after their mother, a minor movie actress, is killed in an automobile accident in Hollywood. The scene is the Congo, and Mr. Mercer attempts to show something of the political and emotional upheavals that are occurring there today.

THE CARPETBAGGERS, by Harold Robbins (Simon & Schuster). A sprawling, characterless panorama of strange, half-human creatures in search of sex, wealth, and power. The action, such as it is, is set mainly in Reno, Hollywood, and New York. There are six hundred and seventy-nine pages in the book, and not a single indication on any of them that a novelist is at work here.

THE COUNTERFEIT LADY UNVEILED AND OTHER CRIMINAL FICTION OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND, edited by Spiro Peterson (Anchor). Five wickedly entertaining novellas relating the exploits of successful confidence men, forgers, highwaymen, and other unsolid citizens of Restoration England. The seventeenth-century authors tacked these fictions onto the names of real seventeenth-century criminals, several of whom appear in the records on such official occasions as their hangings, and though the novelists were ostensibly writing against sin, they made their villainous heroes ingenious, high-spirited, and, for the most part, endearing. The prose, lightly dusted off and rubbed up by its knowledgeable editor, is bright and peppy. So many paperback publishers are padding their lists with dead scholarship nowadays that Anchor and Professor Peterson deserve gold stars for digging up some fun.

DOCTORS WEAR SCARLET, by Simon Raven (Simon & Schuster). This worthless book, a shrill, sentimental, and ignorant salute to homosexuality and the cult of the vampire, would not bear mentioning except that it has been given a respectable presentation by a reputable publisher.

GENERAL

LIZZIE BORDEN: THE UNTOLD STORY, by Edward D. Radin (Simon & Schuster). Nothing is more peculiar in the often peculiar annals of American crime than the prevailing popular assumption that the bloody murder of Mrs. Abby Borden and her husband, Andrew J. Borden, in their home at Fall River, Massachusetts, on August 4, 1892, was the work of the latter's daughter Lizzie. For not only was Lizzie immediately acquitted (to the nearly unanimous cheers of press and public) but, as Mr. Radin demonstrates in this meticulous examination, the case against her was feeble to the point of absurdity. What brought about this extraordinary change? Mr. Radin offers several explanations. One is the common tendency to suppose that smoke is evidence of fire (Lizzie *was* indicted, however improperly), and another is the common urge (since the case remains a mystery) to fix the blame somewhere. Still another, and in his opinion the vital one, is the "distorted and inaccurate version of the case" with which the late Edmund Pearson thrice entertained his many readers some thirty years ago. (Indeed, he once dusted off the case for readers of this magazine.) There can be no doubt that Pearson's accounts of Lizzie's trial were inaccurate; indeed, Mr. Radin offers so many examples of falsification of evidence and testimony that Pearson stands self-convicted of an almost pathological malice. But Mr. Radin does more than merely reaffirm poor Lizzie's innocence. He also, on the basis of the evidence, suggests most persuasively just who it was that swung the lethal axe. Illustrated with photographs and drawings.

PASSENGER TO LONDON, by Gerard Fay (Macmillan). Mr. Fay is London editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, and his book, which deals more with his times than with his life, is going to make everyone who reads it wish that this cheerful, talkative man would drop around for a visit and stay awhile. The book is not profound, and Mr. Fay does not intend it to be profound. He is a modest and humorous and resourceful man who is more inclined to search his pockets than his soul, and when he goes through his pockets, turning up all kinds of mementos that remind him of other times and, always, of other people, his comments on his findings are brief and pointed. Perhaps he is too brief. After the conjectures and the amusement that he provokes have died away, we realize that what we really wanted was for him to go on and on, talking and talking. But he is not talking, he is writing, and the diffidence that would melt in the encouragement of an audience is only given strength by the twenty-six cold and unresponsive eyes that look up at him from his typewriter. Mr. Fay is afraid of being what he could never be—a bore. He cuts himself short, and he hurries. He is a conversationalist who has given us a sample of himself—only a sample, but a substantial one, radiant with curiosity.

DON'T LET THEM SCARE YOU: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ELMER DAVIS, by Roger Burlingame (Lippincott). A properly admiring biography of a thoroughly admirable man. Unfortunately, however, it is not a very good one. Mr. Burlingame is methodical. He shows us Davis as an honor student at Franklin College, in his native Indiana; as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford; as a reporter and editorial writer on the *Times* (from 1914 to 1924); as a hack novelist and an increasingly pungent writer on national and international affairs; as a refreshingly crisp and honest C.B.S. news commentator; as the director of the Office of War Information; as a news commentator once more; and as a ground-floor critic of Senator McCarthy. He also touches movingly on Davis's untimely death, at sixty-eight, in 1958. But Mr.

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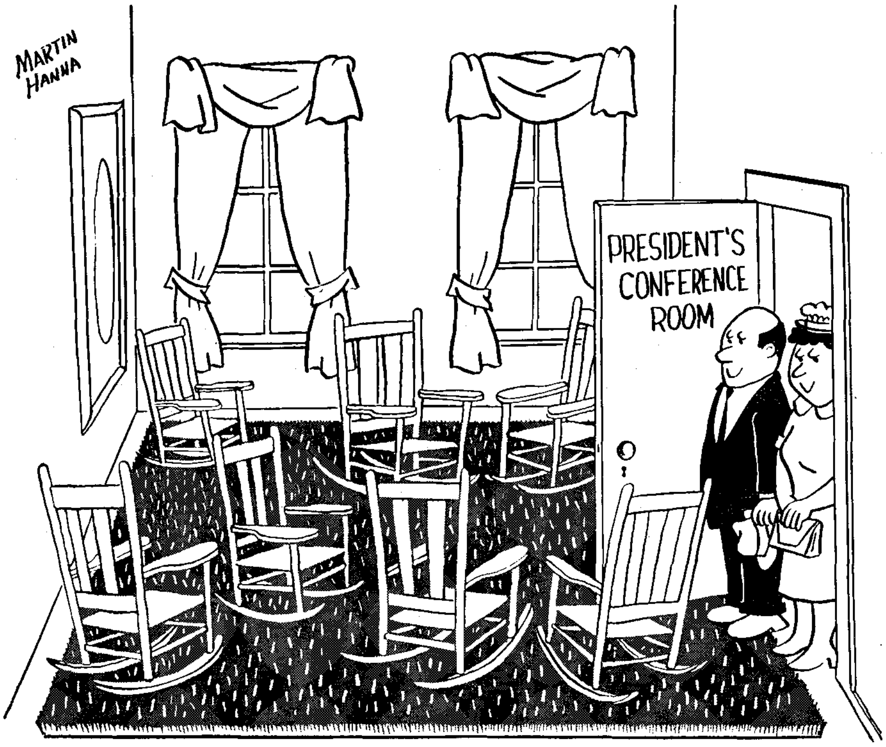

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— THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

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On the other hand, if you have the cash now, and it's timidity or confusion that is keeping you from putting your money to work in common stock, maybe we can help dispel your doubts. As a first step, would you like a booklet on the fundamentals of investing? Ask for a copy of *"How to Invest in Stocks and Bonds."* If you already know the ABC's and would like specific suggestions on what to buy, then ask for *"Guide for Investors."* They're both free at your nearest Merrill Lynch office. Write or call today.

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Burlingame is a lazy writer. He lets Davis do all the work. Indeed, his book is only nominally a biography. It is, for the most part, little more than an anthology of suitable fragments from Davis's work—letters, magazine articles, broadcasts, and speeches. Even the title belongs to Davis.

WELLINGTON AT WAR: 1794-1815, edited by Antony Brett-James (St. Martin's). A collection of letters. Wellington never wrote any history, or even an account of the Battle of Waterloo ("The history of the battle is not unlike the history of a ball," he said in a letter to a friend), but he did leave a massive collection of his letters and dispatches; a twenty-seven-volume edition of them was published shortly after his death. It is from this work that Mr. Brett-James has culled the present collection—a superbly revealing one. The letters—to relatives, to friends, and, particularly, to two British Secretaries of State for War—cover the whole scintillating career of the Iron Duke, from the campaigns in India, through the Peninsular War in Spain, to the victorious climactic actions at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The editor has supplied connective text and footnotes that keep the whole thing in narrative motion. Wellington was a truly remarkable man; success—and his was prodigious in terms of both achievement and worldly reward—never altered him a jot, because he expected nothing less, yet he had the humility of *noblesse oblige*. Ten dollars.

BLUE SKIES, BROWN STUDIES, by William Sansom (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Fifteen dazzling travel essays in which Mr. Sansom recaptures the galaxy of sensual delights that have come his way along the Côte d'Azur, up a Norwegian fiord, on the Lichtentaler Allee at Baden-Baden, among the Palladian palaces of Vicenza, down a midwinter street in Salzburg, during a siesta hour in Spain, and even amid the timeless sooty brick of London. An irresistible book. Illustrated with photographs from various sources, some of them exceptionally fine.

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Six persons were injured yesterday, none seriously, when a steam main broke on Thirty-ninth Street near the Avenue of the Americas (Sixth Avenue).—*The Times.*

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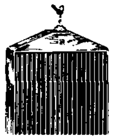
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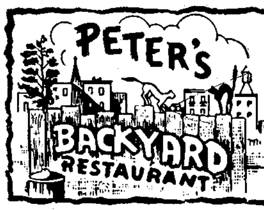

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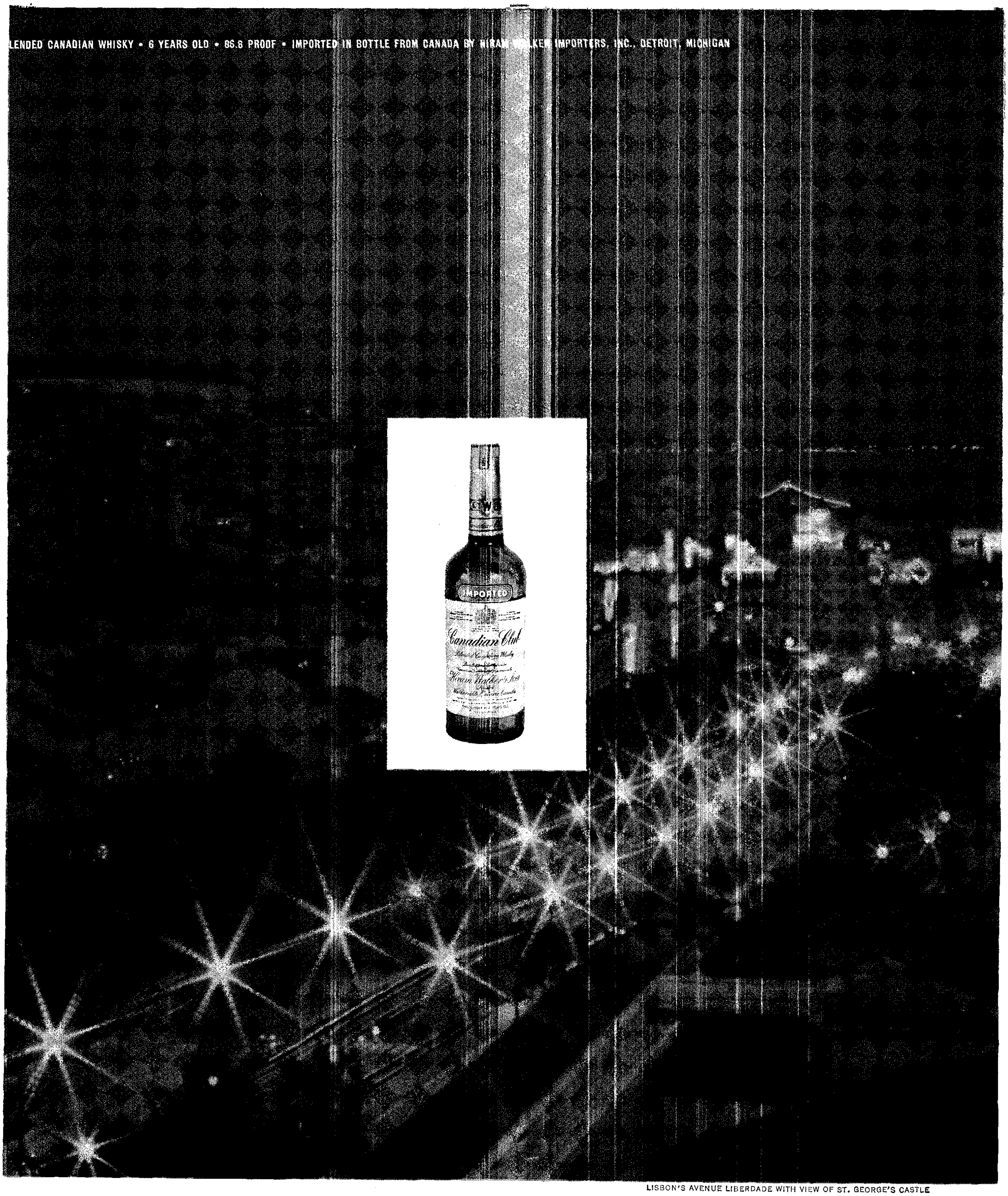
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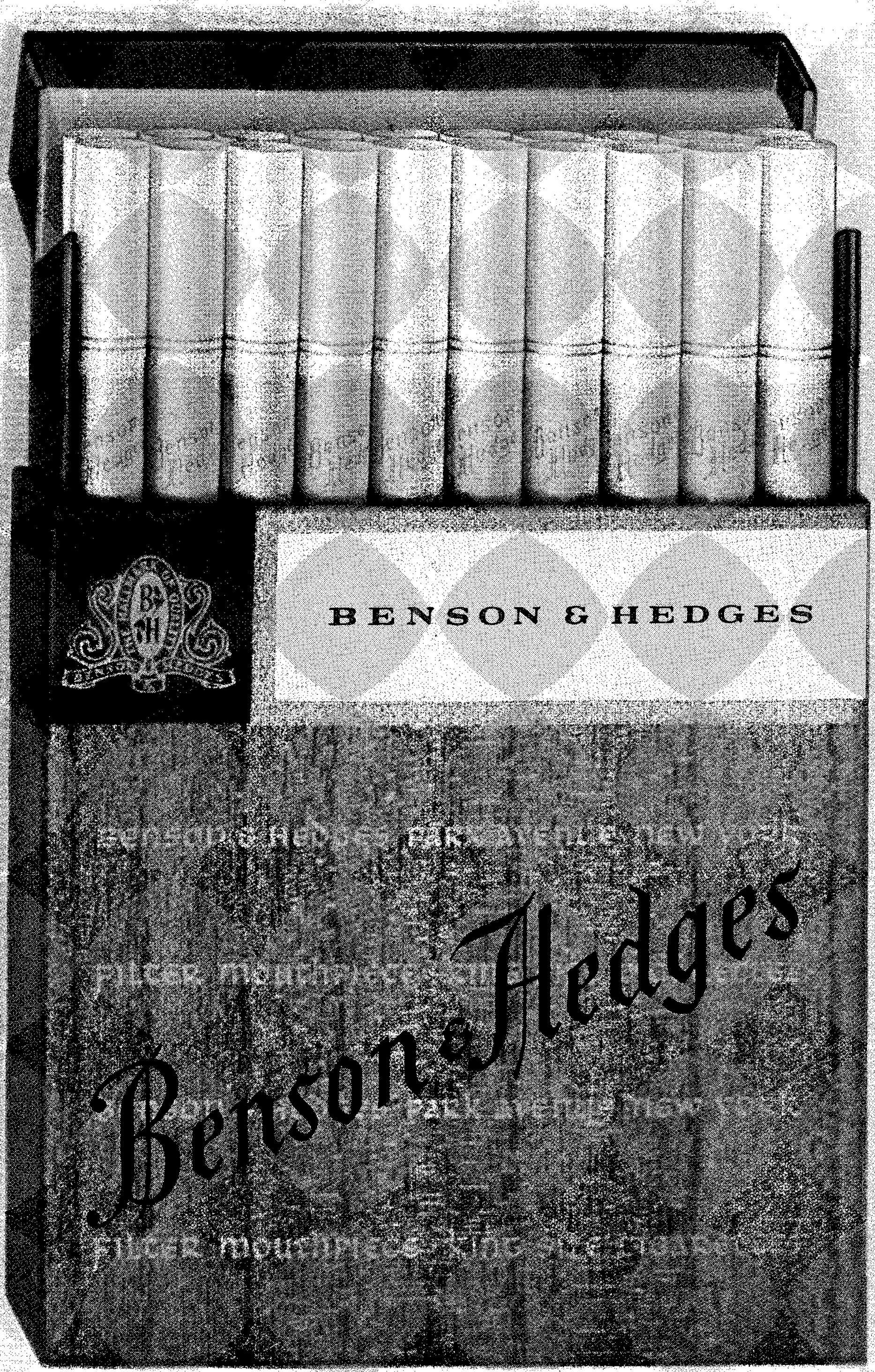
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